



gether, and it would be impossible for an advancing force of Americans to move through that country, except very cautiously and slowly. The Filipinos concealed within these bamboo inclosures would fire upon us until we came close enough to detect them, then stick their rifles up into the thatch of their roofs and be peaceful natives, with smiles of welcome when we arrived. The native force is well armed, and I have seen one or two regiments that were really well disciplined and drilled. They will be difficult to subdue if it ever becomes necessary to subdue them, and we will find ourselves with the same proposition on our hands that Spain had—trying to annihilate a foe that will not stand and fight, but that will follow the methods of guerrilla warfare for an indefinite time, and costing many valuable lives. Personally, I cannot see what we want with the islands anyhow."

Cables reports received late today at departmental headquarters, chronicling the exasperation of the natives over the seizure of Aguinaldo's navy by Admiral Dewey, add material weight to Maj. Wadsworth's opinions.

W. J. ROUSE.

**CONDITIONS AT MANILA.**

**STICKNESS INCREASED SINCE THE RAINS HAVE CEASED.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—A private letter has been received from an officer in Manila by another officer in the War Department, giving some features of the condition of the army in Manila. At that time there were about 600 sick in the hospitals. The climate makes exertion very difficult, and every one is slow. The troops are scattered about the city in companies, and hold all the strength to keep the insurgents.

"This is a beautiful country," he said, "and never should be returned to Spain, who has butchered these docile people by the wholesale for ages."

Since the rain ceased, warm weather has been very oppressive, and sickness has increased. Typhoid, dysentery and malaria has prevailed, but not more than one in ten cases in the troops. The letter says that Gen. Otis works hard, and looks into every detail of the army under his command.

**NATIVES INDIGNANT.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—A dispatch to the Herald from Manila says: "Rear-Admiral Dewey's seizure of Aguinaldo's steamers has made the natives indignant, and their attitude is threatening. Chinese and native thieves here are legion, and the officers and civilians are frequently robbed."

**ORDERED TO PARIS.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, Oct. 22.—Gen. Whittier, the collector of customs here, has been ordered to proceed to Paris for the purpose of testifying before the United States Peace Commission there.

**PHILIPPINE CONGRESS.**

**IT FAVORS ANNEXATION—Aguinaldo Says He Does Also.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—The United States transport which arrived to here today brought the following to the Associated Press, dated Manila, Philippine Islands, September 22, 1898:

The Philippine congress has been in session since Thursday, September 15. The first thing that was decided was that the Philippine republic should not countenance any policy that should be agreed upon whereby Spain would have anything further to do with the islands, and would resist, by force of arms, any such measure. A vote was taken on the policy of annexation to the American people, and annexation was decided upon by a large majority, some seven out of eight voting in favor of annexation. Aguinaldo now expresses himself as personally in favor of annexation, adding that he does not think that the natives generally will support such a move.

He was represented by the Associated Press, on September 11. Aguinaldo stated that his army consists of 35,000 insurgents regularly armed and equipped with modern weapons, and that he had some 9000 prisoners of war in his hands, including the last transport now being held in the vicinity of Manila. He stated that an army of 100,000 could easily be raised to fight for the cause of independence, adding that "indeed, the whole population is willing to fight for the cause of independence, and would oppose any European power taking possession."

When asked how it was that some nations openly declare themselves in favor of annexation to America, he stated that natives who profess to favor annexation are in what they say. They are merely trying to sustain the general sentiment or intentions of the Americans. He expresses the idea that America and the Philippines are two sister republics, allied together and fighting a common enemy, the Spaniards. He thinks that the American mission here is the islands is being accomplished by the destruction of the Spanish fleet, and the forcible surrender of the city of Manila, and expects that the Americans will soon withdraw their forces, leaving the insurgents to govern and control the islands.

**MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PARIS, Oct. 22.—Le Temps this evening deals editorially with the work of the Spanish and American Peace Commissions, remarking at the outset that little progress has thus far been made in the negotiations. Both sides of the paper says, have the best intentions. No Spaniard desires a re-union of the two countries and no American has the purpose to crush the vanquished adversary.

Le Temps then cites the methods of written interchanges between the commissioners as a slow progress, and very often that such procedure has added to retard and complicate the progress of the negotiations, thus a system of monologues, instead of dialogues, requiring illimitable time and good humor.

**IMPORTANT DECISION.**

**Under It Three Indian Murderers are Ordered Released.**

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

MUSKOGEE (I. T.), Oct. 22.—According to Federal Judge Springer, there is at present no legal way of punishing a Creek Indian for murder or any other offense committed prior to January 1, 1898. This ruling was made by Judge Springer passing upon the case of William Tiger, a Creek Indian convicted of murder in the tribal court, before it was abolished by act of Congress and sentenced to be shot. Upon a writ of habeas corpus the Indian's attorney carried the case into the Federal Court, alleging errors in the trial court.

In passing upon the case, Judge Springer held that the tribal court had no error, and the case was remanded to the tribal court for execution of the sentence of death. The case was again taken to the United States Court of Appeals for Indian Territory. While the case was pending there, Congress passed the Curtis act, wiping out of existence in July last the tribal courts and all their officers. The trial of the tribal court was again suspended, and the execution of the sentence ordered, but this decision was not rendered until after the Curtis act became a law.

Again the Indian's attorneys brought the case before Judge Springer, and the latter's decision, inasmuch as the sentence could not be executed, was that the result of his action was the result. Similar decisions were also rendered in the cases of Chifton Flennelly and Belcher Smith, both of whom were under sentence of death by the Cherokee court. Judge Springer ordered the release of the two men.

It is generally reported about Manila that many insurgents are not in sympathy with Aguinaldo and do not include themselves among his men. Aguinaldo, denied having received any orders from Gen. Otis, who had ordered out the whole Pennsylvania Regiment, upon being informed of this action of the insurgents, that the insurgent captain had exceeded his authority in ordering the Americans to withdraw, and that he had misapprehended his orders.

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would remove his troops, if so requested.

**BACK FROM MANILA.**

**Transport Rio Janeiro Returns. Deaths on the Voyage.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—The steamer Rio Janeiro arrived today from Manila, via Hongkong and Nanking. The vessel had on board 150 sick soldiers from the Philippines, and the sick soldiers were discharged at the Presidio wharf. On the voyage over, eight of the men died. Two of the unfortunate were members of the First California Regiment. Their names were Stude and Fiske. Private Fiske's body was embalmed and brought to this port, but the body of Private Stude was buried at sea.

The Rio Janeiro was flying the yellow flag when she entered the harbor. The men who had died on the voyage were sufferers from the fever and the officers in charge of the ship thought it well to warn the quarantine officials of the condition of affairs on the transport. Quarantine officers went off to the vessel and took charge of the sick men.

The following died on the trip: Elmer O'Conor, Co. H, Oregon Regiment; S. Fiske, Hospital Corps, First California Regiment; J. A. Glover, Co. A, First Nebraska; F. W. Tucker, Co. C, Twenty-third Infantry; L. D. Passmore, Co. F, First Nebraska; H. D. Shuter, Astor Battery; H. A. Stude, Co. A, First California.

**WENT OVERBOARD.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—Shortly after the Rio left Hongkong, Corp. F. Fitzgerald, Co. G, First Idaho Battalion, disappeared during the night. The search of the vessel failed to reveal any signs of him or a clew to his whereabouts. The man was thought to be mentally deranged, and the supposition is that he got up in the night and either fell or jumped overboard.

**FURTHER USE FOR TRANSPORTS.**

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—The number of men to be sent on the remaining transports has been so reduced below the number that the ships carried on their first passage to Manila, that it would now seem necessary to make use of some of the transports not yet returned. It is Gen. Merriman's intention to send back the City of Pueblo, and to discharge from commission the City of Denver.

**UNFORESEEN OBSTRUCTIONS.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—A dispatch to the Herald from Manila says: "Rear-Admiral Dewey's seizure of Aguinaldo's steamers has made the natives indignant, and their attitude is threatening. Chinese and native thieves here are legion, and the officers and civilians are frequently robbed."

**SEEKING A COMPROMISE.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

SPAIN'S NEW PROPOSALS TO THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

American Commissioners Will Reply to the Communication on Monday—A Ministerial Crisis Immortal at Madrid.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PARIS, Oct. 22.—By Atlantic Cable. The United States Peace Commission held two sittings today to consider the voluminous communication presented yesterday by the Spanish commissioners.

The new proposition of the Spaniards looks to a compromise between the refusal of the Americans to assume any part of the Cuban debt and the Spanish claim that the United States should assume it wholly.

The terms of yesterday's proposal are obviously unknown save to the commissioners. The American commissioners will reply to the communication at Monday's joint session, and an extended argument will then follow, and will carry the matter possibly over to another meeting.

**CRISIS AT MADRID.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

MADRID, Oct. 22.—The newspapers here regard a ministerial crisis as imminent and urge the ministers to think their differences in view of Spain's many difficulties. Several of the papers violently attack Señor Gamazo, the Minister of Public Instruction, for resigning and thus complicating the situation.

**MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.**

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## LAKE ATLIN DIGGINGS.

**THOUSANDS PREPARING TO GO THERE NEXT SPRING.**

**GLOWING REPORTS TELL OF GOLD COLOR IN THE STREAMS, ROLLING COUNTRY WITH AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES AND EXTENSIVE FORESTS.**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

JUNEAU (Alaska), Oct. 18.—Wired from Victoria (B. C.), Oct. 22.—Crowds are here from Cook's Inlet and Copper River, and travel to those sections will cease till next spring, with the arrival here within two weeks of the last ships. The total estimated output of the Cook's Inlet placer mine for last season's operations, being retarded and much damage inflicted by high water, is \$50,000.

Several thousand people are preparing to go from Alaska towns to the new diggings at Lake Atlin next spring. Lieut. L. S. Kelley and ten men of the Cook's Inlet government exploring expedition, under Capt. E. F. Glenn, Fourth Infantry, report that they traveled a distance of 360 miles to a point 200 miles north of Gerstel River, a tributary of Tanana. Colors of gold were found on many streams. The country is mostly rolling and open, with agricultural possibilities, plenty of grass, and extensive forests of cottonwood, birch and spruce.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] England and France are again menacingly facing each other, as in 1805, when Villeneuve, with his great fleet, escaped from Toulon, even under Nelson's watchful eye, to eventually join with Spain in the memorable conflict of Trafalgar, where the greatest of all British admirals established the supremacy of the sea power of Great Britain. The news of the hour hinges upon the attitude of these two great nations. Special advices from London this morning clearly emphasize the criticalness of the situation, which is so great that it is impossible to use words of exaggeration. There was said to be ample confirmation from Paris of yesterday morning's news, to the effect that the French refused to withdraw from Fashoda.

Now nothing remains to be done but to elect Marchand from that equatorial zone. The British and French Cabinets are in a cast-iron dilemma, from which there is no apparent pacific escape.

Fort McPherson (N. W. T.), Aug. 2, wired from San Francisco, Oct. 22.—William Thunser of Chicago, and party, en route to the Alaska gold diggings, arrived at Fort McPherson today after passing through Great Slave Lake to the McKenzie River, down the latter river to the Peel River, and up the Peel to McPherson. Mr. Thunser said:

"Our party left Fort Resolution July 10, so I had ample time to personally investigate all rumors regarding the finding of gold in the tributaries of the McKenzie River. I can say for the benefit of those contemplating taking the McKenzie, respecting to find gold in its tributaries, that none has been found up to date in paying quantities, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Quite a number of parties have turned back, and the majority of those bound for the Peel River are now making their way toward the Yukon River via Rat Belt and Porcupine rivers. But very few will succeed in getting over this year. We met a party of Englishmen today who are making their way to the Arctic Ocean, expecting to catch a steamer or whaler and get to civilization before winter sets in."

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## WAR INVESTIGATION.

## ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER CREATES A SENSATION.

It charges the investigating Board With Being a mere white-washing concern.

## SAYS IT DISCOURSES CANDOR.

## PREDICTS THAT THE INQUIRY WILL AMOUNT TO NOTHING.

Commissioners Visit Camp Shipp at Anniston and Hear Testimony Regarding Conditions at Camp Thomas.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Army and Navy Register, which is the organ of naval and army officers, and an extremely conservative journal, today published an editorial charging the War Investigating Commission with being a white-washing institution. Coming from this paper the editorial created a mild sensation here. The paper said:

"Under the prevailing system, it seems that Secretary Alger's commendable assurance of noninterference with officers or men who tell disagreeable things to the commission, will avail nothing. The temper and attitude of the commission is one which suggests a white-washing policy."

"Questions are propounded by the commissioners in such a manner as to discourage candor and the fullest statements of conditions. We need not be surprised to find the suspicion growing, therefore, that the inquiry will bring forth nothing, and that the commission is framing developments to suit the desired harmlessness of its functions."

"Secretary Alger should gain the respect of his fiercest critics for his promise to expose the criticisms, if there be any, and the commission can afford to take the Secretary of War at his word and conduct the inquiry on broad lines, calculated to bring out testimony and not discourage or cover it up. It is not the part of the commission to spare the administration, or any individual who helps to make it, and the commission will do direct the investigation as to place the blame on individual officers, who might, by respectable methods, tell something the commission ought to know."

## SICK AT SANTIAGO.

A Hospital Nurse Reports the Conditions Satisfactory.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The condition of the sick soldiers at Santiago is described in a letter from Lillian M. Kratz, who is serving in the military hospital at that place, where she has been since last July, to Dr. Anita Newcombe McGee, acting assistant surgeon, stationed in this city. The following is an extract:

"I wrote to you shortly after arriving here. We were then located at the general field hospital in charge of Maj. Robinson and his men. We do not know, but different field hospitals have combined and have taken possession of the hospital which was, until recently, occupied by the sick Spanish soldiers, which is a large, old-fashioned, airy building, with large windows in each ward, so we have plenty of light and air, which is so necessary in all hospitals."

RESTLESS INSURGENTS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—A dispatch to the Herald from Havana, says that for some days reports have been received from Cienfuegos asserting that the insurgents are growing restless, committing depredations and threatening to precipitate trouble with the Spanish troops. So frequent have rumors come, and so apparently their authorities, that the commission will make a further protest against the conduct of Capt. Page Foraker to Cienfuegos to look into the matter, and if necessary, read the riot act to the insurgents.

WILL COME IN NOVEMBER.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

HAVANA, Oct. 22.—The American commission yesterday informed the Spanish commissioners that the United States troops would begin to come to the island during November.

## THOSE ESPEE SURVEYORS

LONG AND GILLETTE OPERATING IN SOUTHERN UTAH.

Locating a Line to Connect the Denver and Rio Grande Western With the Southern Pacific at Some Point in Southern California.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SALT LAKE (Utah), Oct. 22.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A party of twenty men is engaged in Southern Utah locating a new line of railway. The greatest secrecy is being maintained by its members, but it looks very much as if the Southern Pacific were behind it. All the men came from San Francisco and a large consignment of supplies was shipped free over the Southern Pacific to Ogden and thence to Richfield, on the Rio Grande Western. From where the party is located it is an excellent line via Fremont Pass, Utah, and thence to a Southern Pacific connection at any point in Southern California. The party is splendidly equipped and at present working in Clear Creek Cañon, which leads to the famous sulphur beds of Cove Creek, which are the only pure sulphur deposits in the United States. The product is hauled by teams and even in that way is very profitable. It has been given out in the south that the men are working for the Rio Grande Western, but this the company's officials deny, and all indications point to the Southern Pacific as the company behind the party which is thought to be that of L. H. Long and W. D. Gillette.

## CALM IN PORTO RICO.

Gen. Brooke's Administration Gives Satisfaction.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—Gen. Brooke has made no mention to the War Department of any discontent expressed by the Porto Ricans over the retention in office by him of certain officials of the defunct Spanish administration. The department is satisfied that the general is managing affairs in Porto Rico with wisdom and prudence, and it would require very strong representations to induce it to interfere with the execution of his plans. It is presumed that he is proceeding according to the admirable methods followed by Gen. Lawton and Gen. Wood, in administering affairs at Santiago, which avoided a great disturbance of the routine of public business by retaining temporarily in the service such of the incumbent officials as appeared to be disposed to it.

Reverting to Chickamauga, he said the hospital tents were not flooded when he went to the camp early in August, though there had been sufficient rain to have furnished flooding to the entire camp. Gen. Frank said that his corps commander had never made an inspection of the camp with reference to sinks, etc.

Gen. Henry F. Hoyt, was also examined, and especially with reference to his command. He said the increase in sickness above the normal had begun about the middle of July, and had been from that time forward rapidly increasing. He attributed the increase in typhoid to the sinks to the files, to the fact that the wells were infected and to thelessness of the men. The command used water taken from the river, and this was only a few feet from the stream that drained the camp. The doctor thought that some

of the water from the tributary stream had been forced into the pipes by means of eddies.

## THE MEN SATISFIED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] ANNISTON (Ala.), Oct. 22.—The War Investigating Commission arrived here early today, and spent the forenoon in visiting Camp Shipp. They made a visit to every tent in the camp and to all the hospitals. As a rule the men were found to be pleased with the camp site and satisfied with their treatment. Some of them complained that their clothing was not sufficient for the cold weather of the past few days. Many of them appeared anxious to get home, but said if they could not be sent home, they preferred to go to Cuba.

## LEITER HOSPITAL CLOSED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] CHATTANOOGA (Tenn.), Oct. 22.—Leiter Hospital, the largest general hospital at Chickamauga during the summer, was closed today. Only half a dozen patients remained in the hospital, and these were removed to Sternberg. There are now about 100 patients in the Sternberg Hospital, and many of these will be discharged during the coming week.

## CUBAN EVACUATION.

Many Spanish Troops Will Remain in the Island.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—Gen. Wade, the president of the American commission at Havana, has informed the War Department that Capt. Gen. Elanco has offered the Spanish soldiers time to secure their honorable discharges from the army and give them their back pay if they desire to remain in Cuba. The Spanish commissioners on the Evacuation Commission estimate that about fifteen thousand soldiers will avail of this offer, but Gen. Wade believes that the actual figures will be much larger.

NOT SAFE FOR OUR TROOPS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—Reports received at the War Department from American military commissioners in Havana indicate that the season had not yet sufficiently advanced in Cuba to make it even reasonably safe to send any large number of American troops to the island just now. According to the last advices from Gen. Wade, president of the American commission, it will probably be December 1 before additional troops will be required in Cuba.

This statement, with the assurances that the Spanish officials are earnestly trying to complete the evacuation of Cuban, has been received with some apprehension, to a postponement of the original date of the completion of the evacuation a month beyond the date originally fixed upon.

It is felt, however, that there is no actual loss of time upon this score since the delay will not affect the opportunity to bring American troops to the United States now being prepared for garrison duty, but mean time the Heckler board, now in Cuba selecting camp sites, will be enabled to have almost every detail of the camps arranged so that comfortable quarters will be in readiness when the troops arrive.

PENNSYLVANIA TO GO.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—Secretary Alger has decided that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteers be mustered out instead of the Second and Third regiments from that State. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth are now at Camp Meade, while the Second and Third are at Philadelphia. It is understood that the changes were made after consultation with the State authorities. The Second and Third Regiments are understood to be destined for Cuban garrisons.

RESTLESS INSURGENTS.

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## THE PROTOCOL VIOLATED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

HAVANA, Oct. 22.—Yesterday afternoon the evacuation commission was informed that J. B. Hamill was removing the gun bough from the Spanish government at a sale held by the authorities despite the commissioners' protest. Capt. Brooke was at once detailed to the artillery depot to make an investigation. He reported that the entire purchase had been removed, with the wagons and carriages. Each article was checked as it went out. The commissioners addressed a note to Mr. Hamill, warning him that the American government would claim full right in the property and would hold him responsible for every piece removed.

Yesterday afternoon the commission made a further protest against the dismantling and the shipping from the island of the Krupp guns of the Reina batter.

The American commission placed the Spanish government in an unfortunate position. The Spanish government, it is alleged, daily commits some act in violation of the terms of the protocol, which is most deplorable, such as the removal of guns or the sale of government property, against which all the commission is able to do is to protest, which is done regularly, but it is not to be unheeded in ignorance. As far as the members of the commission said, "We cannot go out into the streets and stop the guns being carted on the road ourselves; we should have the troops or marines here to enforce our protest."

In Cienfuegos and del Rio there is a good deal of friction between the Americans and the Spaniards, which gives rise to daily disturbances. An investigation into the cause of the friction has been ordered.

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## PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.

## BUBONIC FEVER HAS CREATED A PANIC IN VIENNA.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

The Scourge Spreading Rapidly as the Result of Prof. Nathaniel's Experiments—Jewish Doctors Accused of Introducing the Plague.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONDON, Oct. 22.—[By Atlantic Cable. Copyright, 1898.] Social life in London is not very exciting at the present moment. Nearly everybody of note is away visiting or entertaining at country houses. The Prince of Wales came to London during the week, and announced that he intended to visit Newmarket next week for the racing. But apparently he received a hint that he is in mourning on account of the death of his mother-in-law, Queen Louise, of Denmark, so a statement was sent to the papers denying that the Prince was going to Newmarket.

A report from the United States to the effect that President McKinley would invite the Prince of Wales to visit the United States has attracted attention. While the papers cordially endorse the suggestion of a royal visit to America, as tending to further cement the good feeling between the two countries, it is improbable that the Prince of Wales will go. But an evening paper points out that the Duke of York has given a half promise to go to Canada next year, and it adds that there is nothing impossible in the idea that if President McKinley follows the example of President Buchanan, the Duke of York will follow in the footsteps of his father and extend his visit to the United States.

THE KITCHENER BANQUET.

The banquet which the city of London is to give to Gen. Lord Kitchener on his return from India will be the most brilliant affair of its kind in this generation. The Marquis of Salisbury, several Cabinet ministers, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Liberal leader in the House of Commons, all the field marshals and all the civic dignitaries will be present. The Premier will speak

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## Social Life Lacks Gaiety in London.

Current Gossip.

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in honor of the Sirdar, and momentous declarations may be expected.

## SICK GRENADIERS.

That the effects of war are more terrible than the actual fighting is shown in the case of the Grenadier Guards, who recently returned from the Soudan. Almost a third of their number are on the sick list. Change of climate was partly instrumental in bringing about their illness, but a majority of the men are down with dysentery, caused by drinking the water. There are 200 of the guards in the hospital and several of the cases are serious. The officers of the guard in no wise escaped. Quite a number of them succumbed to enteric disorders on their return to Cairo or

London.

TOD SLOAN'S CHECK.

The followers of Tod Sloan received a severe check at Sandowne, where, on Tuesday, with Sloan riding the favorite in five races, he was beaten in all but one. The check was come too soon for Sloan, whose head was been completely turned by successes. The American jockey is extremely dissatisfied with one or two of the decisions against him, and on Thursday after racing, he said excitedly:

"I have had enough, and after riding

the Prince of Wales's horse in the Cambridgeshire, I shall clear out of the country."

CHAMBERLAIN'S WIT.

Considerable amusement has been

considerable by the answer which Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, gave to a reporter's question for interviews at Liverpool. Mr. Chamberlain declined to talk, saying:

"Not on this side; I grant interviews only on the other side."

WILL HE MARRY AGAIN?

There is much speculation in political

circles in Vienna, according to advice

just received from there, as to whether Emperor Francis Joseph will marry

again. The possibility of obtaining a son to succeed him is thought to be the best chance to overcome his own personal inclinations. The present heir apparent, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, son of the late Archduke Charles Louis, second son of the present Emperor, is not a strong man, and it is feared he will not succeed in governing the empire. Names of the unfortunate men cannot be learned.

## RAILWAY SMASH.

FIVE MEN DEAD AND THREE DYING NEAR FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

FORT WORTH (Tex.), Oct. 22.—A freight train on the Rock Island road broke in two on the top of a steep grade near here today. The rear portion crashed into the front section, derailing and derailing several box cars. In one of the wrecked cars were ten men evidently stealing a ride. Five of them were instantly killed and three are dying. Two escaped fatal injury. Names of the unfortunate men cannot be learned.

## CHINESE EMPEROR'S MINDY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—A dispatch from Pekin says that Emperor Francis has been examined mentally by the physician of the French Embassy, and the diagnosis develops the fact that he is suffering from chronic nephritis, better known as Bright's Disease. Albumen has

COAST RECORDS  
WHEELS OF TRADE.LACK OF CASH CLOGS THEM  
BADLY IN JAPAN.

Foreign Trade Seriously Injured and  
Goods are Accumulating in  
the Warehouses.

## MOSTLY OF AMERICAN MAKE.

IMPORTERS ASK THE GOVERNMENT  
FOR MONETARY ADVANCE.

New State University Building De-  
sicated—Expllosion at North Ber-  
keley—Wine-makers' Case  
Decided—The Comstock.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

TACOMA (Wash.) Oct. 22.—[Exclu-  
sive Dispatch.] Advices received per  
steamer Victoria, state that Japan's  
foreign trade is being seriously injured  
by the financial stringency existing  
there. Foreign goods to the estimated  
value of 30,000,000 yen have accumu-  
lated in the Yokohama godowns, and  
almost as many more in warehouses at  
Kobe. The glut is due to lack of money  
among Japanese merchants, who are  
thus unable to pay for goods ordered  
from foreign firms, and take them out  
of the warehouses.

This condition of things is already  
having its effect upon the exportations  
from the United States to Japan, with  
the result that shipments of tobacco  
and other commodities via the north-  
ern transpacific lines have been de-  
creasing lately. A large portion of the  
goods held in Yokohama and Kobe  
warehouses, are of American manu-  
facture.

The Japanese government recently  
advanced money to the Osaka Cotton  
Mills to prevent them from failing.  
Japanese importers are asking the gov-  
ernment to similarly favor them, by  
advancing money to take the goods in  
question from the warehouses. They  
claim these goods are wanted by their  
customers throughout Japan, and that  
only enough money is needed to set the  
wheels of trade in motion.

## EVENED THINGS UP.

Saloon Wrecked by Soldiers in San  
Francisco.

I. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—A wild  
mob of Iowa and Tennessee soldiers,  
numbering about fifty, entered a dance  
hall on Kearny street last night and  
proceeded to clean out the place. They  
first charged on the bar and in a few  
minutes it was a complete wreck. They  
next went up into the boxes, tore  
down curtains and hangings and every-  
thing else which could be torn down,  
and broke everything breakable that  
they could lay their hands on, giving  
the excuse that they had been charged  
to make the rounds on the occasion  
of a former visit to the place, and  
wanted to get even.

They then visited several other res-  
orts along the line and wrecked every  
saloon they entered. The police finally  
got the mob in hand and ten of them  
were safely landed in the California  
street station, and charged with being  
drunk.

Gen. Merriam was communicated  
with by telephone, and sent out a  
provost guard to round up the strag-  
glers.

## WINE-MAKERS' CASE.

Plaintiff Gets Amount Sued for—De-  
fendant Gets Damages.

## [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—Superior  
Judge Bahrs has decided the suit of the  
California Wine-makers' Corporation  
against the California Wine Association,  
awarding the plaintiff the amount  
sued for, \$30,019, and giving the de-  
fendant \$10,891 in damages, a sum  
which will more than offset the recov-  
ery.

The Wine-makers Corporation com-  
menced the action to recover the  
amount claimed as payment for wine  
delivered to the defendants. The lat-  
ter met the suit with a large counter  
claim and asked in addition, for dam-  
ages in the sum of \$10,000, for an al-  
leged breach of their contract, which  
called for the delivery of a certain  
quantity of a specific kind of wine, and  
for certain compensation privileges as pur-  
chasers.

The case occupied several months in  
trial, and was only recently submitted  
to Judge Bahrs for decision. The court  
dealt with the contention that the con-  
tract was void, as it created a monop-  
oly, and is in consequence in restraint  
of trade. It was held that a monopoly  
was not created, as not all or nearly all  
of the wines of any district or com-  
munity were sought to be controlled by  
its provisions.

## PUMPING THE COMSTOCK.

Contract Awarded to Rison Iron  
and Locomotive Works.

## [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—This after-  
noon at a meeting of the Executive  
Committee of the Comstock Pumping  
Association, the contract for draining  
the water 500 feet below its present  
level (twenty feet below the Sutro tun-  
nel sill floor), which is as far as the  
present available power from water  
pressure for pumping the pumping ma-  
chinery will permit, was awarded to  
the Rison Iron and Locomotive Works  
of this city, for the remarkably low  
price of \$30,000, payable in installments,  
and work guaranteed.

Work will begin within thirty days.  
The pumps are to handle no less than  
13,000 gallons of water per minute, or  
17,000,000 gallons per twenty-four hours.  
Manager Moore says they will begin by  
pumping 16,000 gallons per minute, or  
20,000,000 gallons per twenty-four hours.  
Some idea of the great capacity of  
this pumping plant may be obtained  
by the fact that the maximum quanti-  
ty of water pumped when all the old  
Comstock pumps were in operation was  
only 7,000,000 gallons per twenty-four  
hours.

## UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Magnificent New Medical Depart-  
ment Building Dedicated.

## [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO Oct. 22.—The new  
building of the medical department of  
the University of California, the first  
to be completed of the three magni-  
ficent structures on Clarendon Heights,  
overlooking Golden Gate Park, com-  
posing the affiliated colleges, was dedi-  
cated today with fitting ceremony and  
invited guests. Dr. R. Beverly Cole,  
president of the medical faculty, acted

as host, assisted by Judge Wallace and  
President Kellogg.

The dedicatory exercises were held in  
the magnificent auditorium in the rear of  
the main entrance, which, with profuse  
decoration and packed to the dome, presented a most pleasing appear-  
ance. After the formal address by  
the Rev. Henry Cook, Dr. R. Beverly  
Cole delivered an opening address.

Prof. Martin Kellogg, of the university,  
and Regent Chester Rowell of  
Fresno, followed with brief remarks.

The address of the Rev. Mr. Cook was followed by Dr. W. W. Schindler, in behalf of the faculty and alumni. He traced the history of medical education on this coast, commenting on the founders of the State Institution, and predicting for the future magnificent development in  
every department.

## HILLSIDE MINE CASE.

Motion by Defendants for New Trial  
is Granted.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PRECOTT (Ariz.) Oct. 22.—A motion for a new trial in the case of C. B. Wiser, Mrs. Wiser and Wells, was granted here today by Chief Justice Webster Street of the Supreme Court. The motion was argued several weeks ago and taken under advisement.

The case involves the title to the Hills-  
ide mine on which, several years ago, Dr. Warner took a bond and contract  
agreeing to pay for it \$45,000. The con-  
tract provided that in case of failure to  
pay the full amount all payments would  
be forfeited, and the title to the mine  
would remain with the original claimant.

Payments amounting to over \$200,000  
had been made, when Warner failed.

In the mean time Warner had formed a  
stock company, and sold large blocks of  
stock in England and the Eastern States.

Payments were brought by these stock-  
holders to compel Wiser and Wells to  
pay them for the stock bought.

The case was tried a year ago and re-  
sulted in a decision for plaintiffs, by the  
Judge who denied the motion for a new trial. Defendants have moved for a new trial, which is granted as stated.

## SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD.

Man Kills a Woman in a Lodging-  
House.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—Daniel O'Shea, a ship's fireman, tonight shot and killed Julia Keeley, a young woman employed as a domestic at the Baldwin Hotel. O'Shea had been keeping company with Miss Keeley for some time. He rented a room at No. 1120 Howard street, where Miss Margaret Mohana lives, who is aunt of Miss Keeley. The latter called there tonight about 7 o'clock and visited O'Shea on the third floor.

The couple had been together but a short time, and in the course of the house heard three pistol shots, and rushing to the hallway, located the shooting in O'Shea's room. In a few moments O'Shea went down stairs.

"I've made a good job of it," he was heard to say. "The girl will now be around my neck." O'Shea made conflicting statements to the police, but jealousy is supposed to be responsible for the crime.

Only one bullet struck Miss Keeley.  
One ended in the forehead over the right  
eye, the left bullet emerging from the  
back of the head. Miss Keeley is given  
a good character by her employers.

## FATAL EXPLOSION.

Dynamite Went Off at Berkeley,  
Killed Two Men.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

OAKLAND, Oct. 22.—An explosion  
occurred in the mixing room at the  
Judson Dynamite and Powder Works  
at North Berkeley at 8:05 o'clock this  
morning. The building was totally de-  
stroyed, and two men, Thomas Roach,  
foreman of the nitro-glycerine depart-  
ment, and Peter Anderson, foreman of  
the mixing-room, were blown to atoms.  
Some 200 pounds of gelatine, just be-  
ing made into dynamite, went off. The  
mixing-house is a complete wreck, as  
are also the nitrate and drying houses.

Electric Board which was in the  
nitrating house was blown to tiny  
bits, but was not injured.

T. C. Kennedy also had a narrow  
escape, as did Thomas Broubaker and  
Frank Coster, laborers. The cause of  
the explosion is unknown. Only the  
two dead men were in the mixing-room  
at the time of the explosion. Roach  
was a single man, and leaves a widow and  
one child residing in Berkeley. This  
is the first explosion of any conse-  
quence at the works in eight years.

## BERKELEY FIRE.

American Hall Gutted—Several  
Thousands Dollars' Damage.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERKELEY, Oct. 22.—A fire today  
did several thousands dollars damage,  
and at one time the entire block east of  
Stanford Place, in the very business  
heart of Berkeley, the city's center, was  
believed to be doomed.

The building known as American Hall  
was completely gutted, the damage  
amounting to several thousand dollars.  
The principal losers are L. W. Ward  
and L. M. Williamson, who occupied  
the stores on the ground floor of the  
building. Only a small portion of their  
stock of goods was insured. Another  
heavy loser was the University French  
laundry, which occupied the northern  
half of the lower floor.

The loss will amount to \$10,000.

## FREEZING WEATHER.

Throughout Germany unusually cold  
and stormy weather has prevailed all  
this week. There has been much snow  
in the western and northern provinces.  
The thermometer in some localities took  
a dip of 10 degrees below the freezing point.  
An enormous amount of damage was done  
to the late field products and there was  
considerable loss of cattle in certain  
districts of Posen and East and West  
Prussia. A belated party of tourists in  
the Hartz Mountains is reported to  
have lost nearly all, if not all, of its  
members. They were frozen to death.

## CRUSHING COMPETITION.

The news that American bicycle  
manufacturers intend to make large im-  
ports has renewed the German agita-  
tion against the alleged low duty on  
American bicycles, and many of the  
papers are printing alarmist articles  
about "crushing American competition."

The Kreuz Zeitung seizes the op-  
portunity to advocate a prohibitive  
tariff upon American bicycles.

MEAT INSPECTOR.

An American diplomat, who is in  
a position to know the inside facts in  
the case, discloses that German agita-  
tion against the alleged low duty on  
American bicycles practically exclude Ameri-  
can meat products from Germany, said:

"It is understood that there is a dan-  
ger of a meat inspection bill to ex-  
clude American products on sanitary  
pretexts. The Agricultural Depart-  
ment will undoubtedly present a bill to  
the Reichstag to prohibit American  
meat products from Germany."

## OFF FOR PALESTINE.

Kaiser and His Suite Bid Farewell  
to Constantinople.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 22.—The Em-  
peror and Empress of Germany left here  
for Palestine at 5:15 this evening. They re-  
ceived an ovation from the crowds as-  
sembled to witness the departure.

## GRAND FAREWELL BANQUET.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 22.—At the  
grand farewell banquet here last night the  
Sultan was seated between the Emperor and  
Empress of Germany. At about 10 o'clock  
the Sultan, in his turn, rose and, accompanied  
by the Morosin Kiosk and the Emperor  
afterward returned the farewell visits of  
the diplomatic corps.

Lord Rosebery, the English  
representative, having the honor to  
make the speech of thanks, said:

"I have the honor to thank the  
Emperor and Empress for the  
kindness with which they have received  
me."

## GUIDED ZEAL.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The seal of the Sultan  
of Turkey to renovate every town and vil-  
lage in Palestine through which Emperor  
William of Germany passes has resulted in  
even boyish play being vandals.

The house of Simon the Tanner, where  
St. Peter lived, has been painted a bright  
blue. Its tiled roof has been whitewashed  
and a gaudy fence with a superb iron screen  
over it has been put up.

Emperor William presented a gold snuff-  
box to the Turkish Minister of Foreign Af-  
fairs, Weli Pasha.

## WHITE GIVES A DINNER.

Mr. White gave his first diplomatic  
dinner of the season on Tuesday in  
honor of Dr. von Holleben, the German  
Ambassador at Washington, who is  
now on a visit to this country. The

## CROSS AND CRESCENT

SIDE BY SIDE FOR THE FIRST  
TIME IN STAMBOL.

Emperor William's Tour of the East  
Followed With the Keenest  
Interest.

## BREAKING OF MOSLEM CUSTOMS

HAND OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS  
KISSED BY THE SULTAN.

The Grand Turk May Present an  
Island or a Port to the Kaiser,  
Russia Very Suspicious.  
Berlin Gossip.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

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for a new trial in the case of C. B. Wiser,  
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"I've made a good job of it," he was heard to say. "The girl will now be around my neck." O'Shea made conflicting statements to the police,

## SPORTING RECORDS

## TWENTY-ROUND BOUT.

CORBETT AND SHARKEY SCHEDULED FOR NOVEMBER 22.

Lenox Athletic Club Will be the Hallowed Scene for the Mill and That Organization Has Completed All Details—Tickets Won't Exceed Twenty Dollars.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The management of the Lenox Athletic Club of this city has completed all the details for the 20-round bout between Corbett and Sharkey, which is scheduled to take place here on November 22. The prices of admission have been fixed at \$3 as the minimum and \$20 as the maximum.

## COAST FOOTBALL.

After Stubborn Contest Stanford Defeats Olympics.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—Stanford University football team defeated the Olympic Club team at Central Park yesterday, the score of 5 to 0. The Olympic team has lost every game it has met since Stanford, and put up a stubborn contest. Stanford, on the other hand, did not show championship form. Its line was badly broken by the Olympics in many of the mass plays. Olympic had the ball within a few feet of the goal at three different times during the game.

## TWO GAMES AT SAN JOSE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN JOSE, Oct. 22.—The football game today between the University of California Engineers and the Santa Clara College was won by the former, score 15 to 2.

The game between the State Normal and Alameda High School teams was won by the Normals by a score of 25 to 5.

## HISTORIC GRIDIRON.

Princeton Whitemashed Cornell in an Exciting Game.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PRINCETON (N. J.) Oct. 22.—In an exciting game of football this afternoon Princeton won from Cornell, 6 to 0.

## YALE-CARLISLE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW HAVEN (Conn.) Oct. 22.—Yale this afternoon defeated the Carlisle Indians at football, 18 to 5. The Indians, in a sensational one-sided game of the first half the score stood only 6 to 5, and it seemed alarmingly dangerous to the Yale. The five points to Carlisle's credit are due to quarterback Hudson's marvelous skill in dropping a goal from the forty-five-yard line. The trick caused consternation in the Yale line, and after that the Indians played Yale almost to a standstill for a few minutes. In the second half the Indians seemed too much for Yale, but the reason of this became apparent when, in the second half, after Yale had changed signals, the Indians found the line nearly always impregnable.

## PENNSYLVANIA-LAFAYETTE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22.—The University of Pennsylvania football eleven defeated the Lafayette Kickers this afternoon by the score of 30 to 0.

## CHICAGO-NORTHWESTERN.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—University of Chicago, 34; Northwestern University, 5.

## HARVARD-CHICAGO.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CAMBRIDGE (Mass.) Oct. 22.—Football, final score, Harvard, 39; Chicago A. C., 6.

## LATROBE-GREENSBURG.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PITTSBURGH, Oct. 22.—Latrobe A. C., 6; Greensburg, 5.

## WEST POINT-LEHIGH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] WEST POINT, Oct. 22.—Final score: West Point, 18; Lehigh, 0.

## WISCONSIN-BELONT.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] MILWAUKEE, Oct. 22.—Wisconsin, 17; Beloit, 0.

## CAPTAIN'S SKULL FRACTURED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 22.—In the football game this afternoon between Minnesota and Ames, Capt. Coles of Minneapolis had his skull fractured, and is now in a precarious condition.

## Track Set of Mud.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 22.—The track was a sea of mud, weather raining in the forenoon: One mile, selling: Moredecai won, Dutch Bard second, Jack Hayes third; time 1:50%.

## One mile: Volandies won, Pat Garrett second; time 1:50%.

## One mile: Gorrel Ripple won, Eleanor Holmes second, Howitzer third; time 1:50%.

The Kentucky Central stakes, one mile: The Kentucky won, the Barrister second, Shinpan third; time 1:50%.

## Two miles: Jamboree won, Elusive second.

Ideal Beau third; time 3:50%.

## One mile: Madriene won, The Doctor second; Albert Vale third; time 1:51%.

## Get-away Day at Harlem.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—This was get-away day at Harlem, and racing for the present will be discontinued on Chicago tracks. Results: Mile and eighth: George Lee won, Vice Roca second, Double Dummy third; time 2:10%.

## One mile: Facade won, Judge Wofford second, Moredecai third; time 1:54%.

## Five miles: Arion won, Boney Bone second, O'Connell third; time 1:07%.

## One mile: Boanerges won, Dr. Shepard second, Dunlop third; time 1:50%.

## One mile: Elidad second, Great Bend third; time 1:54%.

## One mile: Newsgatherer won, Lord Zen second, Glenmoyne third; time 1:57%.

## Morris Park's Last Day.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—This was the last day of the season at Morris Park, and the attendance was large. Summaries:

## Autumn Steeplechase, three miles: Baby Bill won, Madriene second, Trillion third; time 6:15.

## Six furlongs: Barney Stone won, Diminutive second; Miss Miriam third; time 1:17%.

## Five miles: The Flying V, Vining won, Merry Heart second, Cathedral third; time 1:00%.

White Plains, six furlongs: Mr. Clay won, Manning second, Tolouca third; time 1:13.

## Morris Park handicap, two and one quarter miles: Ben Holiday won, Thomas Cat second, Jimmie third; time 4:07.

## One mile: Selling: Manning won, Oxnard second, Hanwell third; time 1:43.

## RIVERSIDE COUNTY.

Changes Made in the Fire Department.

RIVERSIDE, Oct. 22.—(Regular Correspondence.) At a meeting of hose company No. 1, Thursday evening, the delegations of Firemen, Bedew and Secretary Nickerson were accepted, and the vacancies thus created were filled by the election of George Masters as foreman and John Short as secretary.

## A BIG SALE.

The Van Nuys Annex will be carpeted by W. S. Allen's carpets. The sale was the largest ever made to one purchaser in a retail way in Los Angeles.

## The sale amounted to more than \$10,000 and the firm naturally feels proud of it as the goods were sold strictly on their merits. The present carpeting was always been acknowledged by men who are able to judge to be without a parallel in all this section, and this sale clearly demonstrates that fact.

## When it is stated that so many thousands of yards are suddenly taken off of the floor, it is natural to suppose that the work will be missed, but the assortment here being so immense that the diminishing of so many thousands of yards from the stock was hardly apparent.—Adv.

## SPARKS FROM THE WIRES

## TAXABILITY OF RECEIPTS.

Ruling of the Internal Revenue Of- fice Materially Modified.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The commissioners of internal revenue has materially modified the previous ruling of his office as to the taxability of receipts given to banks in lieu of checks for money withdrawn from deposit or otherwise. In accordance with the opinion of the Attorney-General, it is now held that a receipt given to a bank by a person to whom it is indebted as a deposit, or otherwise, for the amount of funds, is no more subject to a stamp than a receipt given for any other debtor of demand. The commissioner further says:

"The purpose of the law is to require stamp upon checks which are commercial, negotiable instruments. A check, however, is not required to be in any particular form. It is required in a form sufficient to constitute an order for the payment of money, and assumes the character of a commercial negotiable instrument then it is subject to the tax. There is much banking done, especially in savings banks, without the use of checks at all."

A Denver, Colo., dispatch says the sum of \$100,000 given by the First National Bank there to F. C. Hoyer &amp; Co., an extensive dry goods firm, made an assignment yesterday. The head of the firm was on the bonds of T. A. Childs, the missing cashier, as treasurer of the city and town.

The Postoffice Department has ordered the stamp of the military post office station at Cayote, near Yerba Buena. It is to be

known as military station No. 2 of the San Francisco postoffice, and will accommodate a large number of troops stationed at the arsenals and theatres.

David E. Snyder, one of two bachelor brothers at Springfield, Ill., who gave that city \$10,000 to help defray the expenses of the estate worth \$40,000, the other brother, who died two years ago, left \$10,000 for the sick and poor of Springfield.

A Los Angeles, Calif., dispatch says as one of the members of the firm of F. C. Hoyer &amp; Co., an extensive dry goods firm, made an assign-

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David E. Snyder, one of two bachelor



## Liners

## WANTED

To Purchase.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE SMALL SAFE: also small platform scale; state price and full particulars. Address P. box 23, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—GOOD SECOND-HAND BOOKS and writing desk combined; state size and price. Address box 406, REDONDO, Calif.

WANTED—IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR square or upright piano, very cheap, for state cash address DAVIS, H. S. Mathews, 23.

WANTED—PARTIES HAVING VACANT lots for sale to send full particulars at once to L. H. MITCHELL, 135 S. Broadway.

WANTED—SMALL HOUSE, GOOD LOT OR VACANT LOTS, 150 FEET ON STREET. Address R. box 15, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE CHOPHOUSE or restaurant, Santa Barbara or Riverside. Address R. box 9, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—PASADENA LOT, NEAR FAIR GARDENS, 150 FEET ON STREET. Address N. box 89, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A BUILDING LOT; MUST BE A BARGAIN; fully describe with price. Address P. box 80, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BUT A LOT ON WEST ADAMS, 150 FEET ON STREET, and price. Address R. box 15, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE WHOLE OR 1/2 interest in established bakery. Address N. box 69, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—I WANT A ROOMING HOUSE of 20 to 25 rooms for cash. Address P. box 42, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—CITY REAL ESTATE AT CASH bargain prices. If you want cash apply 200 BYRNE BLOCK.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE HOUSE AND lot on monthly payments. Address N. box 36, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO BUY A COTTAGE TO MOVE, to 7 rooms, at once. NARAROME, P. O. box 1026.

WANTED—F. JORDAN, 207 NEW HIGH, has clients who want to buy and sell bank stock.

WANTED—LIGHT SPRING WAGON, MUST BE in first-class condition. Address 626 S. SPRING.

WANTED—A SECOND-HAND TRAP, CALL 116 W. SEVENTH ST., or telephone M. 474.

WANTED—A LODGING-HOUSE FOR \$300 cash. CREEINGER, 218 S. Broadway.

WANTED—TO BUY FURNITURE AND household goods. Address N. box 145, UNION AVENUE, 23.

WANTED—TO RENT A LAUNDRY ROUTE. Address N. box 6, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A GOOD SAFER, CASH. Address L. box 30, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—

To Rent.

WANTED—TO RENT—WM. VER PLANK NEWLIN, REAL ESTATE BUREAU, 358 S. BROADWAY.

Our renting and collection department perfectly organized.

To list your houses, flats and stores with us means to rent them quickly.

Our ladies' reception room, with writing accoutrements, is a gem.

We invite you to come at once. WM. VER PLANK NEWLIN, Real estate bureau, 358 S. Broadway.

WANTED—TO RENT—YOUR PROPERTY, HOUSES, PLATE, BUILDINGS, ALL CONSTRUCTIONS, FURNISHED HOUSES PARTICULARLY, AN EXCLUSIVE RENTAL FIRM, TAKE FULL CHARGE IF DESIRED, COLLECT RENTS, PROMPT REMITTANCES.

NOTE—Devoting our entire time, as we do, to the care of rental property, we can guarantee satisfaction and assure best results; banks and agents are welcome.

WRIGHT & CALLENDER, PROPERTY RENTING EXCLUSIVELY.

23 Tel. main 315. 238 W. Third st.

WANTED—TO RENT FOR CASH IN ADVANCE, WITH SECURITY, 150 FEET ON STREET, 25 to 35 acres, first-class land, reliable water, in bearing fruit or good for vegetables, within fifteen miles of Los Angeles; give exact description, location, price, rent. Address N. box 26, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO RENT, BY AN EXPERIENCED man, a furnished or unfurnished lodging-house, to 40 rooms. For part payment, to EDWARD D. SILLEN & CO., 212 W. Second st.

WANTED—7, OR 8-ROOM FURNISHED house; must be modern and walking distance of Maribeth School; reasonable terms. Address M. box 76, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—FURNISHED COTTAGE OR 2 or 3 furnished rooms, Santa Monica; light housekeeping; will be permanent; no children. Address R. box 6, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO RENT 8-ROOM HOUSE, close in; also everybody bring in your places for rent. Monday. CREEINGER, 218 S. Broadway.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS ROOMING-HOUSE, well centrally located, either furnished or unfurnished. Address M. box 23, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO LEASE ROOMING-HOUSE near in; 35 to 40 rooms, with privilege of board it. Address P. box 81, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A COTTAGE OF 5 OR 6 ROOMS, close in, reasonable rent, permanent. Address N. box 46, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—NUCLEUS FURNISHED HOME, 6 to 8 rooms, within 12 blocks bus. dist. for rent. Hill st. preferred. 927 S. Hill st. 23.

WANTED—\$2500 ON ELEGANT NEW residence property; first class. Add. S. box 24, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—2 OR 3 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, close in, reasonable rent. Address N. box 45, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO RENT A BAKING OVEN, fixtures and premises. Address N. box 69, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—5 OR 6-ROOM COTTAGE, FURNISHED, board owner for rent. Call 560 S. HOPE.

WANTED—

Rooms.

WANTED—BY UNMARRIED GENTLEMAN: a comfortable sunny room, south part of city; must have all conveniences and be first-class in every respect; others may answer. Address N. box 34, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY MAN AND WIFE, 3 UNFURNISHED housekeeping room; must be modern and either new or in a good condition; address in west and of Main st. state price. Address N. box 60, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—SUITE OF ONE LARGE ROOM in private way; for two gentlemen, four or six weeks; must be modern and of business center; state price and location. Address R. box 21, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—LARGE, FRONT, FURNISHED room; must be modern and walking distance of business center; look at business opening. Address R. box 21, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, 3 or 4 unfurnished rooms in desirable location. Address, with particular, R. box 71, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TWO OR THREE HOUSEKEEPING rooms for adults in exchange for piano lessons. Address R. box 21, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY YOUNG GENTLEMAN, in a related family. Address R. box 22, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF temperate habits, in a related family. Address R. box 22, TIMES OFFICE.

## WANTED

Agents and Solicitors.

WANTED—FOR LOS ANGELES AND Southern California towns, good salesmen, and salesmen, subscription book; splendid series, excellent company, "Globe," "Illustrated," "Century Cyclopedias of Names," "Heroes of History," Dickens, Waverly, Cooper, Irving, and many others; a new home physician, new and the Philippines, secure territory early for Xmas books. Call or address L. E. BEHYMER, rooms 6 and 7, Los Angeles Theatre.

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# The Human Hand Truss

Is naturally the most perfect support for Hernia. The nearer a

Truss

Approaches the action of the hand in holding rupture, the more benefit you will receive from it. Rupture sufferers are invited to call and examine my charts and manikins of the human anatomy, giving a clear understanding of the true nature of hernia and proper methods of retaining it. In addition to a full line of standard patterns of my own manufacture, I carry in stock every truss made East or elsewhere, of any standing or value. If you don't find it here no use to look further. I also make to order at reasonable prices trusses which hit the right spot, while giving benefit instead of injury. I do not promise cures, but many cases close under my trusses. I will take the contract to retain any case which can be held by hand, with comfort to the patient, or no pay. No fake business methods here. Satisfaction always or money refunded. No risk to you. Consultation free. Ask for free book on rupture.

**W. W. SWEENEY,**  
Expert Fitter and Maker of  
Trusses, Elastic Hosiery and Supporters,  
LADY ATTENDANT 313 S. Spring St. UNDER  
RAMONA HOTEL

See Our New Suits, Jackets and Capes.

**Ville de Paris.**  
Pioneer  
Broadway  
Dry Goods House.  
A Fusenot  
221 and 223  
S. Broadway.

FASHIONABLE ELEGANCE at moderate Cost. All that is new and tasty finds its way into our Lace Department direct from the Fashion Centers of Europe and America.

FANCY CHIFFON, Embroidered Mousseline de Soie, and Gauze Tissues, delicate outlines woven on white cream and black grounds.

\$1 to \$8 Yard.

FEATHER BOAS of genuine Ostrich Feathers, rich lustrous black, full and fluffy, all lengths from

\$4 to \$25 Each.

CARRIAGE SHADES, Black Gloria and Black Grosgrain Silk, plain and fancy trimmed, lined and unlined

\$1 to \$5 Each.

NECK WEAR—Bows, Tecks, Scarfs, Ties, Rusches, Stocks, Jabots and Fronts, made of Silk Velvet and Liberty Chiffon, 50c to \$5 Each.

VEILINGS—All the latest creations, direct from Paris. Cheville Dotted Tosca, double faced reversible Veiling, (a new idea) Brussels & Fish Net Veilings, from

20c to \$2.50 Yard.

FANS—Dainty Lace and fine Gauze. Hand Painted, Carved Sticks, Antique Shapes, beautiful works of art.

75c to \$15 Each.

... OUR ...

# DOWN—COMFORTERS

Have arrived and are on sale at from \$4.00 each. The patterns are particularly good this year and quality extra fine. Our Blanket stock is complete in every grade from 45c per pair, up.

Cotton Comforts with pure white cotton filling and silk lining top we are selling at \$100 each. They are well worth \$1.35.

Our assortment of uncovered Pin Cushions is unequalled anywhere in the city. We have every size made.

# City of London,

213 South Broadway.

## CONCERNING LOW PRICES.

There is much to be said. It takes something more than low prices to make a bargain. Quality, style and manufacture count. Little figures are often deceptive. The consumer's safety lies in a knowledge of the goods or the house selling them. Low prices consistent with quality and manufacture are our specialties. Absolute and invariable reliability is another. Our fine stationery department is no exception to these rules.

**GRIMES-STASSFORTH STATIONERY CO.**  
300 S. SPRING ST., OPPOSITE RAMONA HOTEL

**OPTICIAN** O. L. WUERKER,  
223 W. Second St.  
SCIENTIFIC FITTING, SPECTACLES REPAIRED. FIRST-CLASS WORK.

## WANTS TO COME IN.

### GARVANZA DESIRES ANNEXATION TO LOS ANGELES.

**Big Petition Filed Asking That a Special Election Be Held—New Bridge and Tunnel Plans.**

### PENITENT LAWYERS IN COURT.

### INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE CLARK MURDER TRIAL.

**Judgment for L. H. Cohn in the Reality Case—Barrett of Pasadena Goes Insane—A Phenomenal Divorce Record.**

### ANOTHER PETITION COMING.

For several weeks a number of citizens of the University district have been quietly circulating a petition similar to that presented by the Garvanza people yesterday. At the time of the election which brought about the annexation of the territory in the southwestern portion of the city, the election committee decided that they would stay out of the city. Since then there have been a number of important improvements made in the annexed districts, and those who live just across the line have been anxious to come in so as to reap the same benefits. To that end they have been circulating a petition, and it will be presented to the Council at an early date. If both these districts be annexed, the area of the city will be increased by several square miles, most of which is improved property.

Owing to the rapid collection of city taxes, the condition of the more important city funds is becoming much better than for the past six weeks. The cash account or fund is still far behind.

Dr. L. M. Powers, City Health Officer, has completed his inspection of the city schools, and will report what he found to the City Council Monday.

The trial of the youth, Harry Clark, on the charge of having murdered Wong Sing, a Chinese laundryman, promises to be a protracted one. Much of the testimony so far introduced by the prosecution has been of a damaging character, but so far his connection with the crime has not been shown by one witness, a Basque boy, and the defense has already sought to discredit his testimony. True, it has been shown that the defendant ran away and evaded arrest for several days, but in itself is not necessarily a sign of guilt. The testimony has been forthcoming tending to indicate that some one other than the defendant had guilty knowledge of the crime.

Attorneys Potter and Hyatt were before Justice Young yesterday to show why they should not be punished for contempt. They didn't show it, but were let off by Justice Young with a lecture.

### AT THE CITY HALL.

### TO ANNEX GARVANZA.

**PETITION TO INCLUDE THAT SUBJECT SENT TO THE COUNCIL.**

**Meat Inspector Hughes Arrests a Peddler of Bad Meat—Condition of City Funds—Tunnel and Bridge Plans.**

The proposition that Garvanza be annexed to Los Angeles, which originated with the people residing in that pretty little suburb, has assumed such shape that it is probable in less than six months the people of Garvanza will be enjoying all the rights and privileges as well as the fire and police protection, of the people of Los Angeles. That there was a petition in circulation which had for its object the annexation of Garvanza, has been known for some time and it has frequently been stated that the circulation of the petition met with nothing but approval from all to whom it was presented. In order to make the petition effective it was necessary that the number of signatures on it equal at least one-half the number of electors as computed at the last general municipal election, and it was not until Friday that this number of signatures was secured.

As soon as a few signatures were secured the petition was prepared for filing in the office of the City Clerk, and it is one of the most voluminous petitions ever filed in the Clerk's office. It covers 150 pages, nearly all of which are filled with closely written signatures.

The number of these signatures has not been ascertained, but it is estimated to be at least one thousand. The petition is as follows:

"To the honorable City Council, city of Los Angeles: Your petitioners respectfully represent:

"First—That they are legally qualified electors of the city of Los Angeles, State of California."

"Second—That they constitute more than one-fifth in number of the number of the qualified electors of said city computed upon the number of votes cast at the last general municipal election.

"Third—That it is the wish of your petitioners and others that the boundaries of said city be so changed and extended as to include the territory bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

"Commencing at a point on the north-easterly line of the city of Los Angeles at center line of Aliso and Colorado street, track (M. R. 18-86); thence northerly along center line of Chicago street to San Bernardino base line; thence east on base line to center line of Cooper avenue, as far as Garvanza; addition No. 1 (M. R. 9-45); thence southwesterly along center line of Cooper avenue to northerly line of lot 43, block 17, addition No. 1; thence easterly along north line of said lot 43 to center line of alley, through said block 17; thence southerly along said center line of alley to some line of lot 63, said line 17; thence easterly along south line of lot 63 to center line of San Pasqual avenue; thence southwesterly along said center line of San Pasqual avenue to easterly line of Rancho San Rafael; thence southerly along said ranchos to easterly line of the Southern California Railway Company; thence westerly along said northerly line of right-of-way to easterly line of block 50, of Ralph Rogers's subdivision of part of the Garvanza tract; thence southerly and westerly along the easterly and

southerly lines of blocks 50 and 55, to the southerly line of the right-of-way of the Los Angeles Terminal Railway Company; thence southwesterly along said southerly line of right-of-way to the easterly boundary line of the city of Los Angeles; thence northerly and westerly along said boundary line to the place of beginning.

"Fourth—Your petitioners pray that the honorable City Council of the city of Los Angeles, State of California, will call a special election giving due notice thereof to enable the people of the said city, those included within the boundaries hereinbefore mentioned, to vote upon the proposition of annexing said territory to said city of Los Angeles, and that you take such other and further steps in the premises as may be necessary to order the alteration of the boundaries of, and the annexation of territory to incorporated towns and cities, for the incorporation of such annexed territory in and as a part of such municipalities, and for the districting, government and municipal government of such territory.

This petition will be submitted to the City Council tomorrow, and, while there are a number of preliminary steps to be taken, there is no doubt that the petition will be granted, and a special election called, as prayed for. The petitioners include some of the best-known business and professional men of the city.

**ANOTHER PETITION COMING.**

For several weeks a number of citizens of the University district have been quietly circulating a petition similar to that presented by the Garvanza people yesterday. At the time of the election which brought about the annexation of the territory in the southwestern portion of the city, the election committee decided that they would stay out of the city. Since then there have been a number of important improvements made in the annexed districts, and those who live just across the line have been anxious to come in so as to reap the same benefits. To that end they have been circulating a petition, and it will be presented to the Council at an early date. If both these districts be annexed, the area of the city will be increased by several square miles, most of which is improved property.

Plans for the new bridges which are to be built by the city have been completed by the City Engineer, and will be presented to the City Council tomorrow. There may be some complications growing out of the necessity for securing rights-of-way for at least one of the structures.

Owing to the rapid collection of city taxes, the condition of the more important city funds is becoming much better than for the past six weeks. The cash account or fund is still far behind.

Dr. L. M. Powers, City Health Officer, has completed his inspection of the city schools, and will report what he found to the City Council Monday.

The trial of the youth, Harry Clark, on the charge of having murdered Wong Sing, a Chinese laundryman, promises to be a protracted one. Much of the testimony so far introduced by the prosecution has been of a damaging character, but so far his connection with the crime has not been shown by one witness, a Basque boy, and the defense has already sought to discredit his testimony. True, it has been shown that the defendant ran away and evaded arrest for several days, but in itself is not necessarily a sign of guilt. The testimony has been forthcoming tending to indicate that some one other than the defendant had guilty knowledge of the crime.

Attorneys Potter and Hyatt were before Justice Young yesterday to show why they should not be punished for contempt. They didn't show it, but were let off by Justice Young with a lecture.

### AT THE CITY HALL.

### TO ANNEX GARVANZA.

**PETITION TO INCLUDE THAT SUBJECT SENT TO THE COUNCIL.**

**Meat Inspector Hughes Arrests a Peddler of Bad Meat—Condition of City Funds—Tunnel and Bridge Plans.**

The City Engineer has discovered that before the work on the Los Felis bridge can be begun, it will be necessary for the city to obtain a right-of-way through certain lands, to which the city engineer has difficulty in securing the right-of-way, as the owners of the land near the proposed bridge are desirous that the bridge be built, as it will be.

When Hanley was informed by Inspector Hughes that there was a warrant for his arrest, he expressed a willingness to do all possible to right the wrong he had unconsciously done.

There was nothing to do but to take him to the Police Station, and there he was released on bond as stated.

### CITY CLERK'S REPORT.

### Final Ordinances for Street Work to Be Presented Monday.

The weekly report of City Clerk Fiance to the City Council tomorrow will be accompanied by several ordinances for street work. These will be final ordinances for the adoption of which the Council has acquired jurisdiction either through the failure of property owners to protest, or by the denial of such protests. The ordinances are as follows: To improve Santee street from Ninth street to the Widow Bottiller tract; also to improve Victoria street from Fourteenth street to the intersection of Santee street; to improve Staunton avenue from Ninth to Fourteenth street; and to improve Mattielle street between Michigan and Brooklyn avenues.

The City Clerk will also report recommending that a number of tax-sale certificates be canceled, and will be used as a result of sales of property on which there had been a double assessment, and on which the tax had been paid by the rightful owners.

### A FALSE ALARM.

### Slaughter of Horses Which Were not for the Market.

Some member of the police force, who did not give his name, telephoned to the Health Office yesterday that horses were being slaughtered in the rear of the Pico House on North Main street, and that the meat was being prepared for sale to certain meat dealers. He suggested that an inspector be sent there to assist him in working up the case. The inspector was sent, and made a thorough examination.

He found that the policeman had had good reason to believe that horse meat was about to be sold, for there had been a slaughter of horses recently. The purpose of killing the animals was not to sell their flesh to meat dealers, however. Frequently the dead-animal contractor secures a horse which is too weak or diseased to haul its load, and it is easier to haul its load than to keep it alive and kill it there. A number of horses have been killed near the point mentioned for this reason.

### CONDITIONS OF THE FUNDS.

### What is Shown by the Weekly Report of the City Auditor.

The weekly report of the City Auditor shows a decided improvement in the condition of the city funds as shown by the report of a week ago. This improvement is due to the rapid manner in which the first installment of city taxes is being paid in by the small property owners. These payments have been in such numbers that within a few days another apportionment of funds will be possible. As the finances now stand, most of the liquid funds show debts, but the net balance is several hundred thousand dollars on the right side of the account, owing to the money received from the bonds. The principal funds which are behind in their accounts are: Cash, \$38,244.46; fire department, \$21,337.82; new water, \$15,923.98; general parks, \$1,844.62; East Los Angeles Park, \$247.99; Elysian Park, \$2072.80; park nursery, \$402.46; street lighting, \$4652.79; street sprinkling, \$9033.76. Those of the important funds which show balances are: Salary, \$639.09; common schools, \$1844.83; library, \$1665.59. The treasurer's net balance for the week is \$39,528.34.

### A COSTLY NECESSITY.

### Wires for the Police Signal System Ordered Paid For.

The first cost incident to the installation of the police signal system has been ordered paid by the Finance Committee of the City Council. It is a bill of \$1842.50 in favor of John Roeblings Sons' Company for wire for the system.

The wire was ordered in advance in order to save the city the difference which would have resulted from an increase in price which has since occurred.

The regular session of the Finance Committee was devoted almost exclusively to the consideration of demands

that had been presented during the past week. The fact that there had been no session of the City Council during the week prevented the reference to the Finance Committee of any of the several important matters which will be referred to it Monday.

### SOLD BAD MEAT.

### Meat Inspector Hughes Arrests a Peddler of Hams.

George Hanley was arrested late yesterday afternoon on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Gross, of No. 552 South Hill street, in which she charges him with a violation of the sanitary ordinances of the city. The warrant was issued yesterday morning from Justice Owens's court, and was placed in the hands of City Meat Inspector Hughes. He soon found his man and took him to the Police Station, where the prisoner was released on a cash bail of \$20.

While technically guilty of the offense charged Hanley appears to have taken no steps in any way to violate the law. For several days he has been receiving complaints about the sale by a peddler of spoiled pork, and he has been on the lookout for such a peddler. By consulting the records of the meat market he found that a license had been issued to Hanley to sell hams. He found the man, after some difficulty, and made an inspection of his stock. He learned that Hanley had come here recently from San Francisco with a load of hams, which he was selling to a number of persons who would buy them. He sold a clean bill of sale, and a certificate from a government inspector that the meat was all right when he bought it. After bringing the meat to this city he discovered that some of the hams he was becoming decomposed and he threw them away. The others he sold. Inspector Hughes made a careful examination of his stock, and out of fifty he condemned twenty-three.

As the others passed the inspection Hanley was allowed to leave, and proceeded to do so. He showed a disposition to assist the Meat Inspector all he could, and stated to him that he would not under any circumstances sell a diseased or partially decomposed piece of meat. He must have sold one of the bad hams to Hanley, as he was unfit for use, and her action in having Hanley arrested was not so much to secure an enforcement of the sanitary ordinances as it was to have him punished for having sold her bad hams.

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## DREADS THE CONFLICT.

PRESIDENT GILMAN SAYS HE IS NOT AN IMPERIALIST.

He thinks the Nation is Confronted by Grave Questions, but Believes the People Will Rise to the Occasion and Solve Them.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] PRINCETON (N. J.) Oct. 22.—Princeton University celebrated its 162d anniversary today with appropriate ceremonies. An imposing academic procession, in which appeared ex-President Cleveland, A. Taylor Payne, William M. Sloane, and other men of national reputation, passed through the library to Alexander Hall, where the exercises were held.

The ceremonies were very simple. President Patton introduced, as the guest of honor, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, who addressed the assembly on the theme, "Books and Politics." He said:

"I am not an imperialist; an expansionist nor a jingo. I belong to a class of citizens who dread revolution, trust experiences that are established by inheritance, training and reflection, in the belief that the freedom of the people is the only foundation for a strong nation that has secured its peace and plenty, and is the basis of its hope and faith.

"I feel now, as I felt in June, that it is safer to walk in the footsteps of the fathers than to enter upon the untried paths of the forest, which lead we know not where.

"Nevertheless, is it not apparent that the events of 1888, following in quick succession like the bombs from the turrets of a battleship, have changed the outlook? If public opinion, manifested in the meetings, resolutions, speeches, pamphlets and resolutions, and presently to be formulated by Congress, decided that our acquisitions remain in our hands, the Americans have come upon the most serious question that has confronted them in many years.

"Such a state of affairs was not foretold by the optimistic or pessimistic prophecy. The political results, as distinguished from the military and naval, have been adverse to the wishes, arguments and anticipations of our fathers. But here we are. In circumstances unforeseen, the Constitution was adopted; when the farewell address was written; when the Monroe doctrine was announced, or even in May, 1888, at the declaration of war with Spain.

"Whatever we may think of the annexation of Hawaii, or of the value of Porto Rico, or of the wisdom of the recent war, of its necessity or of the perplexities in which this country is involved, here we are, face to face with new problems and responsibilities, new opportunities. There are no ghosts and specters which will vanish as we approach them; they are giants, tough and grim, armed with clubs and full of deceit, with which we shall have many a rude encounter before we pre-

"For this state of affairs we are wholly unprepared. If it is true, as a member of the Cabinet has said, that war came like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, and as the President afterward affirmed, that "the storm is only over," that it was here almost before we realized it, it is apparent that the nation is not ready for the new problems of a civil government, upon which it is entering.

"Reduce these problems to their lowest terms. Near by Cuba, freed from the despotism of Spain, is ready for the moment to conquer, and yet it is not ready for self-government, will it be for a long time to come.

"Porto Rico and other Spanish islands are ours by terms of the protocol and are equally unprepared for republican government.

"In the Pacific Hawaii is ours by annexation; an island in the Ladrones is guaranteed to us by the protocol; we are in possession of the harbor, bay and city of Manila, and with Germany and England, we are joint protectors of Samoa. Pago-Pago is already a naval rendezvous.

"Nor should we forget that if none of these acquisitions had been made, our influence in the Pacific would still be very great. Our merchants, missionaries, travelers, men of letters, artists, scientists, are bound to traverse Oceania.

"American influence is sure to be felt in Australia and Eastern Asia.

"From this influence there is no escape. The question is how best to use the advantages of our position for the good of mankind.

"The policy is to remain shut up within a wall, repel all assault and refrain from interference with the affairs of other people. Shall the Americans, among the opportunities that have been placed in their hands, maintain similar seclusion and be content with the status quo? Shall they establish themselves as a civilization force in the Pacific? The free and enlarged exchange of the products of one clique or one State for those of another, is among the highest achievements of civilization. Commerce as it was the main business of the ancients. International trade is the business of the United States, by which our own welfare and the welfare of all people with whom we have to deal, are promoted. Let commerce be stopped and all the mechanism of modern society be brought to a standstill.

"History warns us that in our new career we may anticipate perplexities, embarrassments, blunders, an effect of the principles of efficient civil government, the rivalries of churches, the wasteful and perhaps the fraudulent expenditure of vast sums of money, attempting to capture the system of spoils of the unenlightened natives through the conflict. Nevertheless, I believe that the American people, through their errors, perplexities and sins, will rise to the situation before them and will succeed in carrying to distant lands the spirit of liberty and order. I believe that the young men of our universities, to whom the great storehouses of human experience are opened, while they point out in the history of Alexander and Caesar and Charlemagne and Napoleon, the dangers of imperialism, will also show us how, in the next century, these dangers may be avoided by spreading through the world the principles of Anglo-American liberties."

## UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Prohibition Candidate for Governor Addresses the Students.

J. E. McComas, Prohibition candidate for Governor of California, addressed the students of the University of Southern California Friday evening. Mr. McComas devoted about an hour and a half to a presentation of prohibition campaign issues. E. G. Decker, president of the University Prohibition Club under whose auspices the gathering assembled, followed with a short speech.

Prof. J. C. Fletcher delivered an able lecture on "American Poets" before the P.E.O. Sorority, Tuesday evening, at the home of Mrs. C. E. Bireley, No. 1022 West Thirty-seventh street.

## NEARLY HALF RATES EAST.

WATCHES cleaned, 75¢; mainsprings, 50¢; crystals, 10¢. Patton, No. 214 South Broadway.

PLATE &amp; THORNBURG's Franklin Prepared Paints are of the best quality and sold at 1898 prices, 10 cents per gallon less than other makes.



The above illustrations are careful pen and ink drawings of our Model Garments, designed by Mme. Agnes, Blanche Lebouvier and Mme. Poret of Paris, and Drecoll of Vienna. Each garment is our own direct importation.

## Grand Opening Sale and Exhibition Tomorrow of Paris Gowns and Wraps.

The latest and greatest productions of the leading dressmakers of the world. Garments that fairly dazzle with their brilliant "style" and "effect." That they were shaped into form by the brain and fingers of paramount genius, there can be no question. That our Prices are extremely low goes without saying.

## French Costumes.

Of gray ottoman cloth, waist and skirt trimmed with braid and chevrons to match, waist front is of beautiful tinsel on white taffeta silk, collar and girdle of two tone silk, drop skirt of turquoise, blue taffeta silk, one of the prettiest Paris gowns shown in America this year.

Price \$100.00

Other model suits of navy Venetian cloth handsomely trimmed and lined with silk. Also brown Venetian with black orange. All the above are Paris Models imported by us direct.

Prices \$65.00 to \$100.00

## Paris Dress Skirts.

"Swing," "Effect," "Dash," that you will see no place else.

Dress skirt of heavy peau de soie, wth magnificient garniture of jet and braid.

Price \$65.00.

Skirt of fine English broadcloth, three deep bouffants and drop skirt of finest taffeta silk, with deep pleated blouse.

Price \$40.00.

Several exclusive designs in black broadcloth skirts direct from Paris.

Prices \$25 to \$50

## High Novelty Jackets.

To attempt anything like description of what may be seen here in jackets would only result in belittling the collection. To fully appreciate them you must go and see them for yourself. The new dip front jacket is very attractive.

Women of Paris on account of the graceful appearance it gives the wearer while walking is here among the others. Not a style is lacking to make the assortment complete.

High Novelty from

\$25.00 to \$40.00.

Plain High Grade Jackets

\$15.00 to \$25.00.

## Paris Capes.

Elegant silk Matelasse, deep ruffles of silk velvet, trimmed with silk roses of satin ribbon, silk velvet collar edged with Persian lamb-lined with very finest quality black satin.

Price \$75.00

Same cape in opera length with satin streamers and satin ribbon trimming.

Price \$100.00

Opera cape of English coaching cloth in beautiful colors, light blue, five flowers headed with fancy silk, black to match, fancy medice collar, full ruffle down the front trimmed with white plumes, black chinchilla, very cream satin or rhadam's lining handsomely quilted.

Price \$75.00

## Cape Novelties.

Shown in the drawing above, of tan, Kersey cloth with double ruffle. A very fine English box cloth, heavy strap seam, beautifully stitched and lined garment.

Price \$18.00.

Single ruffle of Kersey, all shades, trimmed with applique stripes.

Price \$12.00.

Cape of finest Kersey, in shades of royal blue, richly braided with black and lined with taffeta silk to match.

Price \$50.00.

While we have only mentioned one or two garments out of a stock containing many more, we hope to have interested you enough in the finest cape collection in California to have you come and look at the goods we offer before you make a purchase.

## Tuxedo Coats.

30-inch length, beautiful shade gray Tuxedo coaching coat, material is a very fine English box cloth, heavy strap seam, beautifully stitched and lined garment.

Price \$75.00.

Tuxedo coat, beautiful shade of carmine, with ruffle around entire garment, lined with a delicate shade of lavender.

Price \$45.00.

A Paris Tuxedo coat of black velvet, elaborately broidered and jetted, edged in a ruffle with dark mink fur trimming, blouse front of magnificent colored spangled net.

Price \$125.00.

Others from \$5.00 to \$100.00.

## Parisian Cloak and Suit Co. 221 So. Spring St.

## TWICE A DEFENDANT.

**Mrs. Lehman, a Washerwoman, Prosecuted on Two Charges.** Mrs. John Lehman, a Spanish washerwoman, living at No. 189 Hewitt street, was on trial the greater part of yesterday afternoon before Justice Owens. The woman is charged with the assault of Mrs. John Lehman, the complainant, and the third, the daughter of Mrs. Lehman. The language these children had to listen to while testimony was heard would have nauseated the vilest of men. Mrs. Lehman occupies the front house at No. 169 Hewitt street, and Laughlin the rear house at the same number. The latter is the widow of Captain Mrs. John Lehman called him and his wife in the presence of their daughters, foul names. The case was continued for further hearing to tomorrow at 9:30 o'clock, as Mrs. Lehman desired her eldest daughter to give testimony, and she could not be located yesterday morning.

In the charge of disturbing the peace, the principal witnesses were three little girls, two of them the daughters of Thomas Laughlin, the complainant, and the third, the daughter of Mrs. Lehman. The language these children had to listen to while testimony was heard would have nauseated the vilest of men. Mrs. Lehman occupies the front house at No. 169 Hewitt street, and Laughlin the rear house at the same number. The latter is the widow of Captain Mrs. John Lehman called him and his wife in the presence of their daughters, foul names. The case was continued for further hearing to tomorrow at 9:30 o'clock, as Mrs. Lehman desired her eldest daughter to give testimony, and she could not be located yesterday morning.

**To Satisfy a Judgment.** United States Marshal Osborne has gone to San Luis Obispo for the purpose of selling at auction certain real and personal property which has been made subject to a judgment rendered in the United States Circuit Court some time ago in favor of the Wells-Fargo Company against the J. T. Cutting Co. Several days ago a similar sale was made here, but a sufficient amount was not secured to satisfy the judgment and costs. Still another parcel of land will be sold later by the Marshal.

**In the Pacific.** Hawaii is ours by annexation; an island in the Ladrones is guaranteed to us by the protocol; we are in possession of the harbor, bay and city of Manila, and with Germany and England, we are joint protectors of Samoa. Pago-Pago is already a naval rendezvous.

"Nor should we forget that if none of these acquisitions had been made, our influence in the Pacific would still be very great. Our merchants, missionaries, travelers, men of letters, artists, scientists, are bound to traverse Oceania.

"American influence is sure to be felt in Australia and Eastern Asia.

"From this influence there is no escape. The question is how best to use the advantages of our position for the good of mankind.

The policy is to remain shut up within a wall, repel all assault and refrain from interference with the affairs of other people. Shall the Americans, among the opportunities that have been placed in their hands, maintain similar seclusion and be content with the status quo? Shall they establish themselves as a civilization force in the Pacific? The free and enlarged exchange of the products of one clique or one State for those of another, is among the highest achievements of civilization. Commerce as it was the main business of the ancients. International trade is the business of the United States, by which our own welfare and the welfare of all people with whom we have to deal, are promoted. Let commerce be stopped and all the mechanism of modern society be brought to a standstill.

**Civil-service Examinations.** Thirty-seven aspirants to government positions participated yesterday in the second of a series of civil-service examinations which are to be held here during the winter. The examinations were under the local board of examiners, and were in: Spelling, arithmetic, letter writing, copying, penmanship, geography and reading of written addresses. Two of those examined were women. Fourteen aspired to positions as clerks and twenty-three as carriers.

**Medical College Opens.** The opening exercises of the College of Medicine and the College of Dentistry were jointly held at the college on Buena Vista street Wednesday evening, and was chiefly for the purpose of bringing together of teachers and students for an introduction to each other, as well as for an annual meeting pertaining to their respective schools.

The class of nearly fifty dental students are present in addition to the new and many members of the old medical classes. The entire third floor of twelve rooms in Temple Block has been fitted up at an expense of about \$2000, and here the instructions in all that pertains to the technique of mechanical and operative dentistry will be taught by the dental faculty.

**CHEAP MONEY MARKET.** NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The Financier says:

"New York is again the cheapest money market in the world, and the bank statement for the current week indicates that for some time to come it will hold that distinction. The changes that in five weeks brought an expansion in the surplus reserve from \$24,200,000 to \$23,412,325 and swelled the deposit nearly \$46,000,000, have been so rapid that their significance is not fully appreciated. The entire market is now in easier conditions, due in part to the liberal policy of the treasury with respect to public deposits, and also the favored position of the United States with regard to international exchange. While Europe discount week moved up American money very suddenly. Specie receipts, both from Europe and the Pacific Coast, were considerable and the subtreasury's operations were in favor of the banks. The interior movement, while the tide was out, was also in favor of the banks, and the flow of money is again in this direction. The increase of \$207,700 in legals is to be attributed to receipts from this source. The heavy gains in deposits, in view of the loan and cash change, is just about normal."

## DOCTORED TO DEATH!

Weak Men, Stop Drugging—The Repeated Failure of Drugs Proves That They Cannot Cure—That They Have Not the Strength Which You Need.

If you are a weak man—if you have any weakness of the nerves or organs, and have doctored for it, you know that drugs do not give you strength. The truth is that drugs never restore the power of the nerves or vital organs.

## I PRACTICED THIRTY YEARS.

And never knew of a case of weakness in men to be cured by drugging. I then learned that drugs only stimulate the nervous system and never give any permanent benefit. I learned that the foundation of all vital strength was in the Electricity which the nerves contained, and that all weakness resulted from the waste of this Electric power. Then I invented my famous

## DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT.

I constructed it so that it gives a steady flow of Electricity into the nerves while the patient sleeps at night. The current is perceptible every moment, and can be regulated to any strength desired.

The greatest men in the world of medicine and science say "ELECTRICITY IS LIFE." It is the strength, the vigor, and, in fact, the very life in the body. With my Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt I have cured 10,000 weak men during the last five years—men who had been able to get no benefit from drugs. Many of these cases were pronounced incurable by the doctors who had failed to cure them. But they have been cured.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, 204 South Broadway, Cor Second Street. Once Hours—8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 1.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Truss Cures Rupture.



## THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF CURES LIKE THIS.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, 204 South Broadway, Cor Second Street. Once Hours—8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 1.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is never sold in drug stores nor by traveling agents.

## NOT IN DRUG STORES.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is never sold in drug stores nor by traveling agents.

Only at our office.

## AT THE THEATER.

or when attending social functions of any kind, a man's linen is always prominently displayed, and it should always be immaculate in its snowy whiteness, as well as having the proper domestic finish put on it in such an artistic manner as we lay on it by our perfect methods. Our laundry work always gives genuine satisfaction to our patrons, and cannot be competed with.

Empire Steam Laundry,

149 S. Main St. Tel. Main 635.

## Time—Skill—Knowledge.

These are equivalent to the dentist's stock in trade. There's an investment also in facilities for the production of his work—and some material. But the goods he offers for sale are his time—his skill—and his knowledge. If the price he charges is not the best and most satisfactory quality—less than the fair



**The Times**

## THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Oct. 22.—[Reported by George E. Franklin, Local Forecast Official.] At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 29.95; at 5 p.m., 29.97. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 68 deg. and 61 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 83 per cent; 5 p.m., 76 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., southwest, velocity 1 mile; 5 p.m., southwest, velocity 6 miles. Maximum temperature, 69 deg.; minimum temperature, 56 deg. Barometer reduced to sea level.

Temperature.—Maximum temperature, October 22; minimum temperature, October 22; Max. Min. 69 deg. Min. 56 deg.

Boston ..... 50 Buffalo ..... 58 ..... 50 Chicago ..... 49 Kansas City ..... 40 ..... 32 New York ..... 53 ..... 54 Pittsburgh ..... 56 ..... 44 St. Louis ..... 64 ..... 55 Cincinnati ..... 52 ..... 38 St. Louis ..... 44 ..... 38

## DRY BULB TEMPERATURE.

Boston ..... 53 San Francisco ..... 56 San Diego ..... 66 Portland ..... 52

Weather.—Conditional weather report has failed throughout the country west of the Missouri River; the change since last report being decided north of the 40th parallel. A trough of low pressure prevails in the central valley of California, which is causing cloudy and unsettled weather in the southern coast sections. The temperature has risen generally within the limits of this chart, the change being quite marked on the northern boundary and in the plateau regions. Rain is falling at Portland this morning, and a shower occurred at San Francisco. Cloudy weather prevails on the Pacific Coast.

Forecasts.—Local forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity: Generally cloudy and unsettled tonight and Sunday, possibly with showers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—For Southern California: Partly cloudy and unsettled weather with showers on the northwest coast Sunday; fresh west winds.

## ALL ALONG THE LINE.

The people of Ventura county are awakening to an appreciation of the loss they are suffering, in the large amount of fruit which goes to waste there. As a result a meeting has been called for November 12, for the purpose of organizing a stock company to own and operate a cannery.

It is encouraging to have reasonable assurances that the steamship line to connect Southern California with the Orient, will begin operations by and by, even if the date is pushed farther ahead occasionally, after the manner of the departure of the Spanish from Cuba.

Pasadena seems to be about the hottest Republican town in Southern California. The enthusiasm gets so hot there that the boys have to have a meeting every two or three nights to let the steam escape. The other nights they go to neighboring towns and let it escape there.

Col. A. O. Brodie is apparently making a decidedly favorable impression during his tour of Arizona. He makes no pretense of being a great orator, nor does he exaggerate facts or appeal to prejudice, but he inspires confidence by the candor of his manner and his appeals to the cool judgment of sensible men.

The towns of Southern California have not yet finished giving receptions to the men of the different companies of the Seventh Regiment. Next Tuesday night Co. B of San Diego will be tendered a reception by the Y.M.C.A. of that city, and Capt. Dodge has also been tendered a reception by the Knights of Pythias. Nothing is too good for the boys wherever they are.

The result of a long race between two sailing ships will be awaited with interest by seamen on this Coast. The vessels are the Erskine Phelps, a new steel clipper of American build, and the Chilecot, a British-built boat. Both cleared at New York for San Francisco recently, and each is now straining every spar and stitch to beat the other in the long voyage around the Horn.

San Diego, the City of Great Expectations and Grief, has renewed cause for hope in the assurances given by H. R. Patrick, a civil engineer of Phoenix, Ariz., who has investigated the project of a railroad from San Diego eastward to connect with the St. Louis and San Francisco, and who says such a road could be easily built; that it would not deviate more than forty miles from a straight line, and would shorten the distance to New York at least 300 miles. If all this be true, it is strange that railroad capital is not rushing after the chance thus opened to it.

## CURRENT TOPICS CLUB.

Present Condition of Affairs in South Africa Discussed.

The Current Topics Club met with Mrs. Galpin in the hall of the Los Angeles Business College Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Mrs. Galpin gave a brief history of the present condition of affairs in South Africa, and of English and other colonies of colonial advancement. The following subjects were then discussed by the club members: "The Late War with Spain, and the Excellent Service rendered by our Colored Troops"; "The Indian Question"; "The Investigation of the War Commissioners"; "The Peace Jubilee in Chicago"; and President Jordan's article on territorial expansion, published in the current number of the Pacific Unionist.

In response to the roll call many of the members gave items of interest relating to science and literature which they had gleaned from their week's reading.

Among those who participated in the discussion of the various subjects were Mr. F. F. Felt, of Lynn, Mass.; Misses Owen, Bicknell, Blanchard.

Several new members were admitted. The next meeting will be held in the Currier Building on Third street.

## OUSING LUE SOON'S FEAR.

Believed Himself Tortured When His Measure Was Taken.

Ousing Lue Soon, a wizened Chinese, was found guilty of petty larceny before Justice Owens yesterday, and he will hear his sentence at 2 o'clock next Tuesday. He is accused of having stolen a diamond earring from the room of Mrs. J. P. Kerner, at the Hotel Argyle, while soliciting jobs in the course of his work as an itinerant chisel-mender.

The arrest and trial of Soon is merely an incident of his experience with the police. He was measured yesterday by the Bertillon system of identifying criminals, and when efforts were made to measure his fingers, his arms, and then finally his head, he believed that he was about to be tortured as in his native land, and he tried to break away. It took several to hold him while his measure was being taken, and reinforcements were required when it was attempted to photograph him.

## F. K. RULE FOR CHAIRMAN

## INITIAL MEETING OF REPUBLICAN CITY CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Appointment of Secretary Left to the New Presiding Officer—Committee Must Support the Whole Ticket—Fred Eaton Thanked.

The new Republican City Central Committee met last evening at the Columbia Club and was called to order by Fred Eaton, the retiring chairman, who explained that the purpose of the meeting was to select a presiding officer.

W. H. Holabird nominated Fred K. Rule for chairman, and he was elected by acclamation. Mr. Holabird and Thomas Goss were appointed a committee to escort Mr. Rule to the chair, and the new president made a brief speech expressing his thanks.

On motion of R. E. Drummond, the following was adopted without opposition:

"Resolved, that when the chairman is convinced that a committeeeman is not supporting the whole Republican ticket or that a committeeeman is not adhering to his duties as such committeeeman, he shall inform the committeeeman and fill the vacancy thus caused; also that the chairman be empowered to fill all vacancies in this committee."

The chairman was empowered to appoint as the members of the Executive Committee one man from each ward and nine men at large. The chairman was further authorized to appoint all sub-committees, and secretary of the general committee.

On motion of Oscar Lawler a vote of thanks was tendered to Fred Eaton for his services as chairman of the City Central Committee during the past two years. On motion of Fred Eaton the chairman was declared to be ex-officio chairman of the Executive Committee.

The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the chair.

## OPPOSE THE AMENDMENT.

Action Taken by the County Teachers' Association.

At the annual meeting of the Los Angeles County Teachers' Association held yesterday morning at the High School, resolutions were adopted expressing disapproval of the proposed sixth amendment of the State Constitution, which proposed amendment is to be voted on at the election in November. As reasons for the disapproval the resolutions declare: "First, that it fails to clearly define the relations of high schools to grammar schools; second, that it is ambiguous in its results; third, that while we approve of some measure by which the public schools may receive State aid, which the amendment purports to accomplish, we believe the sixth amendment promises to be harmful rather than helpful to the school system of the State. We, therefore, solicit the cooperation of the friends of education to defeat the amendment at the polls."

A letter from Prof. E. E. Brown, head of the department of education in the State university, opposing the amendment, was read.

E. P. Rowell, principal of one of the city schools, was elected president of the association; for the ensuing year, and John H. Francis principal of the Commercial High School, was elected secretary and treasurer.

## Police Court Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wilkins were found guilty of violating two of the city ordinances in allowing a dog and some chickens to wander into the Normal School, near which they live. They will be sentenced by Justice Owens tomorrow.

George Beeson, colored, was found guilty of selling a bicycle, which he had stolen. He will be sentenced tomorrow at 2 o'clock.

The ball of James Alfred, charged with attempting to murder a Japanese with a knife, was sold for \$3,000 to \$1,000 by Justice Owens yesterday, the Japanese being now out of danger of death. Alfred will have his trial next Wednesday.

Fred Baker, charged with disturbing the peace, withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty. He will be sentenced tomorrow.

Fourteen drunks were fined sums ranging from \$3 to \$10 by Justice Owens yesterday.

## Park Band Concert.

Following is the programme of the concert by the Santa Catalina Island Marine Band at Westlake Park at 2 p.m. today:

March. "Boston Tea Party." Overture. "Raymond." "España." Spanish waltz.

Selection. "The Serenade." "American Patrol." "Coronation March."

"Alabama Dance." "Coal Black Lady."

"Selection. March." "Love's Dream After the Ball."

March. "Old Gomez." "Star Spangled Banner."

## LEGAL.

## Delinquent Assessment Notice.

RAYMOND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, location of primary place of business, 16 Santa Paula Hardware Company Building, Santa Paula, Ventura county, Cal.

NOTICE—There is delinquent upon the following indebtedness, at the rate of 6 per cent, on the 12th day of September, 1898, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

No. Name. Certificate. Shares. Amount.

C. M. Leonard ..... 34 13 \$35.00

C. M. Leonard ..... 35 13 31.50

C. M. Leonard ..... 36 13 31.50

C. M. Leonard ..... 37 13 31.50

Arthur H. Leonard ..... 80 50 125.00

W. E. Hughes ..... 89 50 125.00

W. E. Hughes ..... 90 50 125.00

John E. Pfeifer, trustee ..... 117 43 125.00

D. L. Bancroft, pledgee ..... 119 20 60.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 153 10 25.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 154 10 25.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 155 10 25.00

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W. L. Hardison ..... 176 10 25.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 177 10 25.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 178 30 75.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 179 40 100.00

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W. L. Hardison ..... 202 10 25.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 203 10 25.00

W. L. Hardison ..... 204 10 25.00

## PUBLIC SERVICE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

some one and the party drove into town with it."

"Did he tell you he was so drunk the night before that he didn't know what he had been doing?"

"He did."

"Isn't it true that on the first day you searched the house the piece of matting under Harry Clark's bed was not cut out?"

"No, I can't say that."

"Well, you say you made a thorough search in every place where a body might be concealed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you sure that the matting was then cut?"

"I think it was."

"When did you notice the other piece of matting being cut—at the foot of Clark's bed?"

"When I went down with the Coroner on Saturday."

"Now, was that piece cut out when you first went down?"

"I wouldn't swear that it was or was not."

"Well, you would have noticed it, if it had been, would you not?"

"I would have thought so."

"Did you not hear that Joe Hunter accused the officers of cutting that matting?"

"I didn't hear it myself, but believe he did."

That concluded the cross-examination of Under Sheriff Clements, and of the facts he testified to were likely to prove of importance in the case later.

W. Young, clerk in the Township Court, was next put on the witness stand to testify to the packages of shot as they passed through his hands at the time of the preliminary examination. Witness produced a receipt of his having the work of the criminal exhibit department, and it was offered in evidence by Mr. McComas. The receipt was shut out on the objection of the defense. The attempted introduction of the receipt and of their proper identification appeared to present unsurmountable difficulties.

George Engelhardt, an orchardist living close to La Crescenta, was next called. He was put forward to show that Clark appeared at his place after his escape. The defense offered to prove that the defendant's escape from the deputy sheriffs had been shown, and furthermore was conceded. The objection was overruled, and the witness went on to tell how he discovered footprints around the closet on his property, and how from the closet the earth had been cut away so as to permit the exit of a man.

James Johnson, who in May last was a deputy constable in Ballona Township, testified to learning of the killing of Wong Sing three or four days after the event, and of his having assisted in the search of the Hunter house when he saw the matting cut in Clark's room in two places. One strip was from the corner of the room down to the window, but witness did not see the strip itself, until he was shown it by the Township Court. He proceeded to tell of his going to the door opening into the basement. Upon opening the door there was a very bad odor, and he noticed a lot of broken eggs lying around and momentarily assumed they were recent. He said he did not notice, however, a blood stain on the sill of the door, and taking his coat off he, with Deputy Sheriff Davis, crept under the house. The space half-way in only measured about fifteen inches in height, and the witness struck some mats, and Davis was then the one that actually discovered the body lying behind the chimney. Neither of the deputies attempted to disturb the body at that time, and making their way out from the basement Davis took his wheel and rode to Los Angeles, and reported to the Sheriff and the Coroner. When they arrived late in the afternoon the body was taken out from underneath Joe Hunter's house. Mrs. Jesus Engelhardt, residing at La Crescenta, testified to seeing the defendant the morning at 8 o'clock. In the morning on the Thursday after the killing of the Chinaman. He wanted some breakfast, and had a good appearance, witness stated. He was not dressed in court, but was dressed well. The witness stated that she gave him breakfast, and when he said he was tired, she told him to lie down and rest on the lounge. He slept for about three hours, and then partook of dinner. After that he left the house, and witness did not see him again. Mrs. Engelhardt said that the defendant did not converse much, but was gentle mainly in his manner.

Mrs. Louis Verdugo, residing at Verdugo, also testified to seeing Clark after his escape at the house of her mother, Mrs. Engelhardt. She stated that his trousers were torn in several places, and witness sewed them for him. In other respects she corroborated the statements made by the previous witness.

F. Davies, a deputy sheriff, testified to having met several deputies at the Hunter house on the Saturday following the killing. The party had搜查ed out and searched the hills and cañons surrounding the house, and not finding anything, returned to the house. The witness told much as other witnesses had of finding blood stains and holes in the grass, and then proceeded to state just how he found the body of Wong Sing underneath the house.

The facts as stated by this witness were much the same as those previously testified to. He gave it as his opinion, however, that it was quite possible for a man to drag a body underneath the house and deposit it where the body of Wong Sing was found without assistance. He denied, also, that he had ever stated to the contrary.

When this witness was retired court adjourned until tomorrow morning at the usual hour.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

The Record of Marital Infidelity Broken.

During the week that has just ended the number of marriage licenses aggregated twenty-seven, a number much in excess of the average. On the other hand, both for divorces granted, and new applications for divorce filed the numbers were phenomenally low. There were only seven applications for divorce granted, or a fraction over one a day, and only two new suits were filed, as follows:

K. G. Pascoe against Edwin Pascoe, and Alice H. Hamilton against Thomas C. Hamilton.

NO CONSPIRACY SHOWN.

Judge Allen Rules for the Plaintiff in Kelly's Case.

In the action by L. B. Cohn against William J. Kelly a decision was given yesterday by Judge Allen in favor of the plaintiff. The suit was one to quiet title to about twelve lots in the Bessie Kelly subdivision, but as the defendant made a rather unusual answer more interest was imparted into the case than the facts warranted.

In August, 1898, the defendant executed a mortgage upon the premises involved in favor of one Thomas for \$1700, and a second mortgage for \$72 in favor of J. L. Packovich in October, 1897. On April 5, 1898, there was due upon the Thomas mortgage the full amount of principal and \$100 interest, and upon the Packovich mortgage \$100 for principal and interest, together with \$789 due for assessments for street grading.

The amount charged by the defendant to have existed between L. B. Cohn and J. F. Johnson the court decides had no existence in fact, and that

## LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.

Carpets, Rugs, Draperies.

225-227-229 South Broadway,

Opposite City Hall.



## A Handsome Dining-Room

Is one of the chief pleasure points in home. For that reason we exercise the greatest care in making our selections of Dining-Room Furniture. While we aim to have bountiful assortments of inexpensive as well as the finest Dining-Room pieces that money can buy, nothing of shoddy work is found here. The *quality-for-price* principle on which our transactions are made applies strongly

To the New Extension Tables  
To the New Dining-Room Chairs  
To the New China Closets  
To the New Sideboards  
To the New Buffets

IN ANTIQUE OR  
GOLDEN OAK.  
IN PIANO POLISH  
MAHOGANY.

We offer an assortment of distinct and exclusive designs which we command. You are not likely to meet their equals or counterparts anywhere. The point we want to make is this, that if you intend spending a dollar for Dining-Room Furniture, Carpets, Rugs or Curtains, our assortments are so extensive and we give so much quality for price that it cannot but be to your interest to look here before you buy.

when in April, 1898, the defendant tendered back a quit-claim deed to the Carlsbad lands, which he had received on part payment for the principal, he made a written offer of any money paid by Cohn. Under these terms, and Davis was then the one that actually received the body lying behind the chimney. Neither of the deputies attempted to disturb the body at that time, and making their way out from the basement Davis took his wheel and rode to Los Angeles, and reported to the Sheriff and the Coroner. When they arrived late in the afternoon the body was taken out from underneath Joe Hunter's house. Mrs. Jesus Engelhardt, residing at La Crescenta, testified to seeing the defendant the morning at 8 o'clock. In the morning on the Thursday after the killing of the Chinaman. He wanted some breakfast, and had a good appearance, witness stated. He was not dressed in court, but was dressed well. The witness stated that she gave him breakfast, and when he said he was tired, she told him to lie down and rest on the lounge. He slept for about three hours, and then partook of dinner. After that he left the house, and witness did not see him again. Mrs. Engelhardt said that the defendant did not converse much, but was gentle mainly in his manner.

TWO PENITENT ATTORNEYS.  
They Were Lectured, but No Fines Were Imposed.

Penitence was personified yesterday morning in the Township Court when Attorney Bernard Potter and Attorney W. P. Hyatt appeared before Justice Young. The evening previous they had varied the monotony of legal routine in court by engaging in a fight. It was a hot-stuff contest, and was fought in one round, London prize-ring rules, but it resulted in a draw, and all bets were declared off, as Attorney Hyatt fell over himself in trying to escape from the courtroom.

Yesterday both the attorneys were profuse in apologies, when they appeared to show cause why they should not be fined for contempt. Hyatt told the magistrate he regretted the fact that he had lost his temper, but disclaimed any further responsibility. He explained that when he used the ugly word "forgery" in connection with Potter's name, it was in allusion to a certain change that had been made in an order of court. The court, however, stated that the change had been made with his knowledge and consent, and so the hating excuse fell limply to the ground.

Then Potter had a chance. The attorney professed his great respect for the court, and expressed his sorrow for having forgotten himself. He did not express any regret for the thumping he received.

Justice Young didn't think so, however, and after a short argument a lecture, it was a second edition of the first, it was received the evening before, and that ended the matter.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Miscellaneous Driftwood Thrown into the Courts.

UNDER THE FLAG. Arthur Rivers, a native of England, was admitted to all of the rights and privileges of citizenship by Judge Smith yesterday, upon making proof of eligibility and taking the necessary oath.

RECURRING DISEASE. Robert M. Barrett, a resident of Pasadena, was yesterday ordered committed to Highlands by Judge Shaw, on the recommendation of Dr. Lindley and Dr. Davison. It appeared that the patient had on two previous occasions been confined in eastern asylums. He was covered to some extent by the malady that afflicted him, and in the hope that entire change of air and scene would complete the cure his wife brought him to Southern California. Barrett had been trying very hard to get some particular position, but was turned down, and three weeks ago again gave signs of mental instability.

INSURANCE DUE. Irene R. Talbot and Maude E. Bell have brought suit against the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company to recover on a policy of insurance for \$1000. The sum of \$700 was taken out by the plaintiffs on the millinery stock at No. 825 East First street, and on February 8, 1898, the stock was damaged and lost to the full extent of the policy. A claim was put in with the company for the amount, but was not paid, and now suit has been brought to recover.

ON A BOND. James Barrell has begun an action to recover from L. P. Hansen and George W. Beck the sum of \$2948.30. The plaintiff began a suit against the Lake View Land Company 1895 to recover \$2250 and property in Riverside county valued at \$4000 was attained. The attack was discharged by the court, however, under an undertaking being given by the defendants for \$2500. In October, 1896,

## IT MEANS MUCH

When a medicine goes right to the front in public opinion

## IT MEANS MORE

When it stays there against all competitors. That is what McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure has done. A wave of success is sweeping over the land and carrying McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure into every home. McBurney's cures are numbered in the thousands. Doctors endorse his medicine. McBurney proclaims his self-confidence by giving away his remedies in cities and towns overrun by Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Brick-dust deposit, bed-wetting of children and Rheumatism, which melt away before McBURNEY'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE. ONE BOTTLE CURES. McBurney does not claim that his medicine is a cure-all, but he does assert that ONE DOSE RELIEVES AND ONE BOTTLE CURES.

McBurney's Liver Regulator and Blood Purifier

Exerts a beneficial effect, tending to keep the liver, stomach and bowels in a healthy condition, thus relieving the most prolific source of these distressing complaints.

## Gravel.

W. F. McBURNEY, Los Angeles, Cal. Since his cure became known to the public he has sold his Kidney and Bladder troubles, more or less, for five years. I was confined in bed during that time. I tried four physicians, but none of them could help me. I recommended McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure. I took two-thirds of a bottle, then I passed two gravel. The first one was about the size of a pencil, the other is about the size of a large white bean. I am now permanently cured. JOHN LOPEZ, Azusa, Cal.

## MCBURNEY'S LIVER TABLETS, A MILD PHYSIC.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These Tablets supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure headache, brighten the eyes and clear the complexion. They are made of pure, natural, vegetable ingredients.

McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure, express prepaid..... \$1.50  
Liver Regulator and Blood Purifier..... \$1.25  
Liver Tablets..... 25c

## DYNAMIC FORCES.

IN THE DOMAIN OF SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND ELECTRICITY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

## Modern Slaughtering Plant.

A NEW slaughtering plant in New Jersey illustrates the immense improvement that is being made in industrial methods in the treatment of slaughtered cattle. The lower part of the building is used for the hanging room, while the machinery department and the whole process of scraping are in the higher part of the structure. The whole power, except that of the electric plant, is furnished by a fifty-five-horse power automatic cut-off engine. With the scrapers used, there is of the best known design, 600 hogs can be scraped in an hour, and it needs only one man to serve it. It both pours in the water from the top and sprays all the way down from perforations in the standpipe. There is also a water of scrapers, which have a fast-train attachment. This prevents the scattering to the winds and the loss in other ways of the light fertilizer, which in the olden days, while it enriched the land of the farmers around, slaughtered establishments, ruined the soil and health of the country for miles around. Connected with this drier is a condenser, which prevents the escape of the foul odors which have hitherto made slaughtering places a nuisance to the community. The drier has a capacity of 200 pounds of dried stock per hour, and it does its work thoroughly. Attached to the rendering tanks there is also a new deodorizer which prevents the escape of any offensive smells from the highly prolific quarter. The runways in the highest room instead of being wooden, are now usually made of iron rails. The ventilation is perfect, and the atmosphere of the whole building is dry and clear, the steam being taken away, so that the men are not smothered in a drifting cloud of moisture.

## Use of Cocaine as a Remedy.

IN A recent newspaper paragraph, cocaine was recommended as a remedy for the sting of bees or wasps. In regard to the application of this drug, Oxford, M.D., now says that it is never entirely free from risk. As with many other drugs, there is often an element of uncertainty to its action, which may produce unexpected and unpleasant results. These occur more frequently when the cocaine is injected than when it is simply applied to the mucous membrane. Many doctors are abandoning the practice of injecting cocaine into the veins before extraction on the account, and some members of the profession are becoming skeptical as to the desirability of driving it into the dentine by the modern process of catastrophes in which electricity is the vehicle employed in carrying the medication. The point which is well to bear in mind is that what is good practice in one case, may be bad in another. A few individuals under all conditions, and nearly all under certain conditions, are specially susceptible to the action of powerful drugs; and the degree of such general susceptibility should always be determined before the administration of a drug like cocaine. The authority quoted above is of the opinion that the hypodermic injection of cocaine into the tongue is undesirable, and should only be practiced if the pain from a sting in that organ is intense, or the swelling is so severe as to threaten life.

## Envelope Moistener.

THOSE who have an aversion to licking the flap of an envelope before sealing it will be glad to note that an envelope-moistener is now on the market, consisting of a specially plated framework of metal, provided with a cup or reservoir, lined with felt. Water is put into the reservoir, and the wet felt being brought in contact with the under side of the envelope flap, moistens the mucilage and allows the envelope to be readily sealed.

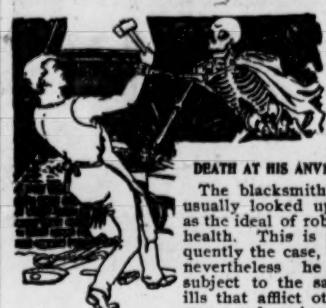
## IN ELECTRICITY.

## Electric Railway in Coast Defense.

AN ISSUE of immense importance, which has been brought into prominence by the war, is the use of the electric railway as an auxiliary to the coast defense of this country. For several years certain of the continental powers of Europe have been encouraging the construction of street railways for possible military contingencies, often granting subsidies or extraordinary concessions where the construction of the line filled in some important link in transportation facilities. The point insisted on has been that such railways should conform in gauge, speed and other respects with the general steam railway system of the country, so that in emergencies the rolling stock of the latter could be operated over the street lines. The value of such an arrangement is evident. For instance, if cities were being besieged, it would afford a means of ready transportation of troops and supplies of fortifications without breaking bulk, besides making it possible hastily to transport bodies of troops to any points within such district in the quickest possible manner. Work of this character is now in progress in some of the most important steps ever taken in the line of defensive military operations. W. H. Clark calls attention to the urgent necessity for the application of such a system to the exceptional facilities for the purpose to be found in this country. "A few months ago in the early days of the war, it was suggested by Mr. Clark that he should obtain maps of all the existing street railway lines along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, show their connections and intersections with the steam roads and other railroads, and compare with the steam railway lines, and so far as was possible, suggest what much could be done, should military necessity require it, to cause such street railway systems to become auxiliary to the steam lines for rapidly moving troops and supplies to the required points along the sea coast. In the execution of this plan, it was found that stretching along the coast from Calais, Me., to Galveston, Tex., are ninety-two distinct street railway systems, any one of which might have been a material factor in transportation. The military purposes had not been undertaken, but the coast defense had been made against our coast. The aggregate length of these systems is about 6897 miles, and the capacity of some of these points is astounding, being frequently two or three times that of the steam railways which approach the same localities. Mr. Clark suggests that the merging of these inestimably valuable factors into a general system of coast defense shall not be left until the next war, and undertaken at once. He proposes that a comprehensive plan shall be adopted, dictated either by the national government or by the executive authority of the various States, working in harmony to a specific end. This would be much more likely to lead to efficient results than the present system of making the encumbrance of franchises dependent on personal interests and patronage in local townships and municipalities. The latter, Mr. Clark says, "often disregard everything that is not in their immediate surroundings, and never consider the fact that the railway companies from making what would be a natural form of development, which would be of the greatest importance to the nation in guarding its coast against foreign hostilities."

## Eight-hour System in England.

NOW that labor conditions enter to such an important extent into industrial operations, much interest attaches to the report of a prominent firm of shipbuilders in Sunderland, Eng., on the result of adopting the eight-hour system for seven years in their works. They hold that the plan answers well; the men actually do not lose so much time; in fact, they work more hours than they did under the old system. Instead of the production of the works being less from the apparently improved system, the men gradually increased since 1891. They took up the system in the belief that they could get the same amount of work out of their men by a better method. Of the men working on time wagons, 20 per cent lost time, and out of the day while the piece men scarcely ever started before 8 o'clock under the old method. The men started at 6 o'clock, stopped at 8 o'clock for half an hour for breakfast; had another interval of an hour at noon, and the day's work was finished at 5 o'clock. The workers were then compelled to work full time. Under the eight-hour system the men have an early breakfast, and start work at 7:30 o'clock, going on with only one break until 5 o'clock. They thus do more work themselves, besides getting more work from the machine. The results being an increased output and a decreased cost. Under the old system the men hardly averaged five hours' work a day. The report has attracted great attention among English employers of



DEATH AT HIS ANVIL.

The blacksmith is usually looked upon as the ideal of robust health. This is frequently the case, but nevertheless, he is subject to the same ill effects that afflict other men, and owing to the arduous nature of his daily toil, the results of bilious attacks or indigestion are likely to be even more serious and speedy than in the case of men who lead sedentary lives. The hardy man who, whether at the anvil, the bench or plow handle, the more important is the necessity for a careful watchfulness over health.

When a working man finds that his liver does not feel well, or his digestion bad, he can save himself much distress by probably a serious sickness, by resorting at once to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The man who does this will always go to his work and come from it, whistling. A good wife or mother will be of great aid in this respect. The man who is really prone to disturbed little disorders, and lets them run on. The good wife should see to it that there is always a bottle of "Golden Medical Discovery" in the house, and that it is used when needed. An honest dealer won't advise a substitute.

About four years ago I was greatly afflicted with a bilious attack. Miss Belle Doyle of Potomac, Lawrence Co., N. Y. "A half dozen bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made me a new man again. I truly believe your product is the best. I am having good health, and can do all my own housework."

For a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 10 cents extra.

Miss Rachel A. Jones, of Thomasville, Rankin Co., Miss., writes: "Your wonderful product is more than its weight in gold. I do not see how you can give such a volume away. I have been offered \$2.50 for it, but I would not part with it for five dollars."

I am sure you will be interested to know that a new edition of "Golden Medical Discovery" is now ready for the market.

Established 26 years. Incorporated under the laws of California for \$250,000.

# From Month to Month

## And From Year to Year the Success and Patronage of The English and German Expert Specialists Increases.

Never During the Twenty-six Years of Its Existence Has This Popular Medical Institution Enjoyed Such a Wide and Growing Practice.

All of Which Is Suggestive of the Fact That People Who Are Ailing Seriously or in a Slight Degree Should Consult

### THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN EXPERT SPECIALISTS.

AMONG THE AILMENTS CURED BY THE

#### English and German Expert Specialists

ARE THE FOLLOWING:

Bright's Disease, all other diseases of the Kidney, diseases of the Bladder, Urinary Organs, Liver, Spleen, Spine, Bowels, Heart, Stomach, Eyes, Ear, Skin and Nerves; also Impoverished Blood and Blood Poison, Scrofula, Catarrh, Tonsillitis, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and other Lung Troubles; Tumors, Deformities, Insomnia, Melancholy, Paralysis, Rupture, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Stiff and Swollen Joints, Female Complaints, including Ovarian Troubles, Piles, Fistula, Obesity, RingWorm, Goiter, Tobacco, Opium, Cocaine and Liquor Habit, Headache, Erysipelas, Gout, Tape Worm, Billiousness, Dropsy, Gall Stone, Eczema, Freckles, Blackheads, Cancer, etc., and Chronic Diseases generally.

The two surgeons who compose a part of the staff, perform all surgical operations when necessary.



Five Physicians.  
All Specialists.

### NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION AND ADVICE AT OFFICE OR BY MAIL.

#### A WARNING TO RECKLESS PEOPLE.

How long will you defy fate and all the laws of nature?

How often have you been warned by some bodily ache, pain, or other symptom, that your health if not your life was in danger?

How often has your reflection in the mirror told you that your health was failing?

How many times have friends informed you that you need the advice of a physician?

How often has your inner conscience told you in the dead of night that it was due to your self and family that you look after your neglected health?

Read the following list of symptoms. If you find that one or more of them applies to your condition, consult the English and German Specialists. Their advice, which is freely given without charge, is the best you can get. If you decide to take treatment with these successful doctors you will find their terms and prices always reasonable, and that all their business dealings are entirely satisfactory. They will not undertake your case unless they think they can cure you.

All of these five physicians consult when a case is taken and then the patient is treated until cured by the members of the staff most familiar with that particular ailment.

### A LIST OF VERY DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS.

#### Catarrh of Head and Throat.

The head and throat become diseased from neglected colds, causing Catarrh when the condition of the blood predisposes to this

"Is the voice husky?"  
"Do you spit up yellow?"  
"Do you ache all over?"  
"Do you snore at night?"  
"Do you have a headache at night?"  
"Is your nose stopped up?"  
"Does your nose discharge?"  
"Does the nose bleed easily?"  
"Does the nose itch and burn?"  
"Is there pain in front of head?"  
"Is there pain across the eyes?"  
"Is there a sense of smell leaving?"  
"Do you hawk to clear the throat?"  
"Is the throat dry in the morning?"  
"Are you losing weight?"  
"Does your nose stop up with your mouth open?"  
"Does your nose stop up toward night?"

Is there a rush of blood to the head?

Do your legs and arms go to sleep?

Do you have a languid, tired feeling?

Do you see queer things in the dark?

Do you feel as though you could fly?

Do you have blue spots?

Does the body feel sore?

Is there a cough?

Are you losing weight?

Is there a pain at night?

Do you take cold easily?

Are you itchy in the skin?

Do you catch a cold easily?

Do you cough with a tickle?

Do you cough in the morning?

Are you loquacious at times?

Do you spit up yellow?

Is your cough dry and hacking?

Have you a disgust for fatty foods?

Is there a tickling behind the palate?

Do you feel pain in the throat?

Is there pain in the chest?

Do you have the breastbone?

Do you cough worse night and morning?

Do you have a sore at night?

Is there a desire to get up at night?

Are there dark rings around the eyes?

Do you see spots floating before the eyes?

Is there a desire to get up at night?

Are there dark rings around the eyes?

Do you see spots floating before the eyes?

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## ARNOLD'S ECONOMIES.

HOW HE SAVED THE TAXPAYERS OF LOS ANGELES.

Did the County Assessor Enter into Arnold's Plans to Aid in His Re-election?—The Figure-Juggler Again Pilloried.

The Times having given George L. Arnold's ready reckons and swift witnesses enough facts and logic to keep them busy for a week trying to "cook" the accounts so as to render them a little palatable to the taxpayers and, fearing the task may not occupy all their time and quite fill up the "valuable space in the columns" of the Arnold-Southern Pacific organs, desires to contribute a few more facts and figures for their careful consideration.

This time the taxpayers of Los Angeles county, Mr. Arnold's home, and the place where he is sure to have "saved" his friends the most money, will be considered separately. The plea has not been that George L. Arnold sought to deal fairly by the whole State, although he is a member of a State board whose duty it is to see that even-handed justice is done between the taxpayers of all parts of the State. He should be as fair to the taxpayer in Del Norte county as to one in the city of Los Angeles. But his claim is that his one effort has been to save the people of his district from paying their just share of the State taxes, and that he succeeded in the effort. If this is true, Mr. Morehouse must be a very dull fellow or a great delinquent in duty, not only to allow Mr. Arnold to beat him at the "game of grab" which seems to have been his idea of duty, but to be one of the few who witness when rates to Mr. Arnold's defense. Of course Mr. Morehouse is a dullard. He and Arnold are two of a kind of a spot.

## THE FIGURES.

In 1890 the assessed values in Los Angeles were: On country realty, \$16,602,485; improvements on same, \$2,234,239; city and town lots, \$28,852,500; improvements on same, \$12,159,080; total all property in the county, \$59,928,295.

Year by year these figures were increased moderately, but, in spite of all moderation by 1896, the year of Arnold's election, on the duties of his office as a member of the State Board of Equalization, he representing the Fourth District, the assessments were: On country real estate, \$20,479,540; on improvements thereon, \$3,286,555; on city and town lots, \$28,959,555; and on improvements on same, \$12,159,080; total all property in the county, \$67,886,250, an increase in the five years of \$7,957,955. Country realty had borne the greater portion of this increase in taxpaying liability, and improvements on these had borne a full proportion of it.

## ARNOLD'S SAVINGS.

In 1896-6, the first year of George L. Arnold's incumbency in office, the county assessment was raised so that the items stood as follows: Country real estate, \$21,024,220; improvements thereon, \$3,481,540; city and town lots, \$29,062,500; and on improvements on same, \$16,722,070; total value of all county property, \$72,024,460, an increase of taxable liability for the year of \$4,138,210, much more than half as much as in the five preceding years.

Now, of course, it is a very pretty play. The County Assessor was as much interested in being re-elected as the member of the Fourth Equalization District. They followed seemingly different paths, but they were not far apart: they were closely parallel, and led to the same goal. Did they get there side-by-side? If so, Arnold talk talk they might tell a tale. Summerland increases the assessment beyond all reason. Arnold gets a reduction made, and comes home from Sacramento with more triumphal flags waving than Gen. Miles' army had when it came to San Francisco. He is the great economist. I have saved you—any sum—\$200,000 is as easily written as half the amount, and twice that sum takes no more labor. They are only figures anyway; make them large.

Meanwhile, Summerland winks his other eye to all the hangers-on around his office, and gives the tip that their services will be required for a month to figure out the percentages on each separate piece of property made necessary by the reduction. Arnold says, in his mind, that he has made himself solid with the people, "saving them taxes," and Theodore knows he is solid with the "gang" by increasing the supply of "pap." The taxpayer comes to the rack and wonders where in hades Arnold's economy comes in. His taxes are larger, but, however, in spite of all the equalization efforts of all.

The year 1896-7 comes on, and it is a year nearer to next election. The play of last year seemed to work like a charm. More "saving" must be done. So the assessment rolls are made up. The total value of Country real estate, \$23,754,485; improvements on the same, \$3,894,980; city and town lots, \$28,223,905; improvements thereon, \$19,718,490. The total valuation of all country property is \$35,594,860. An increase for the year of \$12,570,400, and for Mr. Arnold's two years of "tax-saving" of \$17,708,610. This is nearly three times what it was five years preceding Arnold's interest in the tax-saving business. It is in two years an increase of nearly 25 per cent. How happy the owners of this property would be to be able to realize that they could sell out at any such advance! How certain they would feel that the boom had come again.

The "gang" who got to the pie counter for a month to figure out the taxes a second time, knew it was a boom for them. Their triumphal march of "saving taxes" through it was a boom for him; but many a fairer man would have been heartily glad to be able to sell out at the assessor's figures. It is a noteworthy fact that the banks were not treated to this tax-saving of economy under the Arnold régime. Instead of increasing the valuation on their institutions, Mr. Arnold and his aids cut them almost in two. They got the benefit of the reduction, though just as much as if the valuation on these institutions. Mr. Arnold was the case with the farmer and the owner of small homes.

But the year 1897-8 came on. It is the year before election. One would think the raise of \$12,570,400 made in the valuation of 1896-7 would have been enough to do duty for two years. Not so. The year when people voted had to be looked after, and it was a second time, footed up. On country real estate, \$24,489,760; improvements, \$3,987,280; city and town lots, \$40,615,000; improvements on them, \$19,964,065; total taxable liability of the county, \$59,001,140. Here again is an increase of \$3,406,220 in a year, most of it piled on really as a provision to bear the "burden" could not be found. In two years the increase has been \$17,176,680, or in three years \$31,116,890, an increase of 36 per cent. in three years. For the preceding five years the increase had only been \$7,957,955. And surely that had been enough. For the current decade the increase has been \$29,072,846, 23 per cent. The value of the property in the county has increased at such rate. It is almost 50 per cent. increase for the eight years, 36 per cent. of which is in three years of George L. Arnold's administration devoted to "saving the people taxes."

## HOW IT WORKS.

Mr. Morehouse does well to defend his friend Arnold. The taxes of this

## RELIABLE GOODS.

## POPULAR PRICES.

## N. B. Blackstone Co.

Telephone Main  
259

## DRY GOODS.

171 and 173  
North Spring Street

## Removal Sale Nearing The End...

ONLY THREE DAYS more and this most successful sale is an incident of the past. We close our doors Wednesday evening and begin that most interesting task of moving.

Those three remaining days we will offer some special inducements in every department in order to bring our immense stock down to movable proportions. We have some further reductions on several lines of Fancy Colored Dress Silks that are worthy your early investigation.

We are straining every point to clean out these few lines, and at the prices we quote they can be profitably used for linings, petticoats, facings, ruffles and waists, as well as dresses with the assurance that they are honest goods and will give satisfactory wearing results.

12 Pieces Silk reduced from \$1.25 a yard to .....	95c
5 Pieces Silk reduced from \$1.75 a yard to .....	95c
8 Pieces Silk reduced from \$1.50 a yard to .....	95c
4 Pieces Silk reduced from \$1.50 a yard to .....	75c
6 Pieces Silk reduced from \$1.25 a yard to .....	59c
9 Pieces Silk reduced from \$1.25 a yard to .....	75c

Dress Goods,  
Black and Colored  
Trimmings,  
Findings,  
Linings,  
Notions,  
Fancy Goods,  
Ribbons,  
Gloves, Belts,

## Embroideries.

Laces,  
Muslin and Knit  
Underwear,  
Dress Skirts,  
Petticoats,  
Waists, Corsets,  
Wash. Goods,  
Domestics,  
Linens.

## House Furnishings,

Every Department is represented by as many sterling and substantial values as those above noted. Three days is the time limit on these prices.

Due notice will be given through the press of our opening in the new Douglas Building, at Spring and Third Streets.

## Another Mile Post Passed

For many years we have been passing mile-posts in the Furniture Trade. Each step takes us nearer the goal—the largest and best furniture house on the Pacific Slope. Our new store, with its six floors, new stock and increased power to handle business, advances us far

## On the Road to Furniture Selling Supremacy.

In making your fall purchases of FURNITURE, CARPETS OR DRAPERIES our new stock will be found very satisfying in variety, quality and price.

  
BARKER BROS.  
420 & 424 S. SPRING

district are increased in eight years 50 per cent, and in Arnold's three years 36 per cent. He has a beggarly reduction made of a quarter or a fifth of the increase leaving a burden of three-quarters to four-fifths of an increase in taxes on his own home county. He has been compelled for a reflection, the plan that he has "saved" the people from paying their share of the State taxes. The taxpayer rubs his spectacles, wipes his eyes and turns the lamp higher to see where the "saving" is, and finds year by year since Arnold came on the scene that the burden is still growing larger. Their ledgers show actually less taxes charged up on State account. Uncle Collis does not need to call up the auditor to get the figures. Arnold and Morehouse know every letter of every law which can be strained to justify low assessments on property. But no such economy is exercised in favor of the farmer and home-owner. A long string of figures is dangled before their eyes. The drum is beaten, the hauboy blown, the psaltery tuned, and flags inscribed "Reduction of Taxes" are flamed out. The public is told, "Stand and cry, 'Vote again for Arnold!'" as the accompaniment. But not all the expert book-keepers in the world can find where the farmer or home-owner has escaped outright robbery.

All the other members of the Board of Equalization seem to do, ought to be, to take the enormous increase of tax burdens heaped on property-owners in Arnold's district, with the remarks "the more the Fourth District pays, the less there is left for the others to pay."

The State have either made no increase in valuation, or have come in with an actual reduction as an incident of hard times and actually lower values on real property. Some of these counties have been allowed to make good gains to some reduction in spite of these conditions, but have gone on piling higher and higher assessments on our property, whether times were good or bad. We heap up 25, 36, 50 per cent. additions to our taxable liability. Arnold gets a 10 per cent. reduction from this iniquitous burden and the rest of the country, for a re-election as a public benefactor.

What will the people who have suffered actual wrong say at the polls to this suave pretender to honesty, who has thus permitted them to be so burdened?

GETTING IMPATIENT.

Ninth Ward Citizens Want the Electric Road Right Away.

The residents of Brooklyn avenue and vicinity are becoming agitated over the failure of the Los Angeles Railway Company to fulfill the terms of its franchise to build a road over that thoroughfare, which expires on November 3. The company has asked the City Council for an extension of time for one year, and the matter will be considered by the Council at its session tomorrow. The residents of the district affected are strongly opposed to having such an extension of time granted, maintaining that the Traction Company would have a road constructed in sixty to ninety days if given a franchise. A protest will be made to the Council tomorrow against extending the franchise for so long a time as to swear at one another.

Their Sentences Suspended.

Joseph Crisp and Arthur Wilson, two boys charged with disturbing the peace of the neighborhood at Fifth and Wall streets, were on trial before Justice Owens yesterday. They were fined \$30 each, but sentence was suspended during good behavior. Officer Zeigler, who arrested the boys, said they and others of their age were in the habit of congregating nightly at Fifth and Wall streets to swap aloud foul stories, and

## THREE DAYS MORE...

In which you can buy the contents of a china store at your own price.



## Parmelee's Great Auction

Closes Wednesday Evening, Oct. 26. You have Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday only to profit by this marvelous Auction Sale of the finest China and Silverware made in the world.

Monday—A great many odd pieces of white and decorated Haviland China will leave our shelves with small return to us.

Tuesday—An avalanche of Lamps will come tumbling down—that is the old prices. This will be a special lamp day with a view of cleaning up the stock.

Wednesday—A general clearing-up-day. Everything that will receive any kind of a bid will be put up.

Your selections from any part of the store will receive prompt attention.—Remember there are but 9 sales more, 3 a day, 10:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m.—People from the country are especially invited to be present.

## Z. L. Parmelee Co.

232-234 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

We Don't Know of a place in this town of ours and yours where \$15.00 will buy as much solid value in a Business Suit as we are offering today. Yes, they are good enough for Sunday, too; especially our Black Clays and Blue Serges. We have cheaper Suits and finer Suits galore, but at \$15.00 our line is particularly strong and praiseworthy. As much could be justly claimed for our \$15.00 Overcoats.

London Clothing Co.

117, 119, 121, 123, 125  
North Spring Street, S. W. Corner Franklin

HARRIS & FRANK Proprietors



## BUSINESS.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES,  
Los Angeles, Oct. 22, 1898.

LOCAL EXCHANGES. For the past week the exchanges reported through the local clearinghouse foot up \$1,342,684.21, as compared with \$1,519,360.01 for the preceding week, and \$1,255,565.53 for the corresponding week a year ago.

NATIONAL EXCHANGES. The clearinghouses of the United States report for last week exchanges aggregating a gross sum of \$1,321,633.29, an increase over last year of 11 per cent. For the preceding week they had been at \$1,389,262.652, an increase of 6.1 per cent, over the corresponding week in 1897. The commercial agencies all report business in the country general was very large for the week. Industries are active, and prices are well maintained. Even the wool market shows improvement, purchases by mills having been quite free the first time in many months.

NEW COUNTERFEITS. A clumsy new \$2 silver certificate counterfeiter has been detected in the East, but it is so badly done that it can easily be detected. The note counterfeited is that having check letter D, series 1896, small size, which signed J. Fount Tillman, Register, and D. N. Morgan, Treasurer. The glaring imperfections on the counterfeit are the indistinctness of the seal, the thickness of the paper—double the ordinary note—and the color of green. No attempt is made to imitate the seal, and the other features of the counterfeit are as follows: \$5 legal-tender note described in Circular Letter No. 181, dated July 25, 1898; \$10 Phoenix National Bank of Phoenix, I. T., check letter C, series 1892, charter No. 4,729, bank No. 1973, Treasury No. R401967, W. S. Rosecrans, Register; E. H. Neberer, Treasurer; \$2000.00 silver certificate, series 1891, which letter signed D. N. 27, J. Fount Tillman, Register, D. N. Morgan, Treasurer; No. E662106; portrait of Daniel Manning; also; \$5 silver certificate, new issue, and \$50 note on Bridgeton National Bank of New Jersey, series 1882, check letter A.

NEW CURRENCY BILL. The Banking Committee of the House of Representatives will present a new currency bill almost on the assembling of Congress. It is said that a poll of the House and Senate gives hope that it will pass during the session.

The bill provides for bonds as a basis of currency, as at present, for currency to the full face value of the bonds, and for a reduction of the tax on circulation, which is now 1 per cent, to one-half or one-quarter of 1 per cent. The effect of such a bill would be an annual and large increase in the volume of currency. There would be an immediate gain of \$200,000,000, which would be taken out at par on the bonds now held as security for outstanding circulation, amounting to about \$250,000,000. Of the new loan, \$300,000,000, and these would be fully utilized for the issue. Throwing out some of the full \$200,000,000 of new 3 per cents, there will be outstanding about \$1,044,000 of bonds of various kinds and out of this amount in addition to what the banks already have it is safe to figure that, says the Philadelphia Price Register, the remaining bonds would be more valuable as a basis for currency than for any other purpose, the banks will very rapidly come into control of the great bulk of issues outstanding, and that they would speedily bring under control from \$500,000,000 to \$600,000,000 in addition to what they now have, and so immediately prospective use, and would increase the currency proportionately. With only 90 per cent of currency on bonds costing a premium, and 1 per cent tax on circulation, the inducement has not been strong to increase circulation. But with currency up to the face of the bonds, and the banks more valuable to the banks than to the other holders, and because activity in trade and the profitable use of money would render government securities relatively less valuable to individual investors, there can be little doubt that the banks will rapidly absorb them, either by direct ownership or other control. Such an increase of currency as this bill would bring about would mean very active business and higher values for stocks and commodities.

## GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.

COST OF A GREAT CITY. A Philadelphia paper gives the following few items of expense of governing a great modern city:

The City Hall, up to date, has cost \$22,039,822.

The police department will expend next year \$3,166,674.

The House of Correction costs the city annually \$200,000.

The Fairmount Park Commission will require \$561,595.50 for next year.

The sum of \$555,918 will be required next year to support the almshouse.

The sum of \$4,217,239 will be required to support the public schools next year.

SICILY LEMON PRICES. Prices for new-crop Sicily lemons for forward delivery are said to be about \$2.25 for the last half of October, \$2 for the first half of November and \$1.75 for the last half. These prices are about the same as last year.

GLASSWARE COMBINE. The twenty-six glass tableware manufacturing firms which have decided to combine, have a capital of \$3,000,000.

CLUBMEN'S MUG UP. In answer to inquiries from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue comes from a recent decision of the courts to the effect that if liquor is sold by a club to its members or others, whether for profit or not, or whether by means of tickets or otherwise, or under any conditions constituting a sale, the club becomes liable to the special tax.

SPANISH LANGUAGE. The young man who speaks Spanish is likely to find that acquirement a good business capital hereafter. There is reported to be a very active demand in Cuba and Porto Rico for bright young men with a good knowledge of Spanish. Eastern papers in the most conservative communities are discussing the propriety of teaching Spanish in the public schools.

HENRY CLEWS. Henry Clews thus puts the question of prosperity: "There has been, in some quarters, a good deal of loose talk about the condition of the market, which has caused the 'bears' and led some 'bulls' to keep out of the market. The facts in the case are that, in the West and Southwest, business is, as a rule, extraordinarily active and prosperous. Even in the South—which many have assumed must have suffered from a 5-cent tariff—business is fairly active, and the best opinion there is to the effect that, owing to the large reductions made in the cost of growing the staple, it can be sold at that price with a moderate profit. The planters appear to have

wholly emancipated themselves from subjection to the factors by raising their own corn, pork and other articles of subsistence; which means that, at last, the South has placed itself on the highway to prosperity. Some complaint, however, comes from the districts and the railroad affected by the yellow fever; which is relatively a small affair."

## LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

Raisins are quite firm in spite of a slow market.

Eggs are at 22 cents for cold-storage eastern and 23 cents for fresh. Monday prices are 22 cents to 24 cents.

Butter is firm, the supply of local creamery being light. Deliveries at San Francisco are increasing, and this enables the local market to draw on that point for supplies.

By next week a car of Wisconsin cranberries will be on the market. Eastern papers had reported heavy damage to the Wisconsin crop, but this arrival will dispel that delusion.

The export movement was very large for the week. Industries are active, and prices are well maintained. Even the wool market shows improvement, purchases by mills having been quite free the first time in many months.

Walnuts are very firm at full prices for standard grade.

Hay and grain are steady under a very slow demand all around.

Vegetables are firm, excepting dry chiles and onions. The best of the latter will not yield 4 cents.

## POTATOES, ONIONS, VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Per swt., choice fancy new Burbanks, 1.00@1.10; choice to good, all varieties, 85@95; new sweet, per cwt., fancy, 1.20@1.25; common, 1.10@1.15.

ONIONS—Per cwt., fancy, 30@35.

## VEGETABLES—Beets, per cwt., 30; cabbage, 1.00@1.15; carrots, 35@38; green chilles, 25@28; green chiles, per string; lettuce, per head, 10@12; onions, 85@95; per cwt., fancy green, 60@65; radishes, per dozen, bunches, 15@20; string beans, 45@55; turnips, 25@30; cwt., turnips, 10@12 per lb.; box, live, 1.00@1.10; box, cut, 1.00@1.10; egg plant, 4 per lb.; watermelons, per box, 50@55; carrots, per dozen, 10@12; okra, per box, 40@45; cauliflower, per dozen, 1.00@1.15.

## DRY FRUITS, NUTS, RAISINS.

RAISINS—London layers, per box, 1.25; London, 1.10@1.15; steamed, 1.20@1.25.

## DRY FRUITS—Per box, 1.25@1.30.

apricots, new, 11@12; peaches, fancy, 1.20@1.25; plums, pitted, 1.00@1.10; prunes, 1.20@1.25; figs, 1.20@1.25; dates, 1.20@1.25; ackee, 1.20@1.25; California, black per lb., 60@65; California, fancy layers, per box, 1.20@1.25; dried figs, 1.20@1.25; dried dates, 1.20@1.25.

## NUTS—Walnut, paper-shells, 26@31; fancy soft-shells, 28@32; hickory, 1.20@1.25; almonds, 1.20@1.25; paper-shells, 14@15; hard-shells, 1.20@1.25; pecans, 1.20@1.25; Brazil, 1.20@1.25; pistachios, 1.20@1.25; walnuts, 1.20@1.25; cashew, 1.20@1.25.

## FRUIT—BUTTER AND CHEESE.

BUTTER—Per lb., choice, 25; ordinary, 22.

## BUTTER—Per lb., northern creamery, 22@24.

lightweight, 45@47@5; fancy tub, 1b., 25@27; choice, 18@20; eastern, 1b., bricks, 25@27; cheese, 1b., 25@27; cream, 1b., 25@27; cheese—Per lb., eastern full-cream, 1.20@1.25; California, half-cream, 1.20@1.25; Downey, 1.20@1.25; Young, 1.20@1.25; cheese, 1b., 1.20@1.25; imported, 1.20@1.25; fancy, per doz., 9.00@9.50.

## FLOUR, BUTTER AND CHEESE.

FLOUR—Per lb., choice, 25; ordinary, 22.

## BUTTER—Per lb., northern creamery, 22@24.

lightweight, 45@47@5; fancy tub, 1b., 25@27; choice, 18@20; eastern, 1b., bricks, 25@27; cheese, 1b., 25@27; cream, 1b., 25@27; cheese—Per lb., eastern full-cream, 1.20@1.25; California, half-cream, 1.20@1.25; Downey, 1.20@1.25; Young, 1.20@1.25; cheese, 1b., 1.20@1.25; imported, 1.20@1.25; fancy, per doz., 9.00@9.50.

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FLOUR—Per lb., choice, 25; ordinary, 22.

# Manufacturers' and Importers' Silk Sale.

“BEGINS TOMORROW MORNING WITH THOUSANDS OF YARDS AND THOUSANDS OF BARGAINS.”

The season's prettiest and most fashionable of silken novelties to be offered at an average reduction of 30 per cent from their regular values. Our New York buyers have wreathed their brows with laurels. Our salesmen are in ecstacies over the values and styles sent us. Our patrons will enjoy the seeing, the selecting, the buying. This sale comes just when you want it most. The styles and colorings are such that no criticism can be made, they're perfect beauties and the prices will tempt the most conservative purses.

Novelties that no other Los Angeles house can show. Prettier and more fashionable than the average silks. Three large show windows are filled with these silks, and the entire purchase is divided into three grand assortments.

## \$1.00 Novelty Silks for 69c.

Silks at this price are as good as those sold over the average silk counter at \$1.00 a yard. In fact if we had paid regular import prices we would have to sell them for a dollar. The assortment includes:

Plain striped taffetas with cross-bars in checked effects, in all new illuminated colors. Cheney Bros. heavy changeable taffeta brocades. Fancy taffeta plaids, with satin stripes, in this season's newest shades. Heavy multi-colored brocades in all the latest shadings. Fancy checked taffetas in assorted colors. Black brocaded gros-grains and satins. Faconne Carreau taffetas in striped effects.

**Women's Tailored Suits**

We have never known such rapid suit selling. First arrivals are nearly all gone. Another big shipment has just arrived. These are copies of suits made by the world's most famous dress makers, viz., Mannheimer Bros., Gerson, Paquin, Morris Pach, Sara Mayer. Many of these are imported, others are made in New York. The materials are of the popular sorts and the styles are newer and prettier than any yet shown in Los Angeles. Nearly all are taffeta silk lined. Priced at

\$25, \$29, \$35, \$45, \$50.

All wool cheviot suits of navy and black, wide pale diagonal, by front jacket, all lined, with satin lined, silk lined, and percale lined. Special \$16.50

Cover cloth suits of cadet blue and pink, all lined, with navy, silk lined, and percale lined. Special \$10.00

All wool navy and black cheviot suits, made of illuminated suitings in brown, by front jacket, all lined, with navy, silk lined, and percale lined. Special \$7.50

All wool cheviot suits of navy and black, with wide diagonal, by front jacket, all lined, with navy, silk lined, and percale lined. Special \$12.00

**Applique Trimmings.**

Our New York buyers perform two important duties. First to keep us posted on style, second to buy proper merchandise. They write us that applique trimmings are eclipsing all others in eastern fashion centers. They bought an immense quantity, but in such variety that no two gowns will be trimmed alike. The quantity taken secured for us a much lower price, and we can sell them for nearly half their values. 753 pieces all told, every new shade and new pattern.

Misses' Kersey Jackets in royal blue, velvet collar and finished with velvet piping, sizes 14 to 24, regular price \$5.00

Ladies' Fine Covert Jackets in tan, all satin lined, velvet collar finished with velvet piping, actual value \$8.50

Handsome Kersey Jackets in tan, mole, navy and black, strap seams, pearl buttons and velvet collar, all satin lined, actual value \$10.00

**Infant's Outfits**

Our Lilliputian corner is stocked with every staple and novelty for baby, and for little tots up to 5 years of age. Larger garments are in other departments. Everything that children wear. We quote two sample outfits, but we have every price between.

**Infants' Outfit No. 1.**

4 long cambric slips, embroidered edge 1 long cambric slips, embroidered edge 1 long nainsook dress, embroidered yoke 1 long nainsook dress, fancy yoke 3 wool knitted bands 2 long flannel skirts 2 long flannel pinning blankets 6 honey comb bibs, lace edge 24 pieces for \$6.84

\$14.17

**Royal Regent Corsets**

As the styles of dress and the ideas of dressmakers change, the models of R. R. corsets are changed. Several new shapes are ready. Proper styles to fit new tailor made and evening dresses over. We guarantee every pair to give satisfaction. Prices from \$1.50 to \$3.00.

Ladies' satin stock collars in all colors, with cravat bows made of chiffon, at \$75c

Ladies' satin vest front with revers, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and tie ends, very dressy \$1.50

Ladies' silk stock collars with brocaded Jabot, trimmed with velvet ribbon and lace insertion, \$2.25

Note "Summerland" cabinet box note paper and envelopes; heavy satin wave stock.

60 sheets and envelopes to match, ruled or plain, a full pound weight 15c worth 35c, for

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## Liners.

## FOR EXCHANGE—Real Estate.

FOR EXCHANGE—GREAT BARGAINS BY BEN WHITE, 235 W. First st.

A new list every day.

\$20,000—Orange grove, Ontario, for city property; \$30,000—Business block at Pasadena; for acre or city property and part cash.

\$2000—20 acres alfalfa land, near Clearwater, for city and will assume. BEN WHITE.

\$1200—2 lots, 50x150, at Whittier, with good modern 4-room cottage, mortgages only \$400; want lodging-house or good city lot, or small improved ranch. BEN WHITE.

Go to BEN WHITE to buy property.

\$1200—25 acres, rich damp land in beautiful Ferris Valley for house and lot; and will assume. BEN WHITE.

50 acres of the very best land in Tulare county for alfalfa, \$50 an acre, for city or Northern.

20 nice homes at great bargain.

\$1600—Stone building and lot; used for sale in business in a thriving mining town, free of incumbrance, for city or country property. BEN WHITE.

\$30,000—Business block and cash for close-in business property. BEN WHITE.

\$225 will buy lot worth double. BEN WHITE.

\$1000—Lot 50x150, with 2-story building, well rented, in the thriving little town of Nipomo, San Luis Obispo county; for city property; and will assume; here's a chance to get out of debt and get a good clear property.

BEN WHITE, 235 W. First st.

BEN WHITE has bargains lots.

For rent in a good country town, 13 rooms and dining room; good brick building, rent very cheap, and is partly furnished. BEN WHITE, 235 W. First st.

\$75 cash an acre, 20 acres near city limits, worth double, bargain on account of closing an estate. BEN WHITE.

\$2000—10 acres at Rialto, bearing lemons, apricots and plums, for drug store.

\$5000—Fine piano orchard, 10 acres, San Gabriel, for city.

BEN WHITE 235 W. First.

A nice lot, and 50 acres wheat land, value of \$2000; free of incumbrance, for improved ranch or city property and will assume as much as \$1000. BEN WHITE.

\$3000—Clear house and lot at Alhambra, and \$500 cash for city property. BEN WHITE.

\$2000—120 acres, Kansas, 3 miles from county seat; for ranch here.

\$2000—30 acres, Michigan; what have you here for it?

5000 acres here for eastern ranches, improved and unimproved lots; houses and lots; all prices; it will pay you to go to BEN WHITE, 235 W. First st., to buy or exchange real estate.

\$3000—Clear home, free of debt, at Colgate Springs for 4-room home here; will pay little difference; thorough inspection collected. Apply to BEN WHITE, 235 W. First st.

FOR EXCHANGE—BY WILDE & STRONG—\$20,000—Large orange grove, 100 acres, choice orchard in bearing; splendid location; and close to E.R. station; owner going away and wants something in city that can be left.

11,000—Choice city property in Phoenix, Ariz., and cash, for one or more residents.

4000—A fine 2-story stone and brick building on Main street in Chicago; now leased for \$150 a month; mortgage \$10,000 at 6 per cent; want Los Angeles property; will assume if necessary.

1000—Good business houses in the city close to Westlake Park; want smaller city home in San Diego or here for equity, or good orange orchard; house never been occupied.

\$3750—A fine, close-in home, in Santa Ana, splendid renter, and \$100 or \$200 in cash, for home in Los Angeles.

\$3000—Large house in San Diego commanding fine view, for Los Angeles residence; will pay difference.

\$6000—One of the finest homes in San Diego for Los Angeles home, west or southwest.

\$3000—A fine hotel of 100 rooms, completely furnished, in one of the best towns in Southern California; good eastern or Southern California property.

\$6000—One of the finest dairy ranches in Southern California; 650 acres all good alfalfa land; 150 acres now in cultivation; 1000 head of cattle; fine creamery in Southern California; over 100 dairy cows; will support \$50; take good eastern property; if your opportunity. Apply to EASTON, ELDridge & CO., 235 W. Second st.

FOR EXCHANGE—Income property in San Francisco.

For Los Angeles city property.

For gilt edge mortgages.

Corner Hill and Valencia st's, San Francisco; good 4-room house; building in best possible condition; \$300 per month. Good business corner, will exchange for good city property or mortgage to first class owner coming south on account of health.

If you are looking for a good exchange, it is your opportunity. Apply to EASTON, ELDridge & CO., 235 W. Second st.

FOR EXCHANGE—Good income property in Los Angeles for San Francisco, Oakland or any live city north; will assume on good property.

9000—Clear Los Angeles improved for San Francisco.

2500—A fine 2-story stone and brick building on Main street in Chicago; now leased for \$150 a month; mortgage \$10,000 at 6 per cent; want Los Angeles property; will assume if necessary.

1000—Good business houses in the city close to Westlake Park; want smaller city home in San Diego or here for equity, or good orange orchard; house never been occupied.

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\$3000—A fine hotel of 100 rooms, completely furnished, in one of the best towns in Southern California; good eastern or Southern California property.

\$6000—One of the finest dairy ranches in Southern California; 650 acres all good alfalfa land; 150 acres now in cultivation; 1000 head of cattle; fine creamery in Southern California; over 100 dairy cows; will support \$50; take good eastern property; if your opportunity. Apply to EASTON, ELDridge & CO., 235 W. Second st.

FOR EXCHANGE—Good income property in Los Angeles for San Francisco, Oakland or any live city north; will assume on good property.

9000—Clear Los Angeles improved for San Francisco.

2500—A fine 2-story stone and brick building on Main street in Chicago; now leased for \$150 a month; mortgage \$10,000 at 6 per cent; want Los Angeles property; will assume if necessary.

1000—Good business houses in the city close to Westlake Park; want smaller city home in San Diego or here for equity, or good orange orchard; house never been occupied.

\$3750—A fine, close-in home, in Santa Ana, splendid renter, and \$100 or \$200 in cash, for home in Los Angeles.

\$3000—Large house in San Diego commanding fine view, for Los Angeles residence; will pay difference.

\$6000—One of the finest homes in San Diego for Los Angeles home, west or southwest.

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FOR EXCHANGE—By O. A. VICKREY & CO., 1010 S. Broadway.

\$10,000—2 new modern 4-room houses in southwest, one or both for eastern.

\$12,000—Chicago income for Los Angeles, 1000—4-room house, 10x12, Broadway, 1/4 trade.

\$10,000—Highly improved eastern city for California.

\$10,000—2-story business block, good orange or walnut ranch and pay difference.

\$25,000—Desirable sub-division property, close in; graded streets; part for city or country.

\$15,000—20 acres alfalfa and dairy ranch, water for eastern or Los Angeles.

\$12,000—Highly improved orange ranch good and improved etc. for city residence and part or assume.

\$10,000—2-story brick business paying good monthly income; 1/4 for city or country.

\$10,000—5 acres of improved eastern city property, for orange or walnut ranch and pay difference.

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## Liners

## BUSINESS CHANCES

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE—CIGAR STAND, OLD AND NEW, every kind of price, or invoice, \$5. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—WOOD, COAL, HAY, GRAIN and feed business; bid paying trade; \$300. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—MONDAY, LUNCH COUNTER, near Spring St., \$300 per month, for quick, D. B. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A NEW AND STATIONERY store; five country town; bank; \$2500. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A CHOICE MEAT MARKET, throughout, \$1000 per month, \$300. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—SPLENDID HAND LAUNDRY with a first-class trade; a bargain; \$300. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A GENERAL GENERAL STORE, including, \$1000 per month, \$300. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—LIVERY STABLE, KEPT BY present owner 10 years; a bargain; \$500. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—STEAM DYE WORKS, VERY extensive, \$1000 per month, \$300. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—AT SAN PEDRO, INTEREST in a fine manufacturing plant; \$500. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

WANTED—GOOD MAN, PARTNER, ESTABLISHED, to take over business best in city. MYERS & BLACK, 445 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—OR RENT, TO A RESPONSIBLE party, a restaurant, No. 616 S. BROADWAY. Apply 620, bet. 4 and 5 p.m. 23

FOR RENT—STORES; ALSO 13 ROOMS AND dining-rooms, good country town; party furnished, \$1000 per month, \$300. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—RESTAURANT, BAKERY AND delicacy, clearing \$300 monthly; old established. ERNST & CO., 135 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—CANDY STORE, AND REFRESHMENT PARLOR AT LONG BEACH, Calif. 1000 S. Spring St., 11th floor. Bid \$1000.

FOR SALE—AND NOTIONS, GOOD CASH trade; involve about \$1400; will sell at a bargain. Box 276, LONG BEACH, Cal. 23

FOR SALE—ESTABLISHED FIRE INSURANCE business; good company represented. Address, N. box 96, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—6000 S. TRADE, 7 SHARES, MOUNTAIN Water Company, good investment. Address, N. box 86, TIMES OFFICE.

WILL PAY CASH FOR PART OR WHOLE of merchandise stocks; strictly confidential. Address, M. box 52, TIMES OFFICE.

WANT TO PURCHASE BUSINESS, OR partnership in a first-class business, address, N. box 17, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A POSITION; WILLING TO INVEST \$100 with responsible party. Address, N. box 44, TIMES OFFICE.

FRUITS, PRODUCE, CIGARS AND TOBACCO, living-rooms, cash trade; \$165. MYERS & BLACK, 445 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—INTEREST IN ESTABLISHED business; reliable party only desired. JONES, 565 Bunker Blvd. 23

LADY WITH \$100 TO INVEST WHERE SHE can have position with salary. Address, N. box 43, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—A BLACKSMITH SHOP, WITH good tools, low rent, 34½ S. SPRING ST., room 1.

FOR 1000 NICELY PRINTED BUSINESS cards; other printing in proportion. FOX, 151½ South Broadway.

FOR SALE—CORNER SALOON IN CENTER OF San Francisco. Address, N. box 91, TIMES OFFICE.

6000—INTEREST IN GOOD-PAYING business; worth investigating. Address, P. box 74, TIMES OFFICE.

BLACKSMITH SHOP AND TOOLS FOR SALE; good business stand. 26½ S. TEMPLE ST.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST PAYING newspaper routes in the city. 431 RUTH AVE.

FOR SALE—A PAYING RESTAURANT AT bargain. REID'S AGENCY, 126 W. First St.

BAKERY ROUTE, HORSE AND WAGON, \$20. Apply today or Monday, 345 S. HOPST.

FOR SALE—DRUG STORE, GOOD LOCATION. Address, S. box 12, TIMES OFFICE.

SELL OUT ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS, 21. I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—SMALL PROVISION BUSINESS, fruit, bread, etc. 217 W. FIFTH ST. 23

SELL OUT ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS, I. D. BARNARD, 112 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A FEED YARD AND CIGAR STORE; \$21 SAN PEDRO ST.

FOR SALE—BARBER SHOP, 636 S. SPRING.

WANTED—MONEY TO LOAN—

## MONEY TO LOAN—

WANTED—TO BORROW \$1500 ON CITY RESIDENCE property. Address, N. box 50, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—\$300, GOOD RESIDENCE PROPERTY; first-class loan. Address, P. box 51, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BUILDING LOAN OF \$600, principals only. Address, R. box 46, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—\$1000 ON IMPROVED CITY property; no agents. Address, P. box 50, TIMES OFFICE.

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## Liners

## Los Angeles Sunday Times.

TO LET—  
Rooms.

TO LET—CLOSE-IN SUITE OF 2 OWS 3 rooms; separate entrance; nice yard; children no objection. 613 W. SECOND ST. 23

TO LET—3 NEWLY FURNISHED SUNNY rooms for housekeeping; rates and terms. Adults only. 301½ W. SEVENTH ST. 23

TO LET—2 NICE SUNNY ROOMS AND KITCHEN; electric light and bath; rent separately if desired. 812 S. HILL ST. 23

TO LET—2 LARGE SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, first floor, in private family, close in, cheap to right. 425 W. EIGHTH ST. 23

TO LET—ONE OR TWO ROOMS WITH USE of kitchen, piano and kitchen, close in. Address P. box 28, TIMES OFFICE. 23

TO LET—2 LARGE SUNNY UNFURNISHED front rooms, housekeeping, bath, etc. \$35.00 month. 112 E. WASHINGTON ST. 23

TO LET—SUNNY HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS, single or in pairs; parlor, piano, bath, gas. The Standard, 111½ S. Spring. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, nicely furnished, housekeeping privileges, private family. 1038 S. BROADWAY. 23

TO LET—FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, roomy, private, spacious, nicely furnished. Address H. H. TIMES OFFICE. 23

TO LET—FOUR FURNISHED ROOMS FOR light housekeeping; in good location; no children. 409 S. FREMONT AVE. 23

TO LET—3 FINE CLEAN FURNISHED housekeeping; gas for cooking; bath. Apply 214 E. 11TH ST. near Main. 23

TO LET—3 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, SUNNY side, with water. \$6; no children. 1212 CATALINA ST., Pico Heights. 23

TO LET—2 VERY DESIRABLE FRONT rooms, with private bath; light and phone. 960½ S. BROADWAY. 23

TO LET—A SUITE OF PRETTILY FURNISHED rooms, with private bath; kitchen required. 612 S. FLICKER. 23

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS, \$6 up, with gas, piano, etc. 112 E. 11TH ST. Also 3 rooms, light housekeeping. 23

TO LET—HANDSOMELY FURNISHED rooms, single or in suite, with board; also large board. 840 S. HILL ST. 23

TO LET—HOUSEKEEPING SUITE, FROM \$7 to \$10; single, double, triple, etc. 307½ S. BROADWAY. 23

TO LET—A NICE SUITE OF UNFURNISHED rooms, good location, light housekeeping. 563 S. HOPE ST. 23

TO LET—FURNISHED A NICE, SUNNY front room, with eastern family; rent reasonable. 537 CROCKER ST. 23

TO LET—NICE SUNNY, FURNISHED rooms, cheap, light housekeeping; no children. 626 S. GRAND AVE. 23

TO LET—PLEASANT, FURNISHED ROOMS on the hill, near Courthouse; private family. 439 CALIFORNIA ST. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, FURNISHED, good location, opposite Burbank Theater. 553 S. MAIN ST. 23

TO LET—NICE SUNNY ROOMS WITH grates, bath and barn, at THE ADMOUR, 1319 S. Grand ave. 23

TO LET—DESIRABLE FURNISHED AND unfurnished housekeeping; rooms; adults. 112 S. BROADWAY. 23

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY ROOM, FINE view; housekeeping privileges; nice quiet place. 338 S. GRAND AVE. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY FURNISHED HOUSE-keeping rooms; also sunny front room; single or in pairs; 112 S. HILL ST. 23

TO LET—4 FURNISHED ROOMS IN COTTAGE, 315; good location. Call after Tues. day 10 a.m. 112 S. HILL ST. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY FRONT SUITE, RUN-water; single outside rooms, \$6 to \$10 per mo. 228 S. HILL. 23

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING rooms, gas, bath, closets, pantry, sink, porch. 215 E. FIFTH. 23

TO LET—THE PARKER, 424 W. FOURTH ST.; nicely furnished rooms, central location; reasonable rates. 23

TO LET—CLOSE IN, 3 ROOMS, UNFURNISHED, first floor; rent reasonable. 431 COURT ST., cor. Olive. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY ROOMS, EXCELLENT location; good location, near center of city. 72 S. SEVENTH ST. 23

TO LET—LARGE ROOM, FIRST FLOOR; first-class board; close in. Address N. box 61, TIMES OFFICE. 23

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, pleasantly located, near High School. 453 N. GRAND AVE., bath. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, NEW house; everything modern; private family. 99 S. OLIVE ST. 23

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED FRONT ROOM close in, for gentlemen. Address S. box 16, TIMES OFFICE. 23

TO LET—A NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room; single, clean, in private family. 99 S. OLIVE ST. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, NEW house; everything modern; private family. 99 S. OLIVE ST. 23

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED FRONT ROOM close in, for gentlemen. Address S. box 16, TIMES OFFICE. 23

TO LET—CAN ACCOMMODATE 2 OR 3 couple in one of the finest homes in Monrovia; 35 minutes from Los Angeles; large room, bath, kitchen, dining room, etc. Address first-class table, prices reasonable. Address N. box 6, TIMES OFFICE. 23

TO LET—2 SUNNY ROOMS, NEARLY NEW, good location, near center of city. 72 S. SEVENTH ST. 23

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# THE SHARPSHOOTERS TOURNAMENT



and Walnut street every hour from 8 a.m.

The distribution of prizes will take place next Tuesday evening in Sharpshooter's Hall, in the Childs' Block, over the Odeon Theater, when the riflemen will be given the grand entertainment. At the same time the formation of a Southern California Riflemen's Association will be taken up and efforts made toward its inauguration.

#### FRUIT-GROWERS' CONVENTION.

Twenty-third Session to be held at Fresno in November.

The twenty-third State convention of fruit-growers of California will convene at Fresno, under the auspices of the State Board of Horticulture, Tuesday, November 29, 1898, and continuing in session four days. A cordial invitation has been extended to all fruit-growers, shippers, packers, nurserymen and others interested in horticulture and kindred pursuits, to be present and take part in the proceedings.

At this session among other matters of great importance will be marketing, increasing the consumption of California fruit products. The committee appointed by a special convention to represent the producers in connection with the free public market in San Francisco calls a special meeting of all interested, whether growers of fruit or other perishable products, at 10 a.m. Wednesday afternoon, November 29, as part of the convention, at which time a plan will be presented by said committee for a permanent organization.

The State Association of County Horticultural Commissioners will also hold sessions during the week. Eminent horticulturists will present essays during the sessions on subjects that are deemed of the utmost importance to the fruit industry in general.

The Southern Pacific Company will issue excursion tickets to all persons going to the convention and returning at reduced rates from all points on their lines. Fresno, price 25 cents, round trip, ticket purchased by taken at starting point. ELLWOOD COOPER, President.

B. M. LELONG,  
Secretary.

#### Thirty Days for Stealing Wood.

Laura Alvedo, a young Mexican, arrested yesterday morning by Special Officer McCauley, in the Southern Pacific yards on San Pedro street, was found guilty before Justice Owens and sentenced to thirty days. The evidence showed that Alvedo tried to carry off an armful of wood, the value of which the employe of the railroad company fixed at 10 cents.

#### Campbell Fined Heavily.

John J. Campbell, charged with disturbing the peace in the home of W. E. Hyman on Banning street, was fined \$60 by Justice Owens yesterday. Of this sum \$10 was for being drunk, and the remainder for being a notorious and infamous on another's premises. Campbell alleged that the Hymans owe him money, and that this circumstance is the basis of their difference.

#### Obituary.

Lissner & Co., the late firm of silversmiths and jewelers, are quietly passing away, much to the regret of a large circle of patrons. Final services will be held on Saturday next. Friends may obtain a copy of the obituary in the paper during the coming week, after which it is expected that the remains will be shipped north. Many admirers and friends remain to regret the untimely close of such an estimable life, but the spirit of worthy example set by upright dealing and steadfast purpose, will still go marching on.

Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, was but 24 years old when he made his reputation by modeling his "Minute Man."

#### TO CURE NERVOUS

#### DYSPEPSIA.

To Gain Flesh, to Sleep Well, to Know What Appetite and Good Digestion Mean, Make a Test of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Interesting Experience of an Indianapolis Gentleman.

No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think that their nerves are to blame, are surprised that they are not caused by nerve medicines and spring remedies; the real seat of mischief is lost sight of, the stomach is the origin to be looked after.

Nervous dyspeptics often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach, but in nearly every other organ; in some cases the heart palpitated and is affected; in others the bowels are constipated; with headaches; still others are troubled with loss of flesh and appetite, with the accumulation of gas, sour risings and heartburn.

Mr. A. W. Sharper of No. 61 Prospect street, Indianapolis, Ind., writes as follows: "A motive of pure gratitude has led me to write the few lines regarding the use of your valuable medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been a making from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years; have used various patent medicines and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes gave temporary relief until the effects of the medicine wore off. I attribute this to my sedentary habits, being book-keeper with a physician, but I am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better, and am better in every way. The above is written not for notoriety, but is based on actual facts."

Come and Be Cured Free.

# Positively the Last Week of the FREE TREATMENT.

Next Saturday Night, October 29, at 8 O'Clock, Drs. Shores' Offer of One Week's Free Test Treatment and Medicines to All Will Be Withdrawn, and Under No Circumstances Will It Again Be Renewed or Extended.

## THIS WILL BE THE LAST WEEK

In which sick can test Drs. Shores' treatment for ONE WEEK FREE. If you have Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma or any Chronic Affection of the Lungs, Stomach, Liver or Kidneys or any complication of Chronic Diseases, come to Drs. Shores' Parlors any time before Saturday Night at 8 O'clock, Oct. 29th, and Drs. Shores will give you ONE FULL WEEK'S supply of medicines and treatment, to take home with you, free.

#### What an Old Soldier Says:



Horatio A. Williams, a well-known contracting house painter and decorator, and a member of Bartlett Post, G. A.R., who resides at No. 1572 West Twenty-first Street, this city, says: "I have had catarrh of the stomach and bowels, and rheumatism for six years. I could not keep food in my stomach, vomited constantly in the morning; my bowels were constantly out of order; I suffered with terrible pain in the stomach and bowels. I had to give up my work, and when I came to Drs. Shores' office two months ago I could scarcely walk. Under Drs. Shores' treatment I am now strong; have a splendid appetite, can eat anything and my stomach retains food. I have gained 10 pounds, and can do my work; never felt better in my life, and can say that Drs. Shores' treatment is wonderful in its results."

#### Drs. Shores' Fairness.

Drs. Shores' conception of fairness is that afflicted people seeking a cure for their ailments, should fully understand a treatment before paying out money for its benefits. It is for this reason that Drs. Shores give One Trial Week Free. Drs. Shores court the fullest investigation. If you have Catarrh or any Chronic Diseases, that have baffled the skill of the doctors, come to Drs. Shores' parlors any day this week, and Drs. Shores will give you One Week's treatment and medicines absolutely Free. This offer applies to all who apply before Saturday night, Oct. 29th. After that date the offer will be positively withdrawn. Come and Be Cured Free.

#### Now Understand,

If you are sick all you have to do is to get One Full Week's treatment and medicines from Drs. Shores is to apply in person at their offices, No. 345 South Main street, any day this week. Don't be late, start right in Monday morning. Come to Drs. Shores' parlors any day this week and Drs. Shores will let you try their New Treatment One Whole Week Free and furnish the medicines Free.

#### Don't Bring Money

For it will not be accepted. This is a genuine test treatment-offer. If you are tired of paying out money to incompetent doctors and getting no benefit, why not come to Drs. Shores this week? If you don't want to continue you don't have to. Come and test it Free.

If You Live  
Out of Town  
WRITE

Drs. Shores & Shores for  
their new symptom list and  
get their advice free.

Consultation and  
Advice Always Free.



OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.;  
Evenings, 7 to 8 p.m.;  
Sundays, 10 a.m. to 12 noon.

**Drs. Shores & Shores,**  
Specialists, 345 South Main Street,  
LOS ANGELES, CAL

No mythical doctors advertised by Drs. Shores,  
Drs. Shores personally treat every case.

#### AUCTIONS.

# Auction

#### Chinese and Japanese Goods

Entire Stock of F. Sui  
One Co., 328 South  
Spring Street.

The stock comprises the finest Carved  
Inlaid Furniture, Chinoiserie  
Chairs, Stools, Tables, Pedestals, etc., giant  
Silk Embroideries, Bed Spreads,  
Panels, Smoking Jackets, Pajamas, Ladies  
Dressing Gowns and Wrappers, choice  
pieces of Satsuma, Cloisonne and Ivory  
Carvings. A large and varied assortment  
of Potteries and China, Kaga, Kishu, Imari,  
etc., etc. Exquisite Silk and Muslin Gar-  
ments and Utensils for the Kitchen. Printed  
Silk in the piece, Silk Handkerchiefs, em-  
brodered and plain, also a large assort-  
ment of curios, etc.

These goods are now on exhibition at 328  
South Spring Street, and will be offered in  
lot to suit, AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

#### Sale commences

MONDAY, Oct. 24,  
and continues daily  
at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 and  
7:30 p.m.

A. W. LOUDERBACK,  
Auctioneer.

Wm. Ver Planck Newlin  
Real Estate Bureau.

# Auction

The Finest Equipped and Best Livery  
Stock in the State.

#### Hoag's Livery

160 E. Colorado Street,  
Pasadena.

Friday, October 28,  
(10 a.m. Sharp)

24 Head horses. Fine Liv-  
ing, including elegant Matched Teams  
4 or 6-in-hand, Double and Single, Fancy  
Drivers, Family Surrey Horses, 5-year-old  
Pacer, Fox Sire, Trotter, 4-year-old  
Pacer, 4-year-old Trotter, 5-year-old  
One 14-Passenger Tally-ho, white,  
and very handsome.

Our Tally-ho took First Premium at the  
Tournament of Roses.

27 Vehicles. 1 Cunning-  
ton, Hack, two Sea-  
son, two Double Surrays,  
2 fine Extension Top, Full Leather Coles, 2  
Carriages, 1 Columbus Surrey, 1 hand-  
made Trap, 2 Top Buggies, 3 Phaetons, 4 Road  
Wagons.

30 Sets Harness. Single  
sets, Double Harness, Robes, Blankets,  
Saddles, Whips, Iron Safe, Desk and Office  
Fixtures.

Retiring from business, and everything  
will absolutely sell without limit or reserve  
T. L. HOAG, Prop.

RHOADES & REED, Auctioneers.  
Office 438-440 South Spring Street.

# AUCTION.

RHOADES & REED, Auctioneers,  
438 & 440 S. Spring.

Thursday, Oct. 27, at 10 a.m., sharp, at 120 N.  
Main Street, Hotel Hotel, all Furniture  
and Carpets of 23 rooms, consisting of 20  
fine Oak Bedroom Suites, bevel glass, half  
and other glass, fine Suite of Bed  
and Wool Blankets, Pillows, Sheets, etc.,  
Parlor Furniture, fine Couches, Tables,  
Chairs, wicker and other rockers, one fine  
polished Oak, with fine upholstered  
bed, mattress, other Folding Beds, 15 fine  
Brussels Carpets and other Carpets, fine Lin-  
oleum, Rugs, Mattings, etc., fine line of  
Satin, Cram, Cane, etc., 20 good chairs,  
a number of Wardrobes, Stands, Table Fix-  
tures, Brie-à-Brac, etc. All will be sold reg-  
ardless of value. Come early. No kitchen  
furniture.

E. M. CLOSE, Auctioneer.

# AUCTION

#### Furniture and Carpets—

Wednesday, Oct. 26, '98,  
10 a.m., at 438-440 S.  
Spring Street.

1500 Yards Moquette Body Brussels,  
Tapestry, Ingrain Carpets,  
Art Squares, Rugs; Bedroom Suites, Mat-  
tresses, Chifoniers, Wardrobes, Rattan  
Chairs and Rockers, Hair Trees, Couches,  
Satin, Cram, Cane, etc.

We have an elegant line of Carpets which  
we must close out.

RHOADES & REED, Auctioneers.

# AUCTION.

#### J. W. REED & CO., Real Estate, Live Stock and General Auctioneers.

Solicit Consignments of all kinds Merchan-  
dice, Household Goods. Sales conducted at  
residence, or in our ample salerooms, &  
328 South Spring Street.

BEN. O. RHOADES, Auctioneer.

# Auction

On Monday, Oct. 24, 1898, at 10  
o'clock a.m., at 232 West First St.,  
I will sell lot of Household Goods,  
Hardware, Dishes, Groceries, etc., etc.

THOS. B. CLARK, Auctioneer.

# AUCTION.

Furniture and Carpets of a 6-room Cottage,  
No. 220 S. Spring Street, consisting of  
BEDDING, OCTOBER 24, consisting of  
Elegant Oak and Ash Bedroom Suites, Beds  
and Pillows, Art Squares and Body Brussels,  
Tapestry, Ingrain Carpets, Rugs, Mattings,  
Set Mirrors, Hat Tree, Linoleum, Matting,  
Folding Beds, Glassware, Dishes, Kitchen  
Utensils, etc. One fine Oak Suite with  
Driver; one Phaeton, nearly new; one set  
Single Harness, hand made. Also cot-  
tage for sale.

C. B. WILLIAMS, Auctioneer.

Office 541 S. Spring St.

Having inaugurated an Auction Department  
in our Real Estate Bureau, we are  
prepared to handle sales of any descriptions.  
Correspondence solicited.

The Wm. Ver Planck Newlin  
Real Estate Bureau.

A. W. SHARPER, Auctioneer, 328 S. Broadway.

References by permission:

National Bank of Cal.

Columbia Savings Bank, Los Angeles

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Columbia Savings Bank, Los Angeles

Office 541 S. Spring St.

## Important Arrival and Addition To Dr. H. Russell Burner's Staff



Dr. Edward M. Price

Dr. Edward M. Price of London, England, the eminent physician and surgeon, whom Prof. H. Russell Burner engaged by cable to take charge of his acute corps of practitioners for Los Angeles and Southern California, has arrived in Los Angeles.

Dr. Edward M. Price is one of the most scientific, successful and prominent practitioners that has ever left England to pursue his professional calling in this country, as may be shown by the following references and testimonials, the originals of all of which can be examined at Dr. H. Russell Burner's Sanitarium and Health Offices, 452 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal., at any time.

Copies of Dr. Edward M. Price's credentials:

### Medical Diplomas

L. R. C. P., London, England. Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London, England.

M. R. C. S., London, England. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, England.

L. S. A., London, England. Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, London, England.

M. D., Brussels, Belgium. Doctor of Medicine of the University of Brussels, Belgium. Bachelor of Science, London University, London, England.

Certificate from the State Medical Board of California.

(Registered in London 1879. In California 1889.)

### 63 BROOK STREET,

Grosvenor Street, London, W. I have great pleasure in stating that Dr. E. M. Price was a diligent and able student of medicine at University College and Hospital. He attended my clinical lectures and is, I am satisfied, very highly informed in his profession.

SIR WILLIAM JENNER,

Bart., K. C. B., D. C. L., M. D., F. R. S., F. R. C. P., London, etc. Physician to Her Majesty the Queen Consulting Physician to University College Hospital, London, etc.

JOHN MARSHALL, F. R. C. S., London, etc. Professor of Surgery to University College Hospital, London, etc. Surgeon to University College Hospital, London, etc. Surgeon to the Brompton Consumption Hospital.

50 QUEEN ANNE STREET, Cavendish Square, London, W. I have learned from Dr. E. M. Price for some years as a student of medicine in University College Hospital, and have great pleasure in testifying to the diligence with which he applied himself to the study of his profession, and to the competent knowledge of it which he has acquired. He was most thorough in all his work and performed the duties of all his posts in a very efficient manner. He is unusually well informed in all the practical work of his profession. I had the advantage of his services as clinical clerk for six months, and can assure you that what I then saw of him that he did in any public appointment would be discharged in a way satisfactory to the sick under his care and agreeable to those with whom he is in official relation.

W. R. GOWERS, M. D., F. R. C. P., London, etc. Physician to University College Hospital, London, etc. Physician to the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis at Queen's Square, etc.

36 CAVENDISH SQUARE, London, W.

Dr. E. M. Price was well known to me while a student of University College and I believe him to be a practitioner of sound information and practical ability, who will discharge the duties of any office he may undertake with zeal and efficiency.

CHRISTOPHER HEATH,

F. R. C. S., London, etc. Holme Professor of Clinical Surgery in University College, London, etc. Surgeon to University College Hospital, London.

Additional Testimonials

122 GOWER ST., London, W. C. Dr. E. M. Price was well known to me at University College, London, for several years, and from ample opportunity, I can confidently bear testimony to his zeal, ability and professional acquirements. Dr. Price is a gentleman well qualified to discharge the duties of any office he may assume.

A. J. PEPPER,

M. S., F. R. C. S., London. Fellow of University College, London, etc. Pathologist, etc., to St. Mary's Hospital, London, etc. Surgeon to the London Fever Hospital, etc.

BELMONT ROAD, Liverpool, September 1, 1885.

I have much pleasure in stating that Dr. E. M. Price acted as locum tenens for me for three weeks in August of this year, and that he has discharged his duties to my complete satisfaction.

B. P. PHILPOT,

Surgeon.



Prof. H. Russell Burner, M. D.  
Late of the Chicago Medical College, the Celebrated Lecturer, Author, and Greatest Living Medical Inventor.

### LECTURE PROGRAM

Nothing succeeds like success. Prof. H. Russell Burner's illustrated health lectures draw much larger crowds last week at Masonic temple than ever before. That interest in the illustrations, the illustrated moral and instructive lectures are increasing and extending, recognized by the intelligent public. People are coming into the city from all the surrounding and adjoining towns, and are attending these intensely interesting and splendidly illustrated entertainments and exhibitions, and, as will be seen by the adjoining column, Prof. Burner has procured a permanent lease on the Woman's Temperance union building on the corner of Temple street and North Broadway, where he opens his fourth course of those most important educational exhibitions and lectures under his own entire control and management.

### Program of This Fourth Course

FIRST LECTURE—Monday evening, Oct. 24th. Free for ladies and gentlemen. Subject: "Health; What It Means; How Lost, How Regained and How Maintained." Illustrated with Prof. Burner's full and complete London Anatomical Museum, imported expressly to illustrate these lectures and at an expense of more than \$400,000.

SECOND LECTURE—Tuesday evening, Oct. 25th. Free for ladies and gentlemen. Subject: "The Eye and Ear, Impaired Sight and Hearing, Blindness and Deafness, Their Cause and Best Means of Prevention and Cure." Beautifully illustrated with the finest manikins, models, charts and oil paintings ever exhibited in this country.

THIRD LECTURE—Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 26th. Private for ladies only. Subject: "Woman; Her Constitution, Its Diseases, Cause and Best Means of Prevention and Cure, With Special Advice to Mothers, Wives and Daughters." Written questions can be left at the door, which will be answered from the stage. Admission, 10 cents to any part of the house.

FOURTH LECTURE—Wednesday evening, Oct. 26th. Private for gentlemen only. Subject: "Manhood; How Lost, How Regained, How Maintained; Why One Man Is More Manly and Successful Than Another." Fully illustrated and demonstrated by the worth of the finest private anatomical material in the world. Admission, 10 cents to any part of the house.

FIFTH LECTURE—Thursday afternoon, Oct. 27th. Private for ladies only. An open conversational, educational class lecture, when every lady will be allowed to ask two written questions, to be answered from the stage, and one verbally, to be answered in the same manner for the benefit of all present. These friendly talks and conversational lectures are the most instructive, interesting, educational chats possible.

SIXTH LECTURE—Friday afternoon, Oct. 28th. Private for gentlemen only. An open conversational, educational class lecture, when every man will be allowed to ask two written questions, to be answered from the stage, and one verbally, to be answered in the same manner for the benefit of all present. These friendly talks and conversational lectures are the most instructive, interesting, educational chats possible.

SEVENTH LECTURE AND EXHIBITION—Friday evening, Oct. 28th. Free to boys and girls accompanied by parents, relatives or friends. Subject: "How to Develop the Body, Its Improvement and Moral Nature."

EIGHTH LECTURE AND EXHIBITION—Saturday afternoon, Oct. 29th. Free for girls and boys accompanied by their parents, teachers, relatives or friends. Subject: "How to Attain Grace, Beauty, Health, Strength, Success and Long Life."

NINTH LECTURE—Saturday evening, Oct. 29th. Free for ladies and gentlemen. Subject: "Heart and Lungs, Circulation and Respiration; the Cause of Catarrh, Bronchitis and Diseases of the Heart and Lungs. With the Best Means of Their Prevention and Cure." Illustrated with Prof. Auzoux's life-sized manikins, models and diagrams, etc.

TENTH LECTURE and first of its kind ever presented in Southern California. A free scientific temperance lecture for the benefit of saloon keepers and drunkards' wives and families will be given by Prof. Burner Sunday afternoon. Doors open at 2 o'clock. Lecture begins at 2:30 o'clock prompt. All ministers are requested to announce this scientific illustrated temperance lecture to their respective congregations, and are cordially invited to be present if possible, and take part in the same. Dr. Burner donates the use of the hall and his entire anatomical museum free of charge and no collection will be taken up.

These lectures will be illustrated with Dr. Burner's entire London Anatomical Museum, consisting of nearly \$50,000 worth of the best manikins, models, skeletons, diagrams, etc., etc.

Doors open in the evening at 7 o'clock; lecture to commence at 7:45 sharp. Afternoon lectures, doors open at 1 o'clock; lecture begins at 1:45 prompt. No girls or boys under 12 years of age admitted to private lectures except accompanied by parents, friends or guardians. No child in arms admitted to any of these lectures. Those who desire to attend the pay lectures who are too poor to pay will be admitted free upon application at Dr. Burner's Sanitarium and Health Offices, No. 452 South Spring street.

### A Remarkable Case



LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 22d. My name is Elizabeth Jones. I live at No. 219 South Hill street in this city. I am 47 years of age.

About four years ago I was stricken with a stroke of paralysis which affected my right side to such an extent that I lost the use of my right lower limb, my right arm and hand; it drew one of my eyes and my mouth to the right side, and it was utterly impossible to move my head in any direction or even to raise my hand to my head. I went to physician after physician and each one told me that it was impossible to cure me. I finally decided to go and pay a visit to Dr. H. Russell Burner and see what he could do for me. I called at the office and from the manner in which I was examined I was convinced that they thoroughly understood their business.

When Dr. Burner told me that he could cure me I was astonished. I explained to him my circumstances and that I was a poor woman and could not afford to pay him any large sum. He then told me that he would cure me free of charge, and that I was to come to his office as often as I liked, just as though I had paid him a large fee. I did so and I was treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy by all the employees.

After the first treatment I received from the Doctor I was very much benefited, and now I am happy to say that I can move my head in any direction, move my hand up to my head, thing I had not been able to do for a number of years; I am able to walk and use my arm. I am sure that my perfect cure is only a question of time. I am not only for the benefit of any one who may be suffering as I have suffered, and also in justice to Dr. Burner, who has been misrepresented and misjudged in a most unwaranted manner.

ELIZABETH JONES.

## Permanently Located

Prof. H. Russell Burner, M. D., has permanently leased the lecture room and auditorium of the Woman's Christian Temperance association on the corner of Temple street and North Broadway, with eight large and beautiful, well-lighted and ventilated rooms, which he will use for his downtown Sanitarium and Health Offices for the examination and treatment of all forms of long standing, chronic, difficult diseases and surgical cases.

He will also permanently locate his corps of physicians and surgeons for the acute practice in this building. In the basement he puts in a complete electrical manufacturing plant and chemical laboratory, where he will manufacture all of his own instruments, appliances, etc., etc., as well as his own chemicals, medicines, remedies, etc., etc.

This gives Prof. Burner the finest lecture hall in the city, with elevated seats and good stage, so that every visitor and attendant can see every dissection, chemical and physiological experiment made upon the stage. This will enable Dr. Burner to have full charge and control of his lecture room, which will enable him to open up his full and complete anatomical museum, not only for the citizens of Los Angeles and Southern California, but for the benefit of tourists, invalids and visitors during the entire year.

Dr. Burner has also concluded to open in connection with this, his new building, a free clinic for the benefit of the worthy poor, in which he asks the co-operation, not only of the Woman's Christian Temperance union and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but every church, humane and benevolent society in the city, without regard to sectarianism, politics, brotherhood, or any other organization or society, as well as every physician in the city, regardless of theory, system or practice, as this work is the broadest charity ever extended to suffering humanity, and which Dr. Burner believes to be God's work, and he is willing that all God's children shall join him in the same. This new arrangement, in connection with Dr. Burner's new residence and private Sanitarium, located at No. 602 Alvarado street, opposite Westlake park, makes the most complete and perfectly arranged Sanitarium, Health Institute, Anatomical Museum, Lecture Rooms, Scientific Laboratory, Electrical Manufacturing and Experiment Station, today in existence in the United States if not in the world. An acquisition to the city of Los Angeles and state of California of which every citizen should be truly proud and which will lead to the weeding out of all jealousies, selfishness and prejudices heretofore existing, and finally bring about a harmony and union in the co-operation of all religious, benevolent and Christian organizations for the betterment of man, physically, intellectually and morally.

Prof. Burner and his associates have already applied for a charter for the establishment of a medical college, and if suitable arrangements can be made the above described building and property will be utilized in the near future for that purpose. In the meantime the Woman's Christian Temperance Union auditorium will be used as the seat of a popular educational institute for the benefit of every man, woman and child in the city of Los Angeles, wherein true knowledge of the structure, anatomy, physiology and the laws which govern and control the human body will be taught in the simplest and plainest manner for the benefit of all.

Let no man condemn until he investigates; let no man believe a misrepresentation until it is proved. Let us have charity for all with malice for none. Let us extend the hand of fellowship to the stranger within the gates of our city, and all join in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, relieving pain and restoring health, peace and happiness to the afflicted of our beautiful land of sunshine and flowers.

### S. H. Olmstead



VERDUGO, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL., Oct. 20, 1888.

DR. H. R. BURNER, Los Angeles, Cal.:

Dear Sir: We take this opportunity to thank you for what you have done for me and our family. So instead of having it cut in marble after your eyes are closed, we will pencil it down now for your own personal use.

It is nearly one month since you commenced treating me for a bad case of cataract of the head and rheumatism, both of long standing; also paralysis of the throat and loss of voice, which has been coming on gradually for nearly a year, and have not been able to speak loud and plain for more than six months, but today I believe I am in a fair way to be permanently cured of all three of these troubles; and not only myself, but other members of my family have been greatly benefited by your treatment. We are satisfied that our daughter, who lives at Riverside, owes her life to your skill in treating her at that place two years ago. I could say more in regard to the benefit which other members of our family have received, but will close by thanking you for your kindness and the honorable treatment we have received at your hands since first we became acquainted with you. If you care to publish this you can do so, and I will answer any question you can in regard to the foregoing, and may God give you strength and understanding to consummate the great work you have undertaken in our city is the prayer of yours truly,

S. H. OLMSTEAD, and wife, J. R. OLMSTEAD.

## Static and Thermal Electricity



As Administered at Dr. Burner's Sanitarium and Health Institutes, Is Nature's Own Remedy

For the treatment of acute diseases of men, women and children. Owing to the request and special demand of hundreds of my friends and acquaintances who have attended my lectures, called upon and visited me at my offices and residence, and impressed me with the necessity of an improvement in the common methods used in the treatment of acute diseases in this locality and climate, for men, women and children, I have believed it my duty to organize a corps of strictly scientific physicians and surgeons, educated in our best and most scientific colleges of recent years in the advanced methods of combating disease, by nature's own methods, without minerals, caustics, narcotics and deadly poisons, by furnishing the sick and afflicted with acute diseases as well as those suffering with more serious chronic ailments, nature's own harmless, perfect, clean, and pure vegetable remedies, with the aid of the best sanitary and hygienic measures that science and intelligence can suggest, which will save 80 per cent of the deaths now caused by the old ancient unscientific heroic methods of bleeding, blistering, cauterizing, physicking, sweating and poulticing which have been so prevalent, and save 99 per cent of all pain and suffering heretofore believed to be necessary in the ordinary, common, every day treatment of acute and chronic diseases and sickness.

Dr. Burner has brought from New York, Chicago and London the most eminent, scientific, educated practitioners to take charge of this acute practice in this city, and owing to the large number of men employed and the large volume of business to be handled, he is enabled to reduce the prices and fees just ONE-HALF what has been commonly charged in this city for very inferior service. The motto of this combination will be: "THE BEST SERVICE EVER RENDERED AT ONE-HALF THE USUAL PRICE."

### SCALE OF PRICES:

Calls will be made to visit any case during the day, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. Within a radius of 3 miles of the office for \$1.00; beyond 3 miles, and not to exceed 5 miles, \$1.50; beyond 5 miles and not to exceed 7 miles, \$2.00, INCLUDING MEDICIES FREE.

### NIGHT CALLS:

Between the hours of 8 o'clock p. m. and 6 o'clock a. m. for all ordinary acute cases. Within a radius of 3 miles of the office, \$2.00; beyond 3 miles, not to exceed 5 miles, \$3.00; beyond 5 miles, not to exceed 7 miles, \$4.00.

Office prescriptions in acute department, medicine furnished free; 50 cents for all acute cases of every name and nature, and only the purest and best chemicals procurable in the world used in every prescription.

Ordinary obstetric cases, which are not complicated or which would not require extraordinary time, attended by the most scientific, special professional obstetricians and gynecologists, any hour of the day or night, \$10.00. In these important cases we do not approve of the use of instruments, opiates or narcotics, preferring to assist nature in her natural methods, which, in the majority of cases, are perfectly painless and harmless. Special cases of tedious and long labor, which demand unusual time and attention, charged for in proportion to time required at one-half the former usual fee.

Accidents, emergencies and surgical calls and cases handled at ONE-HALF the usual charges.

ALL WORK AND SERVICES GUARANTEED TO BE STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS AND SCIENTIFIC AND THE BEST THE WORLD AFFORDS.

**TERMS: Spot Cash each visit for every call, operation and case taken. No book accounts kept**

Parties not known to be responsible must pay the fee when the call is ordered.

Orders received by the Secretary and Business Manager of the Acute Department at Dr. Burner's Sanitarium and Health Office Parlor, 452 S. Spring Street. Telephone Main 884. Dr. Burner's Sanitarium and private residence telephone Red 656. All calls promptly answered.

Part L—28 Pages.

OCTOBER 23, 1898.



Price, 5 Cents.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

This Paper not  
to be taken from  
the Library. ....

THE LADY OR THE TIGER; "WHICH SHALL IT BE?"



## THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

## [ANNOUNCEMENT.]

The ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 32 large pages, including cover, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance, Fiction, Poetry and Humor; Editorials; Science, Industry and Electrical Progress; Music, Art and Drama; Society Events, the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

The MAGAZINE SECTION is produced on our *Hoc quadruplicem* perfecting press, "Columbia II," being printed, folded, cut, dressed, covered and wire-stitched by a series of operations so nearly simultaneous as to make them practically one, including the printing of the cover in two colors.

Subscribers intending to preserve the magazine would do well to carefully save up the parts from the first, which if desired, may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.



ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.  
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## GOD IN HISTORY.

THE wise and thoughtful student of history cannot fail of being impressed with the great fact that for times of special emergency in the life of nations, when great principles are at stake, and the welfare of humanity seems to hang in the balances, that within the nation where right is dominant and the issues at stake are regarded from a righteous standpoint, men are raised up to meet the needs of the hour and to take the lead in the councils of public affairs in such a way as shall result in the advancement of the race and the best good of contending forces. These men are oftentimes found to be the possessors of great latent power, of capacities which before the shock of the emergency came had not been perceived. They had walked among their fellows honored and respected, but their superiority was unrecognized and their measure of greatness not fully known.

It has been so since time began. It has been especially so in our own history—the history of the American people. Anyone who can read that history and trace it from its small beginnings down to the grandeur and greatness of its present and not be impressed with the sense of an overruling and guiding Providence in our affairs must be lacking in comprehension, or in that spirit of willingness to give honor where honor is due that should belong to every thoughtful student of human affairs.

The world has produced but one Washington, and he was ours when the infant life of this nation was weak and feeble and threatened with extinction. Consistent, earnest, courageous, his military movements controlled by a wisdom that was learned in no school of military tactics, he lead the struggling forces of the infant republic on to victory, sharing with his soldiers the hardships of camp and field and moving onward ever with a strong and unwavering trust in that divine and watchful Providence which controls the destinies of men and of nations.

It was a significant and well-authenticated fact which was related of him a short time before the close of our revolutionary struggle, and just before one of the great battles of the war at the close of which victory rested with the American arms. A short time before the battle opened Washington was missed from his camp, and an English officer who chanced to go outside of his own lines into a quiet and secluded spot, found him kneeling in earnest supplication and beseeching the God of battles to give victory to the American army. So deeply impressed was this British soldier with the scene and the devout fervor of the suppliant, that he stole noiselessly back to his own camp and said to his brother officers in a tone of supreme conviction: "Our cause is lost. Washington is at prayer."

Not less apparent was the Providence which

raised up as the grand leader of our forces during our late civil strife, Abraham Lincoln, a man of the people, simple, uncouth, unpretending, honest and sincere, yet a man of marvelous foresight, of unyielding purpose, of clear, calm judgment and of great intellectual force, yet with tender, pitiful, without animosity, governed and controlled only by a desire for the nation's highest good and the love of freedom. He, too, like Washington, was a man of prayer, a firm believer in an overruling Power ordering the affairs of nations no less than individuals, and foreseeing for a down-trodden and oppressed race the blessings which emancipation would bring. Noble was that hand of his which wiped the dark stain of cruel slavery forever from this nation's flag and made us a great and free people, not in name only but in very truth.

This was one of the grandest steps forward that we have ever taken, for it was a full and eloquent recognition of man's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and the assurance by very deed that we sought to establish here in this New World, in a broader sense than ever before recognized, "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

And later, in the today of our history, it is not difficult to recognize this same guiding hand of an ever-wise Providence directing the affairs of this nation and raising up as the nation's head a man after God's own heart. The sounds of struggle in the last Presidential contest had hardly more than died away when war with Spain was declared. When President McKinley was called to take the helm of government he found a nation struggling with depressed finances, disturbed by the free silver heresy advocated by his Presidential rival. Business was stagnant everywhere, the treasury depleted and the ranks of opposing political factions gone mad with the free silver craze. Supposing that William J. Bryan had been elected in the place of William McKinley where would have been the sure statesmanship, the calm, deliberate and wise action that controls our national affairs today? Read the thoughtful statesmanlike utterances of the President as he has been journeying westward and speaking to the vast, enthusiastic crowds which have welcomed him wherever he has gone, and compare them with the vain and senseless mouthings of Bryan, and then ask yourselves if the hand of Providence is not visible in the choice which the American people made for the head of this great nation.

Look at the prosperity which is ours today under his wise rule, at a reunited nation knowing no sectional differences, but recognizing only one common country and one glorious flag, the starry emblem of freedom. Consider how wisely the President is dealing with the great problems that confront him, problems that are as far-reaching as the interest of humanity and the weal of the race. There is no ignoring, on his part, the mighty issues at stake, but deliberately, thoughtfully, and with statesmanlike wisdom, has he, together with the American people, set out to find for them a proper solution.

Our flag is floating today where, at the opening of the year, we never dreamed that it would float. An imperial empire has been thrust upon us unsought. Ten millions of long-oppressed people are waiting to know what shall be done with them. The great questions which the war has set before us are demanding solution. Providence speaks to us and how shall we answer? Very truly has it been said: "It seems as though Jehovah designed to make use of this nation, as he did the ancient Jewish nation, to crowd back the night of intolerance, bigotry and superstition, and to usher in the glad morning of freedom, equal rights, and government by law—where the principles of the Gospel of Christ shall prevail. Let us thank God that He has accounted us worthy." Let us fulfill with earnest and unselfish purpose the high mission that God has given us to perform, recognizing that we are but instruments in His hands for the advancement of man's highest weal—freedom's favored sons giving freedom and carrying the blessings of liberty and spiritual enlightenment to those who have long worn the galling yoke of ignorance and oppression.

## THE CONTROL OF THE TROPICS.

SUCH is the title of a book written by Benjamin Kidd (author of "Social Evolution") recently issued by the Macmillan Company. The subject treated is of far-reaching and vital importance. It involves problems which are already forcing themselves upon the nations of the Western World for solution, and which will continue to do so until a satisfactory solution has been reached. The author sees in the struggle for the control of territory lying within the tropics what is probably the most significant political movement of the present day. The questions discussed are of immense and immediate importance and interest to American readers, in view of our recent operations in the West Indies and in the Orient, and the vast responsibilities which have been suddenly thrust upon us by reason of the victories which our arms have achieved.

From Mr. Kidd's point of view the present struggle for control of the Orient corresponds with the rivalry between the powers of Western Europe for the mastery of their own homes a hundred years ago. The boundaries of lands in the more highly civilized portions of the earth at the present time are pretty well defined, and wars of conquest in those sections are hardly to be anticipated. But the tropics present a vast and inviting field of conquest and development. A large proportion of the torrid zone, in point of fact, remains to be partitioned among the more enlightened and progressive nations of the Western World. The manner in which this vast territory shall be partitioned and governed, to the benefit alike of the governing powers and of those who are subject to their authority, is a question of the gravest significance, and presents problems for solution which will tax the wisdom and the statesmanship of the most advanced nations.

As an illustration of the importance of the tropics to Great Britain, it may be stated that British trade with the tropics and with the rest of the English-speaking world is greater than with all the rest of the world put together. And our trade with the tropics, which many persons consider of little comparative consequence, aggregates one-fifth of our entire trade. And our trade with the tropics and with the rest of the English-speaking world constitutes two-thirds of our entire trade.

It may be set down as among the certainties of the future that our trade with the tropics will increase rather than decrease. In view of this certainty, the question as to how we can best safeguard this vast and growing commerce becomes important. As Mr. Kidd views the problem, there are three general plans which might be adopted for the control of the tropics. One is the plan at first adopted by various nations, and still pursued by Holland, of treating tropical possessions as plantations, to be worked for the benefit of the owners, with little or no regard for the rights or welfare of the native inhabitants. The second plan is that adopted by Germany and France and other nations, to seize vast territories with a view solely to territorial expansion, without proper or practicable plans for colonizing the territory seized. The third plan is—or is to be, according to Mr. Kidd—the plan of the English-speaking world, which is at present, however, in a tentative and undeveloped state. In a general way, Mr. Kidd outlines a plan of action. The civilized powers, he says in effect, must take possession of the tropics, and control and develop them as a trust for humanity and for civilization. White men must go to the tropics as administrators, not as permanent residents. "They must work there as do divers under water, realizing that they are out of their native element and can stay there but a little while." They must, in Mr. Kidd's opinion, "feel that they are executing a sacred mission for the welfare of the race."

This is all very well from a purely sentimental point of view. But the control of the tropics by the more virile civilization of the West is not, and will never be, a matter of sentiment. It will be determined solely by considerations of the most practical nature. Commerce, and commercial advantages, will be the determining factors in this as in nearly all problems governing international relations. The nations representing western civilization will govern the Orient in the future, beyond a reasonable doubt; but they will govern it from motives of self-interest as well as from humanitarian sentiments. And the wisest plan, beyond a doubt, will be to foster the principles of self-respect and good citizenship among the inhabitants of these regions, moulding them gradually into practically autonomous communities, capable of conducting their local affairs successfully, but answerable to a controlling power above and beyond them.

## ORIENTAL MERCHANTS.

### QUAINT SHOPS SEEN IN THE BYWAYS OF NEW YORK.

By a Special Contributor.

PROBABLY no other city in the United States has such a large contingent of oriental merchants as New York. These men, who have been tempted thither by the opportunities for gain, represent a great variety of nationalities, and their stock in trade is usually made up of those special products that the countries from which they come are famous for.

Many of the most successful of these merchants hail from Armenia, and when this is the case they are almost

class of goods as are exposed in the Chinese stores, but here the likeness ends—Turks, who either peddle rugs, cheap curtains, embroideries and silks from house to house, or, if they have a store, deal in a small way in tobacco and cheap nicknacks—Indian traders, who sell hammered brass or antique goods, and now and then—though this is not often the case—precious stones and articles of intrinsic

value. The Armenian generally arrives in the United States without much capital, but he is a born trader with a nice appreciation of the possibilities of a bargain, and when he presents himself to a fellow-countryman who has made his start, or to a Syrian wholesaler, he has little or no difficulty in securing goods to sell on commission. These goods he is able to carry from his shoulder, and he peddles them from door to door. When he gets far enough ahead to go into business in an independent fashion he will probably leave New York and go west to the smaller towns, which offer a rather better field than the city, where the sign "No peddlers allowed in this building" stares him in the face at every turn.

Those who do not succeed form a minority so small it is never heard from.

The story is still told in the Syrian colony of two brothers who landed in New York some ten or a dozen years ago without money, and who began on commission. One of them now owns a fine store in Pittsburgh and the other a store in Washington, and both are doing a business—that must yield a profit of many thousands a year—in oriental goods, rugs, mats, embroideries, curtains, jewelry, hammered brass, old guns and eastern arms.

This is not an exceptional case, either. Numbers of these thrifty Armenians do a thriving trade each summer at the big resorts, such as Newport, Saratoga and Atlantic City, where they keep small stores or bazaars. In the winter they go south and establish themselves at St. Augustine and Tampa, or wherever the tourist class is likely to be. Many of these men sell really fine goods, and have regular customers among the fashionables, who buy from them year after year.

The Syrians in New York are principally in the wholesale business. These stores are all located at the end of a street far down town. Two or three blocks describe the limits of the colony. The shops are dingy and uninviting from the outside; on going in one finds a queer array of goods; a large part of the visible stock is cheap and gaudy, but it is a mistake to suppose that this is all. In the boxes on the shelves are pretty certain to be stored some really rich silks, that are worth looking at. If the visitor is properly appreciative, scarfs, shawls and table covers, all beautifully em-

broidered by hand, will appear from out of the way corners for his inspection and approval.

There is also a small but thrifty colony of Syrians. The latter are in the wholesale business and import their goods from the Far East. They have their dealing with peddlers and bazaar keepers.

The Chinese merchants, of whom there are a number, carry on extensive operations in tea, chinaware and similarly typical eastern products. Though their profits are hard to determine no one ever hears of a failure in their quarter—a fact that is significant of the business success of its members.

This does not exhaust the field, however; there are a few Japanese—who make a specialty of about the same



broidered by hand, will appear from out of the way corners for his inspection and approval.

In some of the stores, belts, buckles and pins done in enamel and evidently intended to make a strong appeal to the eye, are exposed in showcases, with old pistols, guns, swords and daggers.

None of the Syrian merchants deal in precious stones or jewelry.

They have a bland way of fixing their prices, for, though they are wholesalers, they are willing to get what they can out of the retail business that comes their way.

The business done in these stores amounts to a good deal more than one would even imagine from the appearance of the shops themselves.

One of the big men of the quarter does an annual business of almost half a million. He not only has a good share of the local trade, but he exports goods to South America and Australia, as well. Indeed, most of the merchants are exporters, as well as importers.

The Syrians are polite and courteous in the extreme. The majority affect American dress, though occasionally one is found who wears a fez in preference to a hat. They compare favorably in general intelligence with small American wholesalers, and show a considerable and often surprising insight into commercial questions, even outside their own particular branch of trade.

They speak good English, as a rule, and profess themselves as very well satisfied with the United States and its opportunities.

The Turks are principally peddlers. They confine themselves to rugs and tapestries much as do the Armenians, whom they closely resemble. When, however, a Turk rises out of the peddler class and sets up as a shopkeeper, he combines tobacco with whatever other goods he may keep in stock. He is something of a genius as an advertiser, and about the first thing he does, when he gets a plate-glass window between himself and the public, is to put a woman behind that plate glass rolling cigarettes. The woman is very apt to be his wife, and if he has children they go on exhibition, too, as a part of the show. Needless to remark, this is a display of domesticity he would hardly indulge in his native land, where the ladies of the household are carefully secluded. These Turks get on amazingly. They sell all sorts of oriental odds and ends in addition to cigarettes and tobacco, and are generally able to retire after a few years and return home with enough money put by to make them comfortable for the remainder of their days. This, of course, is the ambition of all when they come here.

The Chinese merchants of New York have a very considerable local trade to supply, consequently the stores on Mott and Pell streets are both wholesale and retail. They also do a surprisingly large business in the small towns, where quantities of nicknacks are carried by the laundryman as a "side line."

The Chinese stores show an infinite variety of goods. A glance reveals nuts, lily bulbs, sweetmeats, rice and rose wine—in very high favor with all bibulous celestials—chinaware, and, of course, tea. But as compared with the shops in San Francisco, those in the New York colony are small affairs.

Most of the New York stores are branches of the California houses,

which are owned by trading companies that have their headquarters at the other side of the Pacific.

The Chinese shopkeepers make no concession to western ideas. Their stores are as typical as their surroundings will permit, and the staid-looking merchants abide by blouse and pigtail. In their whole attitude toward the "foreign devils" with whom they do business, they are in sharp contrast to the Japanese, who make themselves as thoroughly American as possible.

If his dealings are sufficiently large to warrant it, the Japanese merchant is certain to have his place fitted out in the most up-to-date fashion. In so far as his almond eyes and yellow skin will allow he keeps away from any suspicion of orientalism. It is a



question, however, if, with all his fuss and glitter of surroundings, he is the solid business man the Chinese shopkeeper is.

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#### EXCESSIVE PRECAUTION.

[Atlanta Constitution:] A Southwest Georgia couple, going to be married, the prospective husband said:

"Molly, the last time I was married I lost the ring 'fore I got to the parson's. But I'm shore of it this time!"

"Whar is it, John?" she asked.

"I've got it in my mouth," he said.

"I'm shore of it now!"

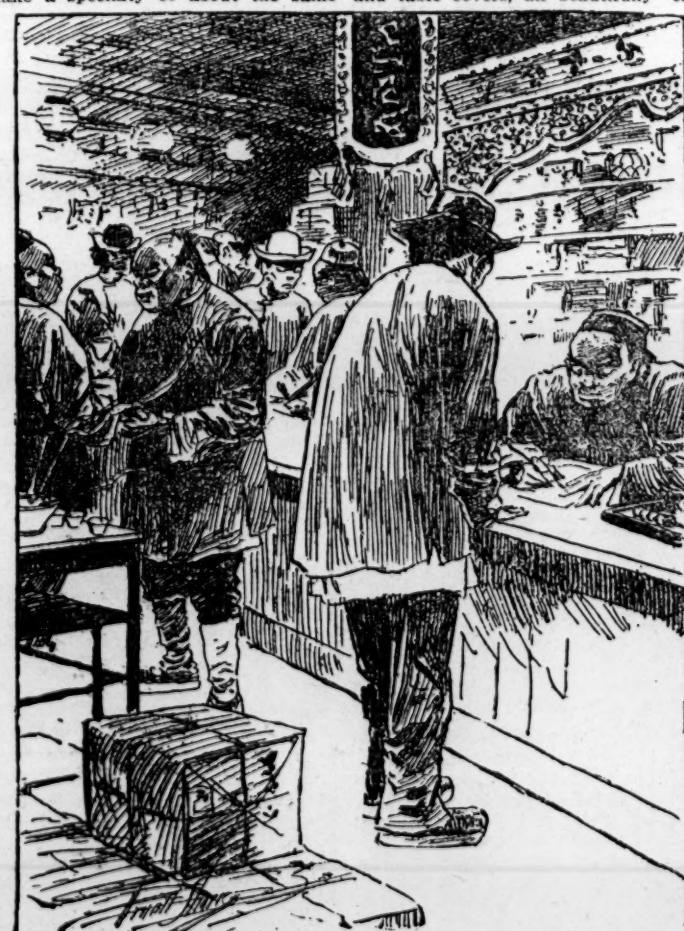
But when they stood before the preacher, the latter asked:

"Where is the ring?"

The groom gulped—choked—stuttered,

and finally exclaimed, in despair:

"Fore God, I done swallowed it!"



## NAVAL SHOPKEEPERS.

ODD WAYS THAT JACK HAS OF TURNING AN HONEST PENNY.

By a Special Contributor.

If ANYTHING is needed to prove that each warship in commission is a regular community in itself—a village apart with all that pertains to such an economic institution—the fact that barter and trade and manufacture is carried on would suffice. The money paid out by Uncle Sam to his naval defenders is not the only income derived by those on board his vessels of war.

There are divers ways by which the honest sailor or fireman or marine can add to his salary, and when it is understood that many a bluejacket occupies

for cooking and see that the "striker," or assistant, keeps the dishes in order. The government allows each man, whether he be admiral or apprentice, 30 cents a day for subsistence. This "ration," as it is called, is delivered in the shape of ship's stores with the exception of three or four, which are commuted in cash to enable each mess to procure certain delicacies not on the government bill of fare. In addition to these commuted rations, the various messes levy a "grub" tax on their members of from \$2 to \$5 each month. From this general fund the berth deck cook is paid for his services, each cook receiving a sum equal to one, one and a half, or two rations, according to his ability or the standing of the mess.

If the man is a coal-passenger with a salary of \$22 a month, this may bring his stipend up to over \$40. In addition to this he is relieved from all other duties save the necessary drills, and is

wished to ship. They were questioned by the "first luff" and sent below to be overhauled by the surgeon and apothecary. Among the newcomers was a tall, swarthy man with a French accent. In replying to the doctor's queries he mentioned the fact that he had been an assistant chef in a Paris restaurant. That was enough.

The apothecary hastened to the master-at-arms and said breathlessly: "Jimmy, we've got the snap of our lives. We've just passed a frog-eater who used to cook in high-toned eating-houses in Paris. Better nail him before the other messes hear of him."

The Frenchman was promptly installed as chef of the chief petty officers' mess, and the apothecary, yeomen, machinists and writers began to give themselves airs. The ordinary routine of canned beef, bean soup, pickled fish and dried fruits disappeared and in its stead came strange and luscious dishes bearing names that savored of the menu cards in boulevard cafés. High living often brings arrogance, and one day the master-at-arms—who was the caterer of the chief petty officers' mess—said to his mates: "Don't you think we're paying that 'parley-voo' too much for the work he does? Two rations a month is a man's wages, and the Frenchy is no man. Let's dock him a ration." And they did.

The "Frenchy" heard of the reduction without comment. He was told of it on the first of the month and that day, when dinner was served, the table

fairly groaned with good things. As it happened, the table was not the only thing that groaned before the meal was over. The ship was at sea, making a cruise up the South American coast but the weather was moderately fair, and there was no excuse for seasickness. Nevertheless first one man, then another commenced to look queer and then made a break for the upper deck with half-strangled excuses. This went on until at last the master-at-arms, who had served, man and boy, for thirty years in the navy, began to writhe in his seat.

"Mates," he said solemnly, rising and addressing two machinists and the ship's writer who were still at the table, "mates, do I look like a dudeman? Do I look like a greenhorn who heaves up his boots at the first swell? Do I look like a man as would turn green and yell about the gills in a calm? No, by Davy, no! Well, there's something the matter with my grub locker. I ain't seasick, not by a durn sight; but I've eaten something that is pison, and that smoked 'parley-voo' over there has cooked it."

With the last word he made a spring half across the table and caught the cook by the throat. A huge iron pot in which a stew, the principal dish, had been prepared stood near the mess chest. Giving the frightened Frenchman a twist, the master-at-arms forced his head squarely into the pot.

"Now, you Lucreclar Borgiar; you will try to poison us, eh? Eat that stew, every drop of it, or I'll feed you to the sharks. Eat, blast you!"

There was a spluttering and a great commotion. The "chef" wriggled free at last and fell upon his knees, swearing by all the saints in his log that he would confess everything. He had not used poison, but a little drug "which would make ze men seek, but not die them." Finally the executive officer, attracted by the row, hurried below, and after learning the state of affairs, he ordered the Frenchman haled to the "brix." The man was beached at the first opportunity, but it was long before the master-at-arms and his messmates heard the last of the "parley-voo" chef and his seasick stew.

It is seldom that such incidents as that just described occur. The men selected to perform the duties of a berth-deck cook usually think enough of the money involved to try their utmost to please. Many develop into really first-class cooks, and, if they practice frugality, can take with them when they leave the service at the end of the cruise a snug little sum.

While on the subject of cooks, the chief Mogul of the galley or man-of-war kitchen, must not be passed over. The naval pay table contains in the messmen branch, a rating termed



ing a position classified at from \$18 to \$40 a month, is paid off at the end of a three-years' cruise with \$2000 or \$3000 safely tucked away in his "monk bag," it will be easily seen that trafficking on warships is not unremunerative.

Take, for instance, the "berth deck cooks." The crew of each vessel in the service is divided into several messes, the number depending on the size of the ship. Each mess has for its cook a man detailed from among the landsmen or coal-passers, who is supposed to look after the mess, prepare the food

as a helper. There are no trained cooks in the naval service, so when it happens that a landsman or coal-passenger develops skilled knowledge of the culinary art, he is eagerly snapped up.

During one of the earlier cruises of the wooden corvette Enterprise, she happened to call into Montevideo minus several members of her crew who had taken French leave while the ship was coaling at Rio. As was customary in those days, the ship's anchor was barely hooked in the mud when a shore boat pulled alongside with the usual collection of beach-combers who

"Ship's Cook," of the first, second, third and fourth class. The pay ranges from \$35 to \$20 a month, according to the size of the vessel, and the incumbent is supposed to tend the galley coppers and range. As in other cases, the ship's cook does not depend on his salary alone. He is in a position to do many favors for the berth deck cooks and there are very few who do not pay him at least \$1 a month. In addition to

this source of income, a thrifty ship's cook can find ample opportunity to use the range in the making of a pastry which can be retailed to the crew. One cook, several years ago, cleared a comfortable sum by selling dried apples at 25 cents each.

The same yearning for things eatable which causes Jack to buy these pies also sends him to the cabin, wardroom or steerage steward, who, on most ships, does a land office business in the sale of jellies, jams, pickles and fancy canned goods. Some also keep on sale tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, which they retail at enormous prices. A Chinaman who is now conducting a restaurant near the Brooklyn navy yard, started his business on the profits derived in this manner.

Next to the creature comforts of his inner man the naval sailor thinks most of his personal appearance. No blue jacket with any regard for himself will wear the uniform as it is issued from the paymaster's stores. Only the new recruit or the coal passer lost to all shame will appear in public in such togs. There is as much nicely of detail in the cut and trimming of the naval uniform as in the fashionable gown of a society lady ashore.

The sung fit of the blue shirt, the careful hang of the bell-bottom trousers, and the breadth and curve of the jaunty hat, all must conform to an arbitrary naval pattern, and must also be made with the proper number of gill-guys and silk-worked stars and diamonds so dear to the sailor's heart. The uniform worn both on shipboard and ashore is therefore an expensive affair, and to insure the correct cut and make it must be the product of a "Sheeny" tailor.

By a "Sheeny" is meant one of the many sailors on board who makes a practice of doing tailor work for the crew. On each ship will be found a gunner's mate, quartermaster, seaman, oiler or even a fireman who has served an apprenticeship in the naval tailoring art on board some other vessel. Such a man is permitted to maintain a small hand sewing machine on board, and during odd times off watch, he sets up his shop in a corner of the berth deck or in the superstructure and stitches away industriously. Unlike his prototype in civil life, he does not supply cloth, but simply makes up that brought to him by his customer, who draws it on requisition from the paymaster's stores.

There is money in it for the man who does good work. The price for making a suit is \$5, and there are many suits to be made on the average man-o'-war. The tailor also does odd jobs in mending for the officers aft, who pay according to their official dignity. Taking it all in all the proprietor of a sewing machine in the navy is a fortunate man, and it is peculiar indeed if he cannot see his way clear to several hundred dollars at the end of a cruise.

Bearing out still further the similarity of a warship community to a village ashore, there will be found in the service not only the small tradesmen, but one peculiar man who is the capitalist and boss money maker of the ship. He is the ship's barber. Beards will grow at sea, and there are not the conveniences for individual shaving on shipboard that obtains in the ordinary residence. The ship's barber, therefore, flourishes, and he has on his list at \$1.25 a quarter, a goodly share of the crew. For the sum mentioned he will give two shaves a week and a hair cut once a month. He also has his customers aft who pay him at the rate of \$2 a month. At least two-thirds of the crew on an average patronizes the barber, which means, on a vessel of the Columbia class, an addition of over \$100 monthly to his regular pay of \$16. Few barbers ashore make this sum.

One of the peculiar trades practiced in the service is the manufacture of ditty boxes. A ditty box is a small wooden chest which serves the blue-jacket as a repository for his comb and brush, tobacco, writing paper and the various odds and ends which would be found in the drawers of the ordinary dressing case ashore. The regular ship's carpenter and his mates follow this trade, and they are enabled to add considerably to their salaries. Some carpenters also carve models of ships which they sell to the officers and men, who use them as gifts to friends ashore. There are many other ways by which the thrifty bluejacket or marine can add to his income. Among the bandsmen on a flagship will be found a shoemaker who has served at his trade long enough to be able to patch the foot-gear of a ship's company. There are men, too, who do not disdain to do washing and scrubbing for their mates, and others who do tattooing and even letter writing. The latter profession, however, is rapidly dying out. The American sailor of today has sufficient education to conduct his own correspondence.

The trade thus far described in this article are strictly legitimate. There are some practiced in the navy that must be conducted sub rosa. One, for instance, is the illicit sale of liquor. The only "wee drap" officially at Jack's command on board is that issued by the medical department as medicine, and a sailor must be ill indeed to get it. Whisky and brandy are tabooed articles, and it is worth a court-martial to be caught bringing either from shore. There have been apothecaries, however, who have faced the risk for the sake of the enormous profit.

During the cruise of a certain flagship of the North Atlantic squadron several years ago, the apothecary succeeded in smuggling on board in St. Thomas a case of third-rate whisky. He had the case sent off with some

medical stores, and passed it under the very nose of the executive officer. Through the medium of a sick-bay nurse, he peddled the stuff out at \$5 a bottle, and cleared over \$100 on the deal. The ship put to sea shortly after, and for a week the officers awoke their nights trying to figure out how the "jags" obtained ashore by certain members of the crew managed to last so long.

Such cases of official corruption are rare, fortunately, and when one of our naval defenders finishes his cruise with something over his salary, it usually is earned fairly and honestly. [Copyright, 1898, by S. S. McClure Co.]

### LAY SERMONS.

LIFE, even with God's own children, is a period of perpetual shortcomings. It is a repetition of failures and struggles, a continual reaching out for something higher, which we often fail to attain through our own weakness and sinfulness. The great difficulty with us is that we rely too much upon our own strength. We forget that we are weak in spiritual things, and strong only as we lean upon Christ. How high the hill Difficulty rises before us, and like Bunyan's Pilgrim, we go on climbing it, our feet every now and then slipping backward a little way. But when we meet the Shining Ones, Hope and Faith, which our Father sends us when we cry out to Him earnestly for their aid, then we go onward, glad and strong, toward the higher life, leaving the hill Difficulty behind us, shod with the strength of our Eternal Helper. It is only when we try to walk alone that we stumble; only when we try to make ourselves better without the help of the Master, that we fall in the Christian life.

And it is just here that many seekers after Christ fail. They wait to make themselves better before going to Him. They seek to cultivate a certain attitude of mind before they make a full and free surrender of themselves to God.

But that is not the way. If we are desirous of becoming Christians we must go to Christ, now, just as we are, with all our guilt and sin let Him save us, remembering that His blood is sufficient to wash away all sin, and remembering that He has said "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow." The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Therefore, will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you, and therefore He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you."

With so infinite a helper, one so gracious and tender, what is there to keep us from God but the sinfulness of our own hearts? But do we consider that we wound Christ every time that we doubt His readiness to save? That we cast a reflection upon His eternal truth and righteousness when we hesitate to go to Him, because we are sinners?

Christ came into the world to save sinners. That was His mission to humanity, and it was infinite and unbounded love that made Him take upon Himself our nature so that He could come near to us and be in touch with the race. How often did He speak of Himself as "the Son of Man." That brings Him very near to us. Man as well as God. We cannot comprehend this marvelous union of the human and the divine, but it is sufficient for us to know that it existed—that He was "God manifest in the flesh."

And, Oh, the infinite pity of His great heart for us, for "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Having been thus tempted, how well can He understand us. He knows just where we need His help, and He stands ready to give it to us. "Ask, and ye shall receive" is His message unto us. And again He says "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Rest." That is what we need. "Rest" from our doubts and fears. "Rest" from sinfulness, and to have that trust in our Redeemer which shall lead us to no longer wonder, but to go to Him, believing, whatever our sinfulness, that He is both willing and mighty to save."

"Amid the shadows and the fears  
That overcloud this home of tears,  
Amid my poverty and sin,  
The tempest and the war within,  
I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save e'en me,  
Jesus, thou Son of God."

"To Thee I come—ah! only Thou  
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;  
Thou, only Thou, canst make me whole,  
And soothe the fever of my soul;  
I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save e'en me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God."

"Tis earth not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;  
The sorrowless is coming soon;  
But till the man of love appears,  
Which ends the travail and the tears,  
I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save e'en me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God."

And there, casting ourselves on Him, may we rest, secure, and rejoicing ever in His forgiving love and mercy.

## "ANDY" FRANCISCO'S HUMOR.

### QUAINT SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DEAD JOURNALIST.

By a Special Contributor.

SINCE the death of Andy W. Francisco the papers have teemed with laudatory paragraphs concerning the slight and wiry figure that has so suddenly ceased to move among us. They have praised his manly courage and eulogized his many sterling qualities of head and heart, but with a singular unanimity they have omitted all reference to the spontaneous humor that was part and parcel of the "little giant's" sunny nature. His wit was ready and flashing, never descending into the commonplace. Now that he has joined the silent majority, his friends begin to recall the many clever sayings of a man whose humor was equaled only by his true benevolence and his gentle tolerance of the shortcomings of poor humanity.

On one occasion there was a social gathering at the house of a prominent citizen of Los Angeles, and Mr. Francisco was among the invited. For some reason he did not go, and a few days later the host dropped into his office, and with an air of disappointment, asked:

"Andy, why didn't you come down to the house last Thursday night? We all expected you, and were awfully sorry that you didn't come."

"Well, I was sorry myself," replied Andy, "but, you see, one day last week W. H. Perry came along and borrowed my swallow-tail coat; so I had to stay at home."

Whether he was sensitive about his diminutive stature or not, I am unprepared to say, but he always avoided answering any interrogatories as to his weight, which was about 128 pounds in his later years. One day a friend said to him:

"Andy, what did you weigh the last time you weighed?"

"Oh, it was down there in Jack Chanslor's store, about a month ago, and I weighed a roll of butter," said the editor, without relaxing a muscle of his face.

A friend said to him one day about six years ago, "Andy, I have been invited to respond to one of the toasts at the banquet to be given to Senator White tomorrow night. What had I better talk about?"

"Well, since you have seen fit to consult me," replied Mr. Francisco, "I think you had better talk about five minutes. Joe Lynch will need the rest of the evening to quote Shakespeare."

But the funniest thing he ever did in his life was his interview with John C. Heenan, otherwise known as the "Benicia Boy." Heenan was about the size of John L. Sullivan, but all resemblance ended there, for the one ambition of Heenan's life was to be mistaken for a gentleman. In 1865, shortly after his defeat in England by Tom King (in which he was undoubtedly drugged,) Heenan published a challenge to fight any man in the world for \$10,000 a side, to the old London prize-ring rules, as laid down in Pierce Egan's "Boxiana." A few days later he and his sparring partner arrived in Porkopolis and put up at the Burnett House. A few hours afterward Mr. Francisco came to the counter of the hotel and sent up his card to the lion of the day. Heenan received him very cordially, and Andy was equally polite. The atom was fraternizing with the avalanche.

"Well, Mr. Francisco, what I can do for you, this morning?" inquired the gentleman from Solano.

"I came here this morning, with reference to that challenge of yours, Mr. Heenan, and am ready to put up \$3000 as a forfeit for its acceptance," replied Andy, as he took out a big roll of heavy paper.

"Acceptance? In behalf of whom?" inquired the burly man of Benicia.

"Of myself—with this stipulation, of course, that you are to train down to my weight."

Heenan flung himself into a chair and roared with laughter. The joke was on him fairly enough. Nearly ten years later I was journeying across the continent with him, and he was a hopeless invalid. I was the only man on the train that he had ever seen before in his life. He had his despondent hours and his times of pleasantness; and it was during one of the latter periods that he narrated this same incident. I did not become acquainted with Mr. Francisco for nearly twenty years afterward.

But the small and slender figure is gone, never to meet with us again. Most men have been built with a specific gravity of sixteen ounces to the pound. Andy must have weighed twenty. His example to others in his profession was fine in every respect. He said once to a less experienced journalist than himself:

"I am sorry you attacked P— on his private life, merely because he was a candidate for office. He is not a good man himself, but he has a most estimable family, and for their sake it might better have been omitted. He has held office and committed enough errors, both of the head and the heart, to unfit him for any position of honor

or trust in the future, without the necessity of going into his private life. It was quite enough to attack him on his public record."

Such was the nature of the strong spirit incased in the tiny shell that was laid to rest last Sunday afternoon. May we all be fit to meet him over the great divide. T. B. M.

### WOMEN OF NOTE.

Princess Carlotta Iturbide, daughter of Prince Iturbide of Mexico, presides over a lemonade stand in the City of Mexico.

The Empress Dowager of China is 64 years of age. Her title runs as follows: "Tzu-hsi-tuan-yu-Kang-i-shao-yu-chuang-cheng-shoukung-chin-hsien-chang-hsien-chang."

Miss Elizabeth Stephenson, who is to christen the Wisconsin, has sailed for this country, after a six-months' tour of Europe.

Miss Edith Mosler, who is to be married very shortly, is the daughter of the artist, Henry Mosler, and herself a painter of promise.

Rhoda Churchill, who has just passed the century mark, is one of the oldest women in Massachusetts, yet both her parents died of consumption while comparatively young.

Mrs. Caroline O'Fallon, of St. Louis, who died recently in her 95th year, was the widow of Col. John O'Fallon, who gave more than \$1,000,000 to St. Louis for parks, churches and hospitals.

Miss Estelle Peel, as Wyoming's Superintendent of Public Instruction, has charge of all the buying and selling of school lands and has increased in this line the State's income from \$100 to \$1000 a week.

Owing to the controversy that has ensued over a successor to the title of "Daughter of the Confederacy," Mrs. Jefferson Davis is said to have renounced her original intention to have that inscription placed on the grave-stone of her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, in the Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond.

Lieut. Peary's little daughter, born in Greenland five years ago while her father was on an arctic trip, cannot endure warm weather, and suffered severely during the recent summer. When the temperature rises above 70 deg. she wilts, but always feels well in extremely cold weather.

The Queen of Holland's chief hobby is amateur acting. She takes the liveliest interest in dramatic art, and never fails to attend the first nights at the theaters. A few years ago she had a theater built for her use at Loo, where plays are performed under her direction.

Joan of Arc is still being exploited by zealous and chauvinistic Frenchmen. The latest development of the mania is the formation of a society or confraternity which proposes to organize a cavalcade and to retrace the memorable progress of the warrior maid from Domremy to Compiegne.

The late Empress Elizabeth left a vast fortune. She had a much larger civil list than she ever spent, and her surplus income was judiciously laid out in purchasing property around Vienna, which was bought very cheap, but is now covered with buildings, and enormously valuable.

Frau von Teuffel, wife of the physician to the King of Wurtemburg, who died in Munich, Germany, last Friday, was well known in this country as Blanche Willis Howard, the author of "One Summer," "Guenn," "Aunt Serena" and "The Open Door." She was married to Dr. von Teuffel in 1890.

Countess Schimmelmann, a Dane, is making a yachting trip to Chicago by way of the Great Lakes. Her craft, the Duen, is the first foreign craft to invade American fresh water. Her yacht will winter at Chicago. Possibly she is the pioneer in a new and popular yachting cruise for the jaded European nobility.

## Princess Hohenlohe



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## ROOSEVELT AS A RANCHMAN.

A ROUGH RIDER'S STORIES OF HIS COLONEL'S DAKOTA LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE are a few men among the Rough Riders who first met their famous leader out in the bad lands of Dakota, where Col. Roosevelt's ranches are located. One of these is Fred Herrig of Troop K, who was formerly employed on the Elkhorn range.

"Hunted with Roosevelt?" said Trooper Herrig the other day, in answer to a question. "Indeed I have, on his Dakota ranch at Elkhorn and along the hills of San Juan. It was more fun out in the bad lands than it was in Cuba."

"The colonel, as we all call him now, had two ranches when I first knew him in the bad lands, the Elkhorn and the Chimney Butte he named 'em. They lay on a government range along the

tents in the town then, and it wasn't long until the news got out that the White-faced Kid was murdering a tenderfoot. We held a mass meeting in front of Ferris's store, and when the overland train from the East pulled in, and another tenderfoot got off and asked for his friend, Mr. Roosevelt, and said his name was Dr. Lambert, and he came from New York, we said as how his friend Mr. Roosevelt was just about needing a doctor, and bad, too. But before we could explain, lickety-split through the dust came the White-faced Kid, and there on his back, with all his teeth showing, was the doctor's friend, Roosevelt. When he clapped his peepers on Dr. Lambert, he let out a whoop that couldn't have been beat by any cowboy on the Little Missouri. We took a shine to him from that very day. Any fellow who could ride White-faced

well, you can get lost for three days even now in the triangle cut off by the Little Missouri, the Big Missouri and the Northern Pacific Railroad.

"Hellroaring Bill Jones had come to work for the colonel when Dr. Lambert came out in September, '98. You see Bill had been chief of police in Bismarck, and he and the mayor had words one day. Bill pulled his gun; he was too much of a gentleman to shoot the mayor, so he batted him over the head with the butt end of the pistol. That ended the argument. But after that the mayor said he thought Bill had better resign, so he passed in his badge and came to Medora. And when he heard of the tenderfoot who had tamed White-faced Kid, Bill said he guessed he was the kind of a man he'd like to work for. By the time I went there Bill was foreman of the Elkhorn ranch, and Sylvain Ferris, Joe's brother, was head cowboy. Bill and Sylvain had stayed sober all summer so's to be O.K. for the big hunt.

"Doc Lambert mounted Sorrel Joe, the colonel straddled Muley, Bill rode Tom, and I drove the White-faced Kid and Jim in the army wagon. The colonel said it wasn't any fun to ride the Kid any more, since he'd pull to harness. Besides, he hadn't ever quite forgiven the Kid for bucking him so hard that he lost a new hunting knife that day at Medora.

"Our third day out we saw antelope.

never saw a prettier piece of work in my life than he did then with his rifle. It was just the same caliber as the doctor's, and when the colonel—I can't help calling him that, though war was the last thing any of us expected then—pulled the trigger twice, at 325 yards, the bull keeled over with one ball through his side and the other through his chest.

"I saw the colonel get a fine sheep one day. He and Bill and I were sitting on the porch, taking it easy, when Bill says: 'I saw a sheep's track up on that butte yesterday, pointing to the range right in front of us, across the valley. A Rocky Mountain sheep is about the rarest game we get out there. Bill had no more than got the words out of his mouth when something poked its head up over the edge of the cliff. 'There's the sheep now,' says Roosevelt. 'No, I believe it's a black-tailed antelope, and I've a mind to go after him.'

"Black-tailed nothing," says Bill. "That's the whitest-tailed antelope you ever saw."

## BAGGING A MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

"By this time the colonel was creeping up the river, with his rifle. We two sat still and watched him. The air was calm and clear as a bell and when he was half a mile off he could hear every word we said. 'He ought to keep to the left and climb that coulee,' said Bill, never thinking the colonel would hear him. But he did keep to the left and began crawling up the butte, which was all fluted with gullies. 'Gimme them opery glasses,' said Bill—he always called the colonel's field glasses opery glasses—and just then the colonel fired. That was enough for us, and Bill and I went after him as hard as we could.

"Did you get your antelope?" called Bill, as the colonel stuck his head up from behind a boulder.

"It's a sheep," yelled the colonel, pushing the critter up over the rock in front of him. "It's a sheep, by George, and I shot him through the heart."

"My last hunt with Col. Roosevelt was late in November. I guess he and I remember it mainly because we both froze our ears getting home to the ranch. He was anxious to kill a mountain ram before he went back East. It's all right to shoot Rocky Mountain sheep, but a whacking big ram, with horns spread like all out doors is different. So we both made up our minds he must have a ram, and started early in the morning over the divide between the Yellowstone and the Little Missouri rivers.

"By that time of year the bunch grass was so brown you couldn't tell it from the rocks. The country looked about as desolate as you can imagine. The buttes raised their jagged edges against a cold, gray sky, and the only color in the landscape was in the sandstone and porphyry strata of the cliffs.



Little Missouri River, just south of Medora. There was plenty of big game when he first went out to that country in '98, and everybody sized him up for a grassy tenderfoot. It was in Medora, (named after the Marquis de Mores's wife, a New York lady,) in front of Joe Ferris's store, that a lot of us planned a little surprise for Mr. Roosevelt. He looked like a kid—I believe he was only a little past 20, and what, with his eyeglasses and his knee-breeches and his little brown moustache, he did look too nice for anything. While he was in Joe Ferris's, buying postage stamps, Will Dow, who afterward worked along with me on the ranch, and a cowboy named Merrifield, and myself, unsaddled Roosevelt's pony, led him off and put the saddle and bridle on a bronco that was a dead ringer for his mount. We knew all about that bronco, for he'd already thrown Hellroaring Bill Jones once that morning. So we kinder sidled off to see the fun. By and by Roosevelt came out of the shop and started to mount. He was nearsighted, but he couldn't have told those cayuses apart, anyway.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE WHITE-FACED KID.

The bronco let him get into the saddle and then the beast bunched his feet and humped his back and Roosevelt went off, as easy as you please. Nobody said anything except Joe Ferris, who came out of the door, and asked if he was hurt.

"Not a bit of it," said Roosevelt, and up he went again. But the White-faced Kid, that's what we called the bronco, didn't wait for him to get his right foot in the leathers this time before he pitched the young fellow right over his head. It was the all-firedest jolt I ever saw. Roosevelt turned a somersault and then sat down so hard his glasses broke. Will Dow and I went to help him up; Merrifield was laughing so he couldn't move. Roosevelt didn't notice any of us. He just looked kinder surprised as he scrambled up—the dust was four inches thick in the road. "It's too bad I broke my glasses," said he, and he limped into the store.

"We thought he'd had enough of it and were wondering how we could change nags again, when the tenderfoot came out with a new pair of glasses he'd fished out of his hand-bag, and blast my eyes if he didn't jump on the Kid's back again, and so quick this time the bronco didn't feel him till he'd got both feet in the stirrups and a good grip with his knees. Then maybe the Kid didn't start down the road, lickety-split. In a minute he was out of sight in a cyclone of dust.

## MADE HIM POPULAR IN MEDORA.

"There were only about eleven inhabi-



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HUNTING CO STUME AND HIS RANCH-HOUSE AT ELKHORN.

Kid at one trial and holler like that was the man for our money; except that we didn't have any money—until we'd hired out to Roosevelt.

## AT THE ELKHORN RANCH.

"At first I went to work on the Maltese Cross. But when Dr. Lambert came out for some shooting, the boss sent word for me to come down and hunt with 'em at the Elkhorn ranch. That was as pretty a place as you ever saw, right on the bank of the Little Missouri, with a wide valley on the other side and then a range of sharp cliffs that cut off the view. The house was one story high, of squared logs, but there were plenty of rooms in it, big easy chairs on the porch and buffalo and bear skins all over the floors.

The colonel owns it yet, and the boys are just crazy for him to come out again. He owns the Chimney Butte ranch, too, but the house on the Elkhorn's the best. As for wild game—

There's a big bull, but he's 600 yards off," said Bill Jones, when we first caught sight of the game. But the doctor hadn't got used to a country where distances are so deceiving. In that high, dry air the pronghorn didn't look, to a New York man, farther off than across Madison Square. You see, I can talk town now like a tenderfoot since I got to be a soldier and came East.

## AN ANTELOPE AT LONG RANGE.

"As I was saying, the doctor paid no attention when Bill said the bull was 600 yards off, but just blazed away with his 45-90; he missed the antelope by 150 yards; shot that far short of him. Then the doctor played Fourth of July with the critter, shooting a half dozen shells at him almost as fast as the Spanish machine guns banged at us on Kettle Hill. He didn't hit the beast, either, which was not strange at the distance, but his fusillade turned the game off toward Roosevelt. And I

We had a hard time of it making our way up to the crest of the divide, and just as we got there, along toward evening, I saw something moving ahead of us.

"Easy now," says I, "and you'll get your ram." "Where?" says he, and I could see by his voice he was all on thorns. We had worked hard for this very chance. He had his 45-90 rifle swinging easy, over his left arm. I pointed about four hundred yards in front of us a little down the ridge. It was one of the finest rams I ever saw, his long brown hair so much lighter in color than a ewe's that he stood out tolerably plain even among the boulders, and at that distance.

"I was just pointing the critter out when he faced about, lifted his big horns over a rock he'd been grazing behind, and caught sight of us against the sky line. 'There he goes,' I yelled, for 'twas no use weeping quiet any longer. Maybe that ram didn't run. But

the colonel had seen him from the first jump, and had his gun going.

"Spat" went a bullet against the sandstone. "Too far to the left," I yelled. "Biff," the next one, quicker than I can tell it, knocked up the dust almost under the ram's feet. "Now's your chance," said I, for the beast had been running almost parallel with the crest of the range, and I was afraid every second he'd plunge down the bluff and we'd lose him.

"With that the rifle cracked once more, and that time I didn't see where the ball struck. But I did see the ram jump into the air, headed straight down the bluff, and disappear. When we got to where we lost him, fearing to find he'd made one of those gigantic leaps down a precipice, that the big horns are fond of in an emergency, the colonel gave a yell you could have heard two miles. The Rough Riders say Sherman Bell of Troop K can beat 'em all on the yell; but the colonel was right in it with him that day. The ram lay ten feet down the cliff, on a little shelf of rock, half over the edge and half propped against a dwarf pine. He was stone dead, and we got the finest pair of horns I ever saw, off him. It was after midnight when we got home that night, and we were happy even if our ears were frozen.

"We can get new skin on our ears," said the colonel, "but we'll never get another ram like that one."

FRED HERRIG.  
Troop K, First United States Volunteer Cavalry.

#### RIPPLES OF MIRTH.

[Cleveland Leader:] Little Robbie was entertaining Mr. Geezeley while Miss Fripperson was upstairs adjusting her back hair and giving her face a few final dabs with the powder puff.

"My sister says you ain't got no idea of humor," said Robbie.

"Indeed," Mr. Geezeley returned. "When did she say that?"

"Just after you was here the last time. She said she seen you looking at yourself in the mirror several times, and you never laughed once."

[Chicago Post:] "I see Roosevelt's eligibility to be Governor of New York is questioned by some of the politicians."

"Yes. And that reminds me that the Spaniards also questioned his eligibility to the control of San Juan Hill."

[Vanity Fair:] "You are certainly the most dilatory man I ever saw—never in time for anything."

"Perhaps so; there was only one thing in my life I was too soon in."

"What was that?"

"In getting married."

[Washington Star:] "Do you think Aguilardo shows any evidence of being able to comprehend our civilization?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "he certainly appreciates the wisdom of holding on to an office."

[Puck:] Farmer Kaw (Kansas Populist.) I see that the editor of the Weekly Kicker says he won't support no candidate that won't support his paper.

Friend. That's right, ain't it?

Farmer Kaw. You bet! There ain't no sense in doin' nothing for nobody that won't do nothin' for you. You can't make nothin' by doin' nothin' for nothin' for nobody.

#### THE RETURN.

The glory of a radiant day  
Is glistening in the grass—  
The butterflies sit by the rose,  
And courtesy as they pass—  
The jewel-throated humming birds  
Are quivering in the air,  
While far away the mountains kneel  
In one perpetual prayer.

A faint breeze blowing from the West  
Comes laden with perfume  
From purple plumeria, jasmines,  
And orange trees in bloom;  
And bland, as in a dream, I hear  
In this enchanted nook,  
The sorrow of the sobbing sea—  
The gladness of the brook.

High on a limb the mocking bird,  
Exulting, trips along,  
And flutters into ecstasy,  
And floods the fields with song;  
The air with music palpitates  
From mountain cliff to shore,  
The sea alone makes mournful moan,  
"No more! no more! no more!"

From alien lands my love comes back  
On her predestined way;  
The angels hovering o'er her track  
Have glorified the day;  
No wonder laughs the happy brook—  
Or soaks the jilted sea—  
Across the foam no more to roam  
My own returns to me.

—Henry Linden Flash in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### THE KINGDOM OF THE MOON.

Translated by Vance Thompson from the Russian of Constantin Balmont:]

Upon a couch enlaided with snow  
Under the cold light of the moon,  
How happy were we two, the while,  
Without a word, without a smile,  
In that pale land where to and fro  
The white and beckoning phantoms go  
We sailed adown the misty streams,  
To the sea of enigmatic dreams,  
In the pale kingdom of the moon.

And sweet it is in deep midnight,  
Under the cold light of the moon,  
To lose awhile our pain and woe,  
Forget the love we cannot know,  
Forget—and dream of love, the while,  
Without a word, without a smile,  
Pillowed on night's breast, soft and low,  
In the kingdom of the pale moon.

—Musical Courier.

## THE INTERIOR OF CATALINA ISLAND.

By a Special Contributor.

THE summer season at Catalina Island is over. Most of the visitors follow each other away from the island like a lot of sheep during the first week of September, ignoring the fact that, while September is the hottest month of the year on the mainland of California, according to the records of the Weather Bureau, it is, on the other hand, in many respects the pleasantest of the season on the island. Then, there are the winter months, which many visitors, who have been trying both, far prefer to the summer season. There is a witching charm about the island, after the first rain, when there is a touch of crisp coolness in the air, a clear sky with distant views, unimpeded by haze, and a freshness about the vegetation that is unknown during the summer. If Catalina were located in Europe, or even off the South Atlantic coast, it would undoubtedly be as celebrated as a winter resort as it now is for the summer season. There is no doubt that this will be the case before long, as the population of the Pacific Coast increases, and people from the Eastern States and Europe learn of the charms that may be found on this isle of perpetual summer, when a large part of the continent is buried under a mantle of snow.

The winter months are the best in which to explore the hills and mountains of the interior of the island,

where are groves of cottonwood, willow and other trees, among which run riot the wild rose, ferns and clematis, while higher up on the mountains are the wild lilac, currant and other mountain shrubs. Indeed, the rare vegetation is one of the leading charms of a mountain climb in Catalina. The great number of trees on the island includes many varieties, among them oak, several kinds of manzanita, cottonwood, buckhorn, mountain mahogany, cherry, and a number of trees and plants that are not found anywhere else. Altogether, over five hundred species of plants have been found on the island, of which over a score are not found on the mainland. In the interior, the sportsman will find quail and doves in large numbers, while canaries, linnets, thrushes and other winged songsters make the air melodious with their notes. Mountain goats are numerous, and trophies in the shape of heads, surmounted by fine horns, are often brought into Avalon. For ambitious climbers, the elevated peaks of Orizaba and Black Jack offer a touch of real mountain adventure, although none of the difficulties are present with which Alpine climbers have to contend.

Before long, Catalina will doubtless have a mountaineers' club, similar to those which have done so much to rob mountain climbing of many of its hardships and dangers in Switzerland, Australia and Germany, by erecting shelters at convenient points, where tourists may spend the night, by improving trails, and issuing authentic maps.



ON THE CATALINA STAGE ROAD—THE HALT AT THE SPRING.

and those who know only of Catalina from the bay, at Avalon, and an occasional day's fishing a few miles up and down the coast, have only seen the frame of the picture. Those who are fond of exploring the mountains on foot, or on horseback, will find Catalina Island an ideal locality, and even those who prefer to ride on a coach can now see a considerable portion of the hills in that comfortable manner. If Catalina were somewhere in the Mediterranean, it would be visited by crowds of tourists from all over Europe, for the sake of the magnificent mountain views that may be had with so little exertion from a thousand "colgns of vantage." In this respect Catalina is entirely different from any of the seaside resorts of the mainland of Southern California, where the back country is usually flat, dull and monotonous, as well as being extremely dusty during the summer months. On Catalina, for the entire distance of twenty-two miles through the island, the tourist finds a constant change of picturesque scenery, with easy trails winding along the hillsides, through shady canyons, and up the spurs of mountains, from which magnificent views of land and water scenery may be obtained, the ocean being visible from every prominent point, with the Sierra Madre, San Bernardino and Santa Ana ranges framing the picture in the background.

In addition to the numerous trails that have been constructed through the island, for the benefit of visitors, a fine coach road is now in working order, from Avalon to Middle Ranch and beyond, skirting the ocean for a distance of two miles. This stage road is one of the most perfect in the world, climbing the mountains with an easy grade of 10 per cent, over a number of finely constructed curves and loops. A six-horse stage runs over this route every day, and is well patronized.

Those who are fond of mountains will not, however, be content with a ride of a few miles on a stage coach. They will want to get nearer to nature, which they may do, either on foot or horseback, by any of the numerous trails which lead from Avalon to points of interest on the island. Even a ten-minutes' walk from the Metropole Hotel brings one to several points on the hills whence there are charming views of the bay and surrounding country. Further back will be found range upon range of mountains, cutting into deep

Within a few years, the interior of Catalina will be as widely celebrated and visited as the seacoast now is.

HARRY BROOK.

#### UNPOPULAR ESTERHAZY.

WHY HE WAS DISLIKED BY HIS FEL LOW OFFICERS.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

IT IS seldom that a man whose name is so familiar to newspaper readers as is that of Maj. Esterhazy is actually so little known. There are probably not more than half a dozen men in this country who are personally acquainted with the disgraced French officer. One of those who knew him well is Baron de St. Mars, a French captain, retired, who now lives in New York.

"Among those who are not surprised at the final downfall of Maj. Esterhazy," said the ex-captain the other day, "may be safely counted those officers who served with him in Africa back in the seventies. He held the rank of captain at that time, and I remember his appearance well. He was a wise man of medium height and weight, with a long, thin face, tanned to an olive-brown hue. The most noticeable of his features was a pair of black eyes, deep-set, continually in motion, and surmounted by heavy brows. The nose and the mouth, with thin lips, drawn at each corner, gave him an eastern cast of countenance.

At first meeting him the idea naturally suggested itself that his origin was neither Latin nor Saxon. Rather he looked like one of the figures depicted by Ingres in his celebrated paintings of oriental warriors.

"In 1875 an assignment to duty in Africa was looked upon as nothing less than an exile. Naturally, it was lonely work, with no neighbors except the wandering tribes of Arabs. We were thrown upon our own resources, and the young officers all tried to relieve the general monotony of loneliness. Therefore, we kept to one another's society as much as possible, and naturally the men got to be well acquainted. But nobody knew Esterhazy well. He had no friends, no intimates. He always seemed to have a furtive air which he concealed under

a showing of arrogance and hauteur. In short, he was far from being a good fellow in a place where that was the only crime that counted seriously against a man.

Esterhazy's position made this attitude of isolation possible, though not at all necessary. At that time he was detached from his regiment and had charge of the collecting department of the Arabian bureau at Setif. It is difficult to explain clearly the exact duties of the bureau which had charge of the entire administration of that half-wild country previous to the establishment of civil jurisdiction. Its officers were judges, sometimes lawmakers, tax collectors, and, in fact, the one connecting link between the native tribes and the home government. They were usually good friends of the sheiks, who, for the maintenance of their own prestige, found it advisable to keep on the right side of the officers.

Esterhazy, as I have said, had charge of the collecting department of the Arabian bureau. The chief reason for his selection to fill this post was his excellent knowledge of Arabic, a qualification which was rare among us, but which he had picked up somewhere in the course of his mysterious past. His position was one of absolute authority; he had no subordinates and no superior, except the brigadier-general in command of the entire subdivision, to whom alone he had to report.

"There was one other peculiarity about Esterhazy's position. It was almost the only one in Africa which gave a man the opportunity to reap a personal advantage from his connection with the government. While the heads of the collecting department in the various districts did not fix the amount to be paid in by each tribe they had sole charge of the collection and the power to grant full discharge upon their signatures.

"Now it is characteristic of the Arabian that he will always try to evade at least a portion of any debt laid upon him, no matter how small its amount. If he succeeds, he is proud of the fact that he has overreached a Christian, and will boast of it to all the other tribesmen. To attain this object he is willing to give the most lavish presents—guns inlaid with silver or gold, thick carpets of priceless value, fabrics woven by his women, if necessary, even one of his fine-blooded horses. It matters not to him that the value of his gift often overbalances the saving on his debt. Bribery seems to be with the Arabian inherent and natural. Under these circumstances it may be mentioned as remarkable that French officers have very rarely availed themselves of this easy means of dishonesty.

"Setif, the district of which Capt. Esterhazy had charge, is the most important in the province of Constantine. It borders on the Atlas Mountains and contains the tribe of the Hodnas, who raise the finest horses in Africa, and who are renowned for their wealth. Esterhazy was always much more friendly with them than he was with his brother officers.

"Our pay was uniformly \$300 per month (\$60.) not a munificent sum. You can imagine that not much of it was left at the end of each thirty days. Esterhazy was as lacking in means as the rest of us, but his manner of living was very different. He occupied a house by himself. It was richly carpeted from top to bottom, the walls were covered with splendid portieres, and the rooms were furnished with rich divans covered with silk cushions. In addition to all this, the rooms were richly decorated with trophies of one kind and another. There was a considerable retinue of servants, most of them Spahis (native cavalrymen.) In short, Capt. Esterhazy maintained an establishment of oriental luxury, and to heighten the effect the place was presided over by an Arabian woman of great beauty. While the rest of us might make what shift we could to appease our thirst, which, in that country, was our greatest misery, there was not a day but the Arabians carried to Esterhazy ice and iced snow from Mt. Tabor or Mt. Tababor, which were distant at least nine or ten miles from Setif.

"It was not for these things in themselves that Esterhazy was unpopular, though they may serve to indicate his character; it was rather the manner of the man that gave offense. He seemed to realize the scorn that honest men felt for him, and to meet it with an air of defiance. He was never openly friendly as all the others were; he seemed to be continually watching, studying, suspecting everybody with whom he came in contact. In short, even at that early time, he was a man certain to be unpopular, because one felt instinctively that he could not be trusted."

#### OPPORTUNITY.

Pillowed on night's breast, soft and low,  
Master of human destinies am I;  
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,  
Deserts and seas I walk; I penetrate  
Hovels and marts and places—soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate.  
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.  
And those who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe.  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more!

—New York Mail and Express.

## TRADE OF THE PACIFIC.

COMPARATIVELY SMALL PORTION CONTROLLED BY  
THE UNITED STATES.

By a Special Contributor.

"THE United States should have no concern with militarism or imperialism; we are a pacific power," said a prominent American to a Washington friend. "Of course we are," replied the other, "but we intend to spell pacific with a large 'P.'"

In the westward course of empire, the Pacific Ocean remains the last to be conquered. Stretching for 12,000 miles along the equator, it covers nearly one-half of the entire globe. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that from San Francisco to Yokohama the distance is 4500 miles, and 1600 miles must be added to reach the Philippines, and 1300 more to reach Singapore, the extreme southern limit of the Asiatic coast. From San Francisco to Honolulu is 2100 miles, and from Honolulu to Sidney, Australia, 3500 miles more.

This vast ocean, connecting the newest and oldest civilization, is the coming field in the struggle for trade supremacy. On its western borders are Asia and Australia with their islands. This continent of Asia and its islands have a population of not less than 840,000,000, with an area of 14,700,000 square miles. The largest of these countries is China, with 403,000,000 population, and over 4,000,000 square miles.

and 128,000,000 people. With the exception of that from the United States, only a very small part of the trade of America goes to the Pacific. The imports of this country in Asia and Oceania, according to the latest figures, were \$119,000,000, and the exports \$67,000,000, making a total of \$186,000,000. Including the entire trade of the western continent in the Pacific, the total imports reach \$261,000,000, and the total exports \$212,000,000. Added to the trade of the older countries, the entire commerce of the Pacific is not less than \$2,600,000,000 each year, which means that one dollar in every seven of the world's trade now passes over these waters.

Of this enormous traffic Great Britain secures the lion's share, importing \$265,000,000, and sending out goods to the value of \$335,000,000, a total trade of \$1,600,000,000. The United States stands next with a total trade in the Pacific of \$200,000,000, or one-third of that of Great Britain. Germany stands a close third with \$100,000,000 of imports and \$45,000,000 of exports. France is fourth on the list with about one-half the trade of Germany. The greater part of the remaining trade is divided among the eastern countries which border on the Pacific.

Important as is the trade of the United States on the Pacific, this country is far from living up to its opportunities. Take for example the trade with Asia and its neighboring islands.

the combined exports and imports did not exceed \$2,300,000. But by 1878 the exchange of goods aggregated \$10,000,000 and increased to double that figure ten years later. Our imports from Japan have multiplied tenfold in the past thirty years, and our exports more than twelvefold. In exports to Japan there has been a remarkable gain in the past two years. Last year we sent out more than \$20,000,000 worth, and the year before, \$13,000,000. In 1895, however, the exports were but \$7,700,000, and for about ten years before that time they ranged from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, rarely going above that figure.

The principal export of Japan is silk. She sends out each year an average of \$23,000,000 worth of raw silk, and \$6,000,000 of the manufactured goods. About 40 per cent. of the raw silk comes to the United States, and an equal proportion of the manufactured goods. Japan sends out \$5,000,000 worth of tea each year, a very large proportion of which comes to the United States. Among the heavy demands made upon other nations by Japan, is that for bread stuffs, of which she requires \$4,800,000 a year, but the United States sent only \$800,000 worth last year. Japan imports nearly \$10,000,000 worth of raw cotton each year, and \$3,500,000 more in cotton goods, but the United States sent to Japan last year only \$2,300,000 of raw cotton, and less than \$150,000 of cotton cloth. The most interesting demand of Japan is for iron and steel and their manufactures. Of the crude product she requires \$500,000, and of manufactured product \$3,500,000. During the past year the United States sent \$900,000 of machinery and \$2,600,000 of other iron and steel manufactures, thus supplying practically the entire present demand of Japan for these articles.

Trade in China is making less rapid headway. Our imports average about \$20,000,000 a year, and have varied but little from that amount for the past twenty-five years. The largest imports from that country were in 1881, when we took \$22,000,000. The exports to

ports, up to 1896, were about \$1,500,000, but last year we sent \$4,700,000, a gain of more than 200 per cent.

In the Philippines there has been a marked reduction of our trade in the past few years. Ten years ago we were importing \$10,000,000 a year from those islands. Last year, however, our imports dropped below \$4,000,000, the lowest on record for the past twenty years. At present we are taking one-fifth of the exports of these islands. The Philippines are receiving about \$10,000,000 a year in imports, of which only about \$150,000, or one and one-half of 1 per cent. is from this country. At the same time Great Britain is sending these islands \$2,500,000; France, \$1,800,000; Germany, \$750,000, and Spain, \$7,400,000.

The United States today, with only one ocean between her and these rich nations of the East, has a trade equal to but one-third that of Great Britain, whose goods must cross two oceans before they reach their destination. And yet we have developed to a point where we cannot only compete in trade with the other nations of the world, but can lay down our goods in home markets of the English people. It would seem that Americans have now an opportunity to change these unequal conditions.

GEORGE B. WALDRON.

## CHASING THE DUCK.

HOW A NEW YORK CUSTOM STRUCK  
WASHINGTON.

[Washington Evening Star:] The "growler," otherwise the "duck," is an institution of which Washingtonians who haven't been corrupted by visits to such wicked towns as New York are beautifully and commendably ignorant. This story is related to illustrate that fact. A young New York man, who recently received an appointment in the Treasury Department, moved with his wife into a house far over on P street the other day. The couple had a hot afternoon's work of it in getting their stuff installed and planted, and when the shades of night drew about, the New York man, and likewise the York man's spouse, decided in the conventional and lamentable New York manner that a pitcher full of beer would be about the right thing. These young people were from New York, remember.

"Gimme a pitcher—a big, deep pitcher—a wash pitcher 'ud be best, probably—and I'll go after it," said the husband.

"Do you know, Jim," said his wife, "that I really believe it is not the custom down here in Washington to go right plainly and boldly after beer. Really, I believe it isn't. And all of the people around here sitting on the steps, too. And we wouldn't want to be looked at askance, you know. And yet, Jim, I—"

"Of course you want it," said he. "Want it just as bad as I do. Going to have it, too. The neighbors around here don't pay my rent, do they? Bet they don't. Gimme that wash pitcher, and I'll put it in one of those empty flour bags. I'll run a bluff, anyhow, if there's so much danger of our being dispossessed."

So he enfolded the pitcher in a clean, white, flour bag, and started for the corner. He hadn't gotten ten feet beyond his own gate when the man who lived next door approached the fence of his yard, and said he to the New Yorker:

"You'll pardon me for addressing you, sir, but I notice you are taking that cat away, probably to lose it, and it occurs to me that you might be willing to let me have it instead. My little girl's cat mysteriously disappeared a couple of days ago, and she has been pining for a feline playmate ever since. I'll promise you to take good care of it, as you may imagine."

The New Yorker looked at his neighbor.

"I'm going to the corner to get a pair of artificial ears for it," he said. "I'll give it to you when I get back."

A little further down the street a small colored boy tackled the New Yorker.

"Mistah," said the colored boy, "give de pup t' me, suh, won't you all, suh? Yo' all 'll hav' t' walk uh mile befo' you' fin' any watuh t' drown him, suh, an' Ah'd laik—"

The New Yorker passed on.

The cop standing on the corner regarded the New Yorker's flour bag with great suspicion.

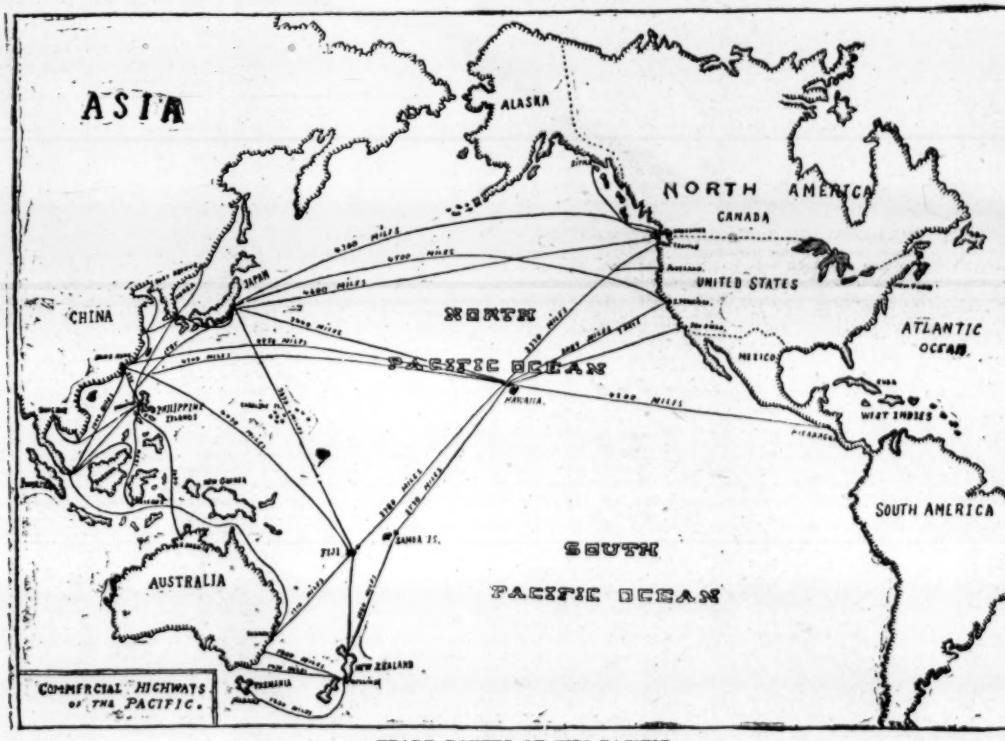
"No," said the New Yorker, politely, to the cop, "I'm not a second-story worker, and this is not silver in the bag. It's a can, and I'm chasing it. Not guilty. Search me."

By this time the New York man was in an unpleasant frame of mind. But he got the pitcher filled and started back with it. The neighbor who wanted a cat was still standing in his front yard. The neighbor who wanted a cat thought the New York man insane.

"My friend," said the New York man, "I'm a bit shy on cats just now, but if you care to come into my house I'll fix you out with a duck all right."

The New York man's neighbor is now perfectly certain that the New York man is insane, if not worse.

"Here's to our new Arcadia," said the New York man and his wife, as they sipped the contents of the pitcher.



TRADE ROUTES OF THE PACIFIC.

Then comes British India, with 337,000,000 people, and 1,800,000 square miles of territory. Asiatic Russia has 23,000,000 people in 6,500,000 square miles. Japan has 42,000,000 population crowded into less than 150,000 square miles of area. The Dutch East Indies have 34,000,000 people, and the French East Indies 22,000,000.

Another tributary to the Pacific on the west is Oceanica, which with Australia and the neighboring islands, has a population of 12,000,000 people in an area of 3,200,000 square miles. With Asia and Oceanica together the population aggregates 850,000,000 in an area of 18,000,000 square miles.

The trade of these countries of the Pacific is enormous. The latest figures show that the aggregate imports are \$1,067,000,000, and the aggregate exports \$1,060,000,000, making a total foreign commerce in this territory of \$2,127,000,000.

So much for the Old World side of the ocean. On the New World side are the two continents of North and South America, all the countries of which are contributing more or less to this Asiatic trade. First in importance stand the United States, with 75,000,000 population and an area, including Alaska, of 3,500,000 square miles. Mexico has 767,000 square miles and 10,000,000 people, and Canada, 3,300,000 square miles and 5,000,000 inhabitants. In Central America there is an area of 194,000 square miles and 3,500,000 people. This makes a total for North America of nearly 94,000,000 people, and an area of 7,800,000 square miles. In South America are 25,000,000 more people in a territory of 7,900,000 square miles. The two Americas have 16,000,000 square miles of area

last year our imports from Asia reached \$92,600,000, and our exports to these countries aggregated \$44,800,000, making a total trade of \$137,000,000. This is apparently a good showing, but so far as our imports are concerned there is a gain of only three millions over 1896, previously the best year of our record. For the past seven years our import trade has averaged \$80,000,000, and during the past twenty-five years it has rarely dropped below \$50,000,000. The relation can best be seen in a comparison of the imports from Asia with imports from other countries. Last year the percentage from Asia was 15; in 1896 and 1897 the percentage was 11 1/2; but even in 1876 Asiatic goods formed 10 per cent. of all imports, and this held as an average for the following six years. The highest percentage in the history of this country, aside from that of 1897, was in 1826, over seventy years ago, when nearly 14 per cent. of our entire imports came from Asia. In the export trade the United States has made no greater improvement. Last year the exports to Asia amounted to \$44,800,000, but this was only 3 1/2 per cent. of our entire exports.

What is true of Asia as a whole, is largely true of individual nations. Our largest trade with any one Pacific country is with Japan, which last year aggregated \$46,000,000 in exports and imports. This is the largest total trade with Japan in our history, although our imports from that country aggregated more in 1893, being \$27,500,000 in that year, against \$25,200,000 during the past year. Forty years ago there was not a dollar's worth of trade between the two countries, and ten years later

China, however, have recently shown some improvement. The largest values ever sent to that country were in 1870 nearly thirty years ago, over \$12,000,000, but in 1880 the exports had dropped to but little over one million. From 1881 to 1896 the exports ranged from \$2,800,000 to \$8,700,000. In 1896 the exports were \$6,900,000, but was increased to \$11,900,000 a year ago, dropping off, however, to \$10,000,000 during the past year.

China requires each year \$6,500,000 of iron and steel, including \$1,500,000 of machinery, but last year the United States furnished only \$33,000. China imports \$64,000,000 worth of cotton goods, of which only one-ninth comes from this country. She requires \$2,500,000 worth of flour, of which less than \$100,000 worth is from the United States. Nor does this country make a better record in taking the products of the Chinese Empire. China sends out each year \$35,000,000 worth of silk, of which the United States takes barely five millions. She sends out 250,000,000 pounds of tea every year, of which the United States takes about 35,000,000 pounds.

In the British East Indies our import trade is about \$20,000,000 a year, and our export trade \$4,000,000. These totals have varied little for the past twenty-five years. As compared with fifty years ago, however, there has been a gain of fully tenfold. Our imports and exports from Dutch East Indies are about the same as for the British East Indies, but the improvement in trade has been marked within the past few years. Up to 1893 we rarely imported from the Dutch colonies more than \$7,000,000, but last year our imports were over \$27,000,000. Our usual ex-

## HIS LAST FIGHT.

POST MORTEM VICTORY WON BY "GEN'RAL JACKSON."

By a Special Contributor.

WE WERE plowing along through the muddy water of the river at the rate of speed usual to a stern-wheel steamboat when they came and sat down close to me—so close that it was impossible not to hear their conversation. Indeed, they must have known that they were overheard, as the deck was brightly illuminated by the full moon looking down over the flat-topped bluffs.

"I s'pose things are jogging 'long just 'bout the same, 'round Poplar Mound, hey?" said the younger of the two.

"Just 'bout. Not much change. Sarah Ann Smead married Ike Patchley last spring."

"How is the old man?"

"Old Patchley? Chipper. Give the bride a calf. Rather more than Sarah Ann expected, I reckon. She'd just about been counting on that old rattletrap buggy of his'n, I think. Well, the calf up 'n' got a piece of punkin stuck in its throat a week ago, and laid down and just died, so she might better a-got the buggy, if one hind wheel is bigger'n the other. The old man is just the same. Bon' to stand in with everybody. Going to do the right thing if it kills him. Dunno if he kept a fighting cock when you lived there or not, but he has late years. That there rooster has been his only relaxation, as you may say. The affection betwixt the old man and that 'blame', old, long-legged red game cock was touching to see. They was like brothers, so everybody said. For years them two wan't sca'cely separated, 'cept nights, and I reckon if the old man could a-kept on a roost that he'd a flew up ev'ry evening alongside o' Gen'ral Jackson. That was the name o' the critter—Gen'ral Jackson. He just had the longest legs, and the reacheatest neck. Clean cut as the ace of spades and a temper like a buzzsaw. And spurs—well, he just walked wide-legged and revolved one spur round the other spur. The old man 'sociated with the rooster so much that he come to walk just like him. Some folks thought they got so toward the last that they kind o' resembled each other in their faces, and I reckon, on the whole, that the Gen'ral did favor the old gent some. You didn't see it in the features so much, but their expressions was similar.

"Well, you know how it was with the old man—boun' to do the right thing and be up on soci'y doings. He heard one day that the new minister was comin', an' he just says to his wife that they'd have him to their house to dinner the first Sunday. His idee was to get ahead of old Johnson's folks. They'd got ahead on the school teacher, and the Congressman of the deestruck when he was stamping it, and old Patchley was bound they shouldn't swope in the preacher, too. So when the elder hopped off the stage Patchley made an app'intment with him for dinner, come the very next Sunday.

"Saturday morning the old man shouldered his gun and went out after game for next day's dinner. Well, he didn't have no luck—come back without a thing. Come back late, tired out, plum beat. Hadn't seen a coon nor a possum, nor even a woodchuck, nor a pa'tridge, nor nothing. Hadn't seen a track of one, nor a hide nor hair nor a feather, nor heard one holler, nor heard no echo of one hollering 'way off somewhere. He set his gun down with a heavy heart when he got home. But he wa'n't the man to throw up his hands—not much. No sir. He tramped right down to old Doosnike's market and struck the old man for a roast—on credit—you know, old Patchley never was very forehanded. But old Doosnike shook his head. The old man offered to take a chunk of steak, or a boiling piece, or a slice of ham, and finally he got down to liver, but Doosnike wouldn't hear of it—said the old man owed too much already. But Patchley didn't give up—couldn't, with that minister just hanging over his head. He went 'round and tackled all his neighbors for a hunk of fresh meat, or a chicken, or something. But he owed 'em all, and he didn't get a thing—nothing but cold shoulder. Then he went home and sat down on the end of the leach and burst into tears. His wife come out with the lantern. 'Mairiar,' says he, 'the wuss has come to the wust. Them tears which has wet up the ground all 'round here are the fust I have shed for forty years—mebby more. Gimme the ax and that lantern—don't stand there like a graven statute.' Then he took 'em and walked away toward the henhouse, where Gen'ral Jackson was a-roosting all alone in state, he being the only fowl the old man had ever took the trouble to keep.

"When he came back to the house he was more calm. 'The deed is done,' says he. 'I would it had been that dog-goned preacher's neck instead.' He was so worked up that he kind of talked poetry. 'How old was he, Josh?' asks his wife, beginning to roll up her sleeves. 'He was nine,' answers the

old man, 'and never was licked in a fair fight.' 'I think I'd better put him on tonight,' says the old lady; 'that preacher's jaws don't look to me overly pow'ful.'

"By and by she came back in where the old man was, looking sort of bewildered. 'Wat is it?' asks he. 'The f'nts,' says she. 'I reckoned to make a pot pie of him, but them f'nts are like trunk hinges.' 'He was never licked in a fair fight for nine years,' says the old man, sort of half to himself. 'Cook him whole, like a turkey stuffed,' he goes on. 'He can lay on his back, with his legs up—though he never done it afore,' and the old gent groaned. 'Yes, I might do that,' says the old lady; 'only trouble is them legs won't bend.' By and by the old man looks into the kitchen, and sees the Gen'ral's legs sticking up out of a pot like young trees just set out. 'I thought you was a-goin' to bake him, Mairiar,' says the old man. 'So I am,' answers she; 'but I'm a-goin' to bise him three or four hours fust. You go to bed.'

"When the old man got up in the morning he found his wife still in the kitchen feeding the fire, the Gen'ral's legs sticking at a crack above the oven door. 'I broiled him a spell after biling him,' says she. 'I reckon he's beginnig to get tender in spots.' When it was time to go to church the old lady went, but old Patchley stayed at home to mind the fire. It was a sad hour for the old gent, setting there in the shadder of them legs. But he chirked up when his wife got back, and when the minister come he was as chipper as ever. 'Welcome to our humble roof, elder,' says he. 'You are just in time. Mrs. Patchley is even now bringing in the dinner. Be seated, elder,' and the old man showed the preacher to his place with a great flourish and sat down hisself at the head of the table. Then he turns a little and calls out in a sort of melting voice: 'Mairiar, dear, fetch in the pullet!' And she come in with the Gen'ral on a platter, his legs a-waving and his spurs a-rattling together like a man playing the bones.

"The old lady put down the Gen'ral and then set down herself, and when his legs became still the minister asked a blessing. The old man pretended not to notice that the preacher's voice trembled, and begun talking with his regular flourish. 'We hope, elder, that yer fond of poultry meat,' says he.

"'Y-a-e-s,' answers the minister, kind of doubtful like. 'Mrs. Patchley and me set great store by it,' goes on the old gent, running his thumb along the edge of the butcher knife. 'Brother Patchley, may I ask the breed of the pullet?' says the preacher. 'She was a Mayflower,' says the old man, reaching up and taking hold of a spur as he began to saw. 'I reckened she might a-been a Leghorn,' says the preacher. 'Ha, ha, ha,' says the old man; 'good joke. It is the way my wife has of cooking chicken—with their limbs on 'em. "Chicken alay Mrs. Patchley" our friends call it, and all the time he was grinding away at the leg with one hand like a man turning a corn-sheller, and sawing with the other. 'She was well developed for a—a pullet,' says the preacher. 'Yes, it's the breed,' says the old gent. 'They are tall and rangy, but fine eating, remarkably fine eating,' and he was now standing up and grinding and sawing and pulling and yanking like a man rustling with a tame bear. 'Juicy and fine eating, but a difficult breed to raise on account of their tenderness. This here one was a reg'lar fambly pet—had a name—Mollie,' and the old man put his doosnike the table and give a yank like a wild hoss. The f'nt busted, and the Gen'ral slipped and flopped a summerset like a bullfrog and gaffed the preacher in the neck with the other spur. It was too much for the old man and he forgot himself, 'Hurray,' he yelled. 'Fust blood for the Gen'ral! He's dead, and hain't only one leg, but he knows his business yet! Nine years old, and never was licked in a fair fight! Five to one on Gen'ral Jackson agin the preacher!' and he began to dance 'round the table and shout for somebody to take the other end of the belt. But the preacher didn't cotton to it a bit, and he got right up and wiped off his neck with his handkerchief, and says he: 'You low wretch, I want no more of your hospitality!' and he took his hat and walked out, leaving the old man ripping round like a Injun, offering odds on the Gen'ral. But after a spell he got calmer, and then he laid the whole trouble to the old lady, saying she hadn't cooked the Gen'ral right."

## SEPTEMBER.

Sir Goldenrod stands by and grieves  
Where Queen September goeth by;  
Her viewless feet disturb the leaves,  
And with her south the thrushes fly,  
Or loiter 'mid the rustling sheaves,  
And search and fail, and wonder why,  
The burgher cattails stiffly bow  
Beside the marsh. The asters east  
Their purple coronets, and below  
The brown ferns shiver in the blast,  
And all the fretted pool aglow.  
Repeats the cold, clear, yellow sky.  
The dear, loved summer days are past,  
And tranquil goes the Queen to die.  
—J.S. Wolf Mitchell, in New York Mail and Express.

## THE COMIC OPERA OF ROYALTY.

From the Criterion.

"God help poore kings!"

It was the cry of an old, prophetic poet. And yet in George Herbert's day kings were not so badly off. They stood high in the world. They were magnified. But today the poore kings have lost their distinction. They have the air of stage effigies or figures in comic opera. Not long ago I met a fat, olive, little man in Paris; it was late at night; he came rolling up the Avenue de l'Opéra—a greasy, drunken little wretch. He laid his hairy paw on my coat sleeve and asked me for f.5. 'Tis not much for a king; I have lent more to a poet; "le voici Monsieur," and His Majesty reeled up the avenue a squat and grotesque silhouette in the electric light.

"For f.50," said the Scot who was with me, "he would have rolled in the gutter."

It is kings like Milan that have brought royalty down from its pedestal. Kings like Milan and Wilhelm II. Not that the Emperor ever borrowed f.5, even from Poulenay Bigelow, but he, too, is a figure out of comic—or shall I say tragic?—opera. When, on that famous voyage to Norway, he ordered the officers from the bridge and the sailors from the deck, and took his stand there on the bridge, clothed in pontifical robes, a Bible in his hands, while he bade God still the waves and waft the ship to harbor, then, surely, he did not belong to every-day life—he was part of the legend of Canute the King.

And that court of Austria—

You would swear it is the creation of a woman novelist or some grawsome maker of tragedies. The old palace is gloomy and dark; all about it flares and bubbles the merry life of Vienna, but it is a thing apart; it is guarded by soldiers and haunted by priests—as in a story book. And there the old Emperor sits; the buckram courtiers come and go, but he minds them not, for all his thoughts are taken up by that old, blonde singing woman with whom he plays bésique. At times as he toddled off to bed, he saw the mad Empress—wandering there by night in the corridors of the palace, calling on the souls of the dead, conversing with phantoms and spirits of the air. It was a scene out of Hoffmann.

How this harmless old King—who would have been happy enough with the business of his usurers in the morning and his evenings of bésique with his old Maintenon—has been caught up and swirled about by the tragedy of events!

In all fiction there is nothing more strenuously dramatic than the story of the Hapsburgs for the last two decades. There were five leading characters—the old Emperor, the fantastic Empress, with her cigarettes and ghosts, the Prince of the house—this Archduke at once noble and cruel—and his queer, little Belgian wife; and the fifth character was a shining, ironic girl, blithe and desirable and false as a dicer's oath. The Archduke Rudolph would have been happy enough with the business of his usurers in the morning and his evenings of bésique with his old Maintenon—has been caught up and swirled about by the tragedy of events!

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One day a shining, ironic girl told him she loved him. She was the Baroness von Vescera, blithe and desirable. She offered him love—as one offers a flower. Surely this was a picture out of some opera. Indeed, she may have sung her love, and in the old palace, where the scene was laid, the chorus of courtiers and maids of honor took up the refrain in the mocking stage way. The young Archduke believed her. Out of her beauty and his faith he fashioned a sentimental romance that belonged to the days of the minnesingers. Hand in hand they were to walk through life, and a love more splendid than that of earth was to lead them. He who had seen the deception in royalty, in science and in art, trusted—love. And there, too, he found the lie. He learned

that her love was a lie and that her heart was ashes. He denied her right to live. She bore no part in the true prestige of life—she was a mirage—she was the eternal lie that must be destroyed.

And so he made a banquet for his friends and set the woman at the head of the feast. It was the last act and the scene was in a hunting lodge; through the open windows at the back one could see the moonlit forest, the horses led to and fro by the grooms and a group of flunkies gambling at dice. At the table the men feasted and drank; the ironic woman sparkled like sunlit water. And even as she laughed the prince stood up and fired a pistol ball into her heart and she fell upon the table, among the flowers and wine glasses, a dead and bleeding thing, out of which the laughter had gone forever. The prince laid down his pistol calmly, as one who has rung the bell in a shooting gallery. He was proud and content—as one who has slain chimera—as one who has destroyed the mirage that tricked his faith and candor. For a moment his guests stared at him. Then a fierce rage seized him. It was hate—a fierce and sudden hate—for this man who judged life and condemned it—for this man who denied life. They rushed upon him and hore him down; they struck him with knives and chairs, they trampled him under foot. They were lovers of the lie, and they killed who had judged the lie and slain it.

When their rage passed, they saw a corpse, all scarred by their boot-heels and laced with knife cuts, and they fled away in terror. And as the lackeys rush in the curtain falls. The anger of the queer little Belgian Princess, the confusion of the poor King are not in the play. They are only hinted and understood, like the murder of Macduff's wife and babes.

In that Hapsburg blood there is an instinct for social non-conformity. Another archduke tired of garlands and singing girls, monks and buckram courtiers and the ironic illusion of happiness. He found a peasant woman who loved him, so he sank his royalty in the name of "Johann Orth" and took ship and sailed away with her—

Perhaps he reached some savage island in the southern seas; perhaps—for no one knows—he, too, judged life and condemned it and sent the ship and the peasant woman to the bottom of the sea, going down himself with the calm air of one who has slain chimera.

While this drama was being played there was a dull operetta in rehearsal. It was at the opera-bouffe court of Roumania. The queen was a blue-stocking; she had some talent for verse. Her dreary little court had quite a literary air. But she was not dependent on literature alone. Like the woman in Sardou's play, tables turned for her and she had communion with spirits. Her tables prophesied. Often she heard the voice of a child she had loved and lost. One of her maids of honor also heard the voice, and this was Mlle. Vacaresca, a dark, neurotic girl. And so the queen became devoted to the maid of honor. Hour by hour they sat together and conversed with the child from the other world. The queen was as a mother to the maid, and gave her jewels and gowns from Paris.

The night of the winter ball Mlle. Vacaresca was taken with a fit of nerves, and fell to the floor in a trance. She lay there babbling. The queen bent over and listened, the courtiers listened—the poor little maid of honor was revealing her love for the crown prince.

This, I think, is the first act; it ends with a chorus of syncopated amazement by the courtiers.

The queen was not at all angry; she saw the operatic possibilities and determined that the pretty maid of honor should have her way. She made up her mind that her son should be the Lohengrin to rescue this love-lorn Elsa. She even wrote the duo they should sing on their betrothal morn. Here it is that the stern King (basso) intervenes. A chorus of diplomats echoes his protest, and the chorus of maids of honor repeats it in shrill treble. The queen argues and implores. But the king is firm, and the young prince is sent away to foreign lands. Mlle. Vacaresca faints in the queen's arms as the curtain falls. The last act is in Venice, whither the queen and the maid of honor have fled from the basso's tyranny. The king pursues them, and orders the queen to return to her court and kingdom. She weeps and cajoles, but the king is inexorable and so, like a sensible queen, she dries her eyes and goes back to her books and ghosts. Here the opera should properly end, with a dance and medley of national airs.

But just a moment—

Last year a friend of mine met Mlle. Vacaresca at Bayreuth; she was painted and fat, and her hair had changed color; her old parents were stripped of their honors and banished from court; long ago the young prince forgot her; and so she wanders over Europe, reckless and insolent and desolate.

To old Herbert's pious wish for poor kings, it might not be amiss to add, God help poor maids of honor.

VANCE THOMPSON.

## THE STREET SINGER.

A TALE OF JAPANESE LOYALTY FOLLOWED  
TO THE DEATH.

By a Special Contributor.

## I.

**O**F THOSE old days. They will nevermore come back again, even to Japan, the pictures. Neither will my father. Yes, he was a samurai. And like the rest of them, the Fuji-yama of his ambition was "to die in front of his lord's steed."

He climbed the top of the height—his friends envied him; history remembers it still—at the battle of Fushimi.

Loyalty, that is what you call it in English, but really, that is no word for it. At home, I mean in Japan, we call it chū-kun; I will not change it here. There never was a greater virtue than that in the happier days of Nippon. It was the great virtue of the samurai. It was the virtue of my father. And it is the key which opens this story.

Happiness has a very poor memory; so also, a happy childhood. And I hardly remember how beautiful my sister was.

"O, indeed, so you are the brother of beautiful O Tama-san." I always was "the brother of that beautiful O Tama-san." This I resented; this I can never forget.

She was eighteen, and I, thirteen, when one gloomy morning I saw my mother pale and in tears.

What was the meaning of it?

I was told that my sister had left us.

## II.

In our garden stood a Japanese plum (*prunus mume*)—a hero of a tree. Every spring gave it a green kimono. But before it donned its new dress, and while the February snow still smiled her chilly dazzling smile, just like a coquette, this tree used to cover its bare arms with blossoms, blood red in color, warm to the eye, and perfume herself. There never was such a delicate "make up" on a Parisian stage.

To this its lover, a nightingale, used to come, running a great risk of catching a bad cold, and trill and twitter his love to it, and burst out (whenever I fancy the tree seemed too irresponsive) in a musical storm, like a sweet thunder heard in a very far away.

That tree and the bird, its lover, were my sister's favorites. And when she went away she left them with us.

And the memory she left hanging on the boughs scented the atmosphere like a flower which never knew the time to fade.

And yet—  
The mere sight of it never failed to bring tears to my mother's eyes. To her it was like a fabled tropical flower, at once the sweetest and the most populous of blossoms. For it was the "seed of tears," as she used to sigh.

The spring of the year passed and its summer as well; and amid the sere autumn leaves, which made music under our feet, there, in our little corner of cemetery, cedar-hedged, moss-carpeted, I came upon a new tombstone.

"Tama," I read, cut deep into the sheen of the stone, "died on the twenty-ninth of the second month of the fifth year of Meiji.

## III.

A few months later . . .  
"Princess Yaye!"  
"What!"  
"Haven't you heard?"  
"No!"  
"Kidnapped!"  
"What, you don't mean it!"

All in a whisper, something like the above went round every hearth of the Kameyama castle town.

The Princess was a beautiful child. Moreover she was the only surviving representative of the Matsudaira family, the lord of the Kameyama castle. She was very young but the people said that the love she had inspired in her fiancé was something which knew no age. Prince Okudaira was her choice. None could find any trace of her for about a week.

When all of a sudden, at an obscure fisherman's village, on the coast of Shikoku, she hove to view as if she had been tossed out of the mouth of the fish of Babylonian wonder.

There were many ears ready for the account of her absence. But the Princess was silent—absolutely. And as is usually the case, Fable was none too idle meanwhile.

A love adventure! said all. And it did seem very much that way, for were it from any other cause, why should she refuse so obstinately to venture even a single word upon it?

## IV.

After Princess Yaye had been brought home, on a balmy night when summer was beckoning over the hills to autumn to come and take his place, Place; where a lacquered balcony, nymph-like, was bending over the stream of the Kamo, Kyoto, Nippon.

Prince Okudaira. Is it true, can it be possible that you can harbor a secret in your heart and from me?

Princess Yaye. Do not urge me, Prince. As I have told you I swear an absolute silence to my deliverer (in

a tone which seemed to feel the wound keenly, but withal forgiving.) Is it not enough that I love you, Prince?

Prince. But—

The Princess flushed—silent. Thought she:

"Is it then a sad illusion after all, the Prince Okudaira, my god, is a mere common mortal? And, heavens! would he do all he can to force his friend into perjury because his vanity is not satisfied?"

What made her call it a wounded vanity instead of jealousy? And could she not see that jealousy is nothing but love gone astray?

Meanwhile Prince Okudaira was consumed by his own thought:

"I would kill, rob; would commit the blackest sin just to satisfy her whim. Perjury! And she loves me! If she love me but one-thousandth as much as I do; O, ye gods!"

Which certainly was very natural indeed.

He was proud; so was she. Prince. (Proudly drawing himself up and stammering with passion.) Is it then your august decree that all is over between us?

He left her. She was like a garden of roses and lilies, blushing and paling by turns.

Yes, it was all over with them.

And such was the conclusion of the clandestine conference, which, by the bye, is very uncommon among the Japanese lovers.

## V.

My mother turned out to be a professional pilgrim. And none had any difficulty to guess the reason for it. And a boy of 14, as I was then, rarely makes a serious objection against a whim of that sort on the part of his mother when he is to be her constant companion.

I found many things. What my geography had told me was true. Forsooth! there was a big world outside and beyond the screen of Kameyama Mountains—as incredible as the statement seems to a sensible little man.

We were at the shrine of Kompera of Sanuki.

At first sight you see a white-scaled dragon, climbing up a hillside. You mount on the white scales—for after all you find that they are nothing but a long series of steps. I tried to mount them, but my arithmetic became terribly tired before I covered one-hundredth of them.

But before we tried to ascend, to the right of the steps, under the arrow-shower of the sunbeams, without a shelter of a kindly tree, we saw a crowd of people blockading the street.

"What are they doing?" I asked of my mother.

"They are listening."

"Who is that woman?"

"A street singer."

The silence wherein you hear the faint exclamations of cascades, is very still. But another kind which comes over a crowd of people is—so far as its effects go—more impressive. The crowd before us was a black lake of intense attention. All that you could tell of the singer was that she was a woman. Her age. That, by no means, was easy to say. Vagabondage is not a good painter, and it gave many an odd coat of paint to the woman's face—of dust, of heat, of misery, of cold and hunger. She might be 25 or 50. A baby was sleeping strapped on her back in a huge hanter (an over garment) and as the sun shone upon it, grease and squalor put on the air of lacquer.

The woman had a samisen, or rather the broken memory of it; and she was singing. As she pecked at it, the instrument answered in jerky, sharp, jarringly cries.

She sang to it.

And the only thing that the infernal discord of the samisen could do was to heighten the melody of her voice by way of contrast.

The people hardly looked at her. They listened, but they were sure that the music came from their own hearts. Perhaps the street singer was a fay and her magic wand knew how to wake the melodies, long forgotten, from their hearts.

Could it be the echo of the sweet idyls they had sung by the side of their sweethearts, under the moon?" they were asking themselves. As for me, young and careless as I was, I felt, somewhere beyond me, behind me, a vista of plum blossoms open—the mists melting gracefully from it—the flower arch becoming deeper and deeper still. That must have been what those who write poetry call reverie. Possibly I was going astray in the familiar land of memory. Ah yes; I was sure of it—that was our orchard. Why, of course I recognized my sister's favorite, the plum; I heard her nightingale also.

But in a second, the scene shifted. Summer was on our home orchard, and I sleeping on her lap. And the chieftains, how they were singing!—doubtless the best lullaby singer in the world. save mothers.

By this time I forgot the poor street singer completely.

Tears, some how or other, came into

my eyes. I was ashamed of them, so I brushed them away with my sleeve. But I was not the only one with wet eyes.

I have never heard such a voice since—one of those which, when you hear it once, will stay with you like a ghost—haunting you to the end; making you miserable all the time, now that you have seen heaven and found the earth is not as good.

## VI.

Just then, in the midst of my ecstatic thrall, there was a shriek at my elbow.

"Out upon you, crazy woman!" was hissed from every corner.

Before I could hold her back, my mother, with a superhuman strength which amazed me, was wedging her way through the crowd. She was quite close to the street singer. With outstretched arms, her eyes all afire, panting with a violent emotion, and quivering in the paroxysm of agony, which a too intense joy always brings, she cried:

"Daughter! daughter—my daughter!"

The samisen dropped from the singer's hands. I was sure that she should faint.

But I was mistaken.

When my mother rushed upon her, "Kore-wa-shitaru! whoever, madam, you may be," said the singer, "you have but to look at me a moment, carefully, carefully, madam, to find out your error."

Whoever would have thought that such an icy, forbidding and almost cruel voice could have issued from the same fountain whence had come the soul-melting melodies of a few minutes ago!

My mother sunk under the weight of her own broken heart. She had strung too tightly the string of her emotion's bow.

We helped her into a Jinrikisha, the street singer and myself. She had a very strange face that singer. The right half of her face was burned, and her lips were disfigured. They did not meet in a friendly, sweet harmony.

This woman, the beautiful adored sister of mine! O, no!

Had my mother lost her head?

One thing is very certain, in after days she never referred to that incident.

## VII.

At 16 I left Kameyama. When I was a grown man, that is to say, 25, I went back to it—for after all God had never made a dearer place for me.

Leave your native village in rags, and return to it in brocade, was a very common saying among the youths of Japan. And I felt very good of my little success in life as I heard the old-fashioned and familiar streets of Kameyama mocking my noisy geta in their home-toned voices.

I had a very little difficulty in recognizing it, my old home. Ah, no! nothing in those years had changed, that I could see—for you know, the heart, so unlike the head, is the blindest when it sees the clearest.

But to the open-eyed, changes there were, indeed!

Rain and age had dug their hungry teeth into the thatch-roof of our home, almost to the bamboo skeleton of it, in spite of all the patches of mosses. The cedar hedge in front of the house became tall in its neglected liberty—as if to hide the humiliation of the little home. The bamboo hedges on the sides were torn down. It had been unoccupied for a long, long time. But the plum tree, it was there, bravely holding its own. As if waiting, these long years, to tell me, with that genial bitterness of plant's sarcasm (which is nature's as well) that I was rather cowardly to have deserted the place; but then, that made no difference to it. It was there to guard the place from the insults and invasion of oblivion and death.

The homestead was worth very little—that is to say, to all others except me.

"How much will you take for it?" asked I of the owner.

"Two hundred yen."

"Will you let me see the inside of it?" as if I needed to examine the interior before I would have concluded a bargain.

"Why, certainly, an easy matter!"

It was rugged, the interior of that home of my mother—just like the going down of history, where all sorts of bare facts lay stored, untouched by fancy or draped in tradition.

I went in alone. Half dreaming, I turned into the dearest room, wherein she whom I had loved best had lived, loved, and said her last good-bye to me on that, the saddest day of my life.

All of a sudden I halted with a shudder.

Near the toko-no-ma (a little alcove with a low platform where a memorial tablet of my father used to stand, and on the wall of which, hung the lovely portrait of my sister, the beautiful, there, half reclining on that platform, lay a woman.

As she heard me enter, she tried to jerk herself up. But she could not do that, she was too ill. Then she slowly turned her face toward me and glared at me.

I had seen that face once before—that face half burnt and dreadfully disfigured.

## VIII.

When a physician came at my request, she flatly refused to be examined. After a while she yielded; as if to please me. We turned her gently over; and as we did so a bundle of paper dropped out of her breast pocket. I was about to pick it up.

Then—

She sent me staggering back a few

steps. She struck me full on the breast.

That dying woman! whoever would have thought of such a thing? And with the same desperate energy, she seized the paper bundle and replaced it near to her heart.

"Domo—this!" was what the physician said.

A hopeless case, the poor woman! The tricuspid lesion; and already the general dropsy showed an enlargement of the heart.

In her throat there was no memory of that voice which had made men and women weep and which, once long, long ago, as you remember, we had heard at the steps of the Kompera, my mother and I.

Nevertheless at the first sight of her, I heard within my heart the echoes of the melodies of the long ago. That blasphemy of a human body once, I swear it, had been the shrine of that heavenly music. One cannot deal roughly with the mutilated remains of Orpheus's flute, nor could I find it in my heart to treat what remained of that superb singer in rags carelessly.

She must be removed from the damp room at once.

I hired a kago.

"This room is very unhealthy, madam," said I to her gently. "You will not object if we move you from this place, I hope?"

"O, pray you; I honorably beg you, on the ten thousand years of my future life, and for the mercy of Amida-Butsu, not to move me. Let me stay here according to your honorable pity."

No persuasion, no threat, no demonstration availed. What could be the meaning of her obstinacy? It may be that she foresaw her end and did not want any additional pain of being moved—and then, I am sure, she cared but very little to prolong a few days of her wretched existence.

After all, she might be wiser than we.

## IX.

The following day, when I went to see her, she beckoned me to approach her closely. I leaned over her bed with my ear close to her lips.

Her voice was very weak. However, there was something stronger than a thunder-clap in that voice—it made me start.

"Kimbō ya."

That was my pet name, which was never used outside of my family. I would have leaped to my feet, had she not taken my head into her arms and with her last nervous energy held it tightly.

"I am your sister—well, look thoroughly at me!" I could not look at her face; her arms were too tightly clasped around my neck. She went on:

"At the Kompera, I saw my mother and you. I deceived you both. She knew me well, in spite of my deformity. I swore to hold out to the end. But—I cannot! O, I cannot!"

So she said and no more. Her arms were rigid about my neck. She was dead!

## X.

On the cover of the paper bundle in her breast pocket, was the following:

"The dead requests one who will find this bundle on my body, to send it to the address given below."

And my name and address were added to it.

The remarkable document had a title, "When a Daughter Forsakes her Mother."

## XI.

"That night—altogether the strangest night of my life—the veiled moon holding a lamp for an army of monsters in monkish white robes, marching in haste (in the poetic language of the present day, we call them fogs chased before the winds,) the willows at the back door through which I made my escape, answered the winds in choking sobs—what a night that was.

"Evidently the heavens and the earth did not understand—or was it indeed, because they understood too well, far better than the poor run-away girl? that there was to be a wedding that night—the wedding at which the parents of both parties were to be absent."

Such is the beginning of my sister's story—so new to her (and you could see that from the intense interest she took in the least detail, an interest of a novice,) and so old to the world that it has no time to stop and read her account.

He was there, under the pine tree, where (alas, in after days she, too, thought of it and suffered from the thought,) we, she and I, used to entice the passing hours of earth into heaven's timeless bliss with our light laughter.

And that was the last time that he was true to his promise, she remarks, the hapless girl.

He carried her away over the mountains.

He behaved strangely there in that hunter's hut, in a cañon, under a rock where vulture had his nest. He was moody, cross, cruel, sometimes; but, of course, she did not marry an angel. About his intelligence, culture and wit, however, there was no question.

Two months passed.

After an absence of three days, her husband came home with another man who was not a hunter, and looked rude, and brought home a girl.

"Watch the little maid closely, closely, do you hear? Don't let her cry herself to death, either," he said to her. The man confined the maid in a rocky cave, smoked a while and went out.

The suppressed sobs leaking through the ill-fitting door of the cave unlock-

ing my sister's heart and the rocky door as well.

"The poor child must be hungry."

A tiny tray, laden with the best things in the hut, was placed before the maid. But, no. She was too busy confounding her tears and something more to her manifold Japanese sleeves, in soft and broken sobs, and had no time to look at the food before her.

When my sister saw a blood stain on the girl's wrist (that was where a rope had cut her,) she said:

"Oh!"

An interjection, that was all. Try, however, if you will, to underrate the significance of a woman's exclamation. In no other way, if you but notice it, a soul speaks. And thus spoken to in the mother tongue—brief, but familiar—of all hearts, the little maid found her voice for the first time.

Her story, for she told it all, was touching to any one, but to my sister—it was a horrid nightmare, a thunder-clap!

Princess Yaye!

And so, it was for the father of this little maid that our father fought and died, and dying thought it his greatest glory!

My sister had heard people talk of this princess very often, and of her wealth. And there she was, in an out-of-world hut—kidnapped!

"How is she, the little girl?" was the first question her husband asked of my sister when he returned home.

"She behaves excellently!"

After they had gone to bed, when the mountain streams were snoring, and the forests were nodding, my sister whispered into her husband's ear:

"What do you intend to do with the girl?"

"What?"

"That child in the cave."

"That child? I'm going to take her to Sasayama. May be I can get her a job, you know. A dreadfully spoiled tot, that girl! her parents had a little too much of her."

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow morning, but why do you hang the matter so much on your mind?"

"O, nothing, specially."

On the husband's pillow, sleep was singing in his rhythmic breathing. On that of his wife, there were a pair of attentive ears.

The moon on her wane came very late and found the earth tearful.

The amado (the weather shutters) of the hut were cracked and ill-fitted—perhaps for the very purpose of admitting the pale coquette of the sky with all her starry court. The pencil of her pale light cut the darkness of the room like a blade. It struck something which it could not cut. It bounded off in sparks. That which the moon beam struck was a bare dagger.

The steel was in a woman's hand; whose eyes, like the flowers outside the hut, on the mountain side, were swollen, ruddy, and full of dews.

How many times she had raised it, and how often had she stayed its fatal descent! and as if recalling her soul which had wandered away from her body, sunk softly to the matted floor, with her hand over her mouth to silence her quick breaths!

The pantomime was awful to see.

The moon which had evidently had enough of this marvelous model of a tragedian, moved away slowly and fell upon her husband. Repose had untied all the knots of his face. It was serene and almost child-like!

She looked at it. After having wept so long, and as if to prove that the stream of emotion within her comes from the Infinite, once again big drops beaded their way on her cheeks.

Sudden as a shock, she raised her dagger with an icy fever in her blood. A gush of tears blinded her. So she had to drop, once more, the dagger.

The excitement of two hours; the white heat intensity of it, quite exhausted her. She sunk gently on the floor. One might have said that she was melting.

Then all of a sudden, she almost jumped off the floor, that which disturbed her was a dawn-crow croaking its farewell to its nest.

She rose, looked behind, all around her. On tip-toe she went to the sliding shutters and peeped out upon the fields which were a gray velvet before her; and at the east, which was whitening.

She came back to her husband.

He must have worked very hard the day before, the poor fellow!

She raised aloft her crescent-like steel once more. And with her left arm over her eyes, her lips tightly closed, trembling, almost fainting, she struck!

"Tare—who?"

The blade knocked at his heart not too kindly.

XI.

The above is the substance of the record of my sister.

There is, it is true, some seventy or 100 pages of it given to her child, which was born after her husband's death.

That portion, I have not touched—how could I?

She herself left it uncompleted.

Whether the child is dead or not, I do not know.

If dead, how? if alive, where?

To these there is no answer.

ADACHI KINNOBUKE.

NEW LOCATION.

The book and stationery store of Stoll & Thayer Co. has been moved to more commodious quarters, finest in the city, Nos. 252 and 254 South Spring street, Stimson Block.

B. & H.  
Buggies, bicycles; B. & H.

## FATHER CRESPI'S DIARY.

A RECORD OF THE FIRST JOURNEY MADE BY EUROPEANS THROUGH CALIFORNIA.

Translated for The Times.

### PART XII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1769.

TODAY, being the feast of the holy apostles, Saints Simon and Judas, after both of us had said mass, we broke camp at about 10 o'clock in the morning, traveling near to the beach, and across sloping tablelands of rich soil, but with all the pasture destroyed by fire. We covered a distance of about two leagues in two hours and a half, and arrived near the beach at a large creek, carrying a considerable volume of running water, and on the bank of this stream we pitched our camp. The ground traveled over by us today is barren, and only on a high mountain, which we saw back of another one, could we distinguish a few trees, which we are told are pines.

From our camp can be seen a very long tongue of land entering into the sea, and at its extremity is a vast stretch of low land with many large rocks, which at a distance seem to be little islands (farallones,) running apparently toward the west. The four Gentiles, which accompany us and serve as our guides ever since we left Santo Domingo, tell us that near to this point is a large rancheria, and these four Indians wished us to go and stop there. I also desired this, so as to be able to explore that locality and to visit its wretched inhabitants. But, as it was already late and our people tired out, this could not be done. I called this creek El Arroyo de los Santos Apostoles, San Simon y San Judas. Wild geese abound around here and the soldiers therefore gave to this plain the name of El Llano de los Angeles.

After seeing these landmarks we did not know what to make of them. We thought that we were already in latitude  $37\frac{1}{2}$  deg., but were unable to affirm positively if we were distant from or near to the harbor of Monterey. It rained often, and frequently our people were dispirited, reduced to a daily ration of five cakes, made of flour mixed with bran; the grain was exhausted, and what little meat was left we reserved for the sick. Some talk was held about killing the mules for the benefit of those well, but the soldiers refused to take advantage of this offer until absolute necessity should compel us. To make matters worse, the commandant fell sick, the captain's health did not improve, besides many of the others suffered from diarrhoea. Still this illness appeared to be beneficial, because those prostrated with the scorbut, from which the ones who had come by sea suffered more severe, improved without any other remedy but the new affliction of the diarrhoea. This alleviation was undoubtedly due to nature discharging the fetid humors constituting the cause of the pestilence, and also to the change of atmosphere, brought about by the ending of the northwest winds, the benefit derived from the rain showers and the blowing of the land breezes, which without any doubt purified the air so noxious to our health. Our sick, as soon as they experienced these changes, noticed that the swelling of the legs decreased; that the quick, shooting pain formerly felt in all their extremities, keeping them in a continual moan, disappeared, and, also the swelling of the gums became less and less. From all these favorable symptoms they derived some consolation and hope to be soon restored to health.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1769.

It rained all night, and the day broke cloudy and dark. For this reason and on account of the commandant's sickness, the march was suspended. Both of us (who, thanks to God, although we had been a little unwell, were not sick) said mass, at which all assisted, praying to the Lord for the health of the sick and the happiness of the expedition.

The Indians of the rancheria situated on the point paid us a visit, bringing a present of tamales made of a black seed which does not taste bad. These seeds are useful for making good gruel, and for this purpose are specially well adapted for those

who guard the stock during the night and leave early in the morning on reconnoisseances.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1769.

The day broke clear and bright, and our sick awoke improved, therefore the governor decided that we should proceed on our journey, which was done. We started at about 9 o'clock, keeping on a northwestern direction along the beach, in the neighborhood of which run tablelands and sloping hills, covered with pasture recently burned. We passed four or five creeks with running water, the crossing whereof gave us some trouble and occasioned delay, as it became necessary to build bridges so as to facilitate the passage of the livestock. We noticed near to the point a good, small bay, with pastures, drinking water and lands, which might be of use as a settlement if they had firewood; but there is none, not even a twig can be found, and for this reason we had to pack from our last camp, the necessary firewood. We stopped not very far from the beach and at the foot of some hills, which obstruct our passage to the beach, and form a valley (rinconada,) closed in on the north, and from there a creek issues with sufficient and good water, and on it we camped. Today's journey consisted of two leagues covered by us in three and a half hours. I called this point, La Punta del Angel Custodio, and on account of the many large and palatable clams found in this locality, the soldiers named it La Punta de las Almejas.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1769.

The mountains or high hills obstructing our way to the beach, although easy of ascent, are everywhere difficult to descend, and for this reason the sergeant left early in the morning with the soldiers for the purpose of clearing a road, and we started at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. As soon as we had arrived on the summit, we came in sight of a large bay formed by a promontory of land which extends into the sea and resembles an island. Still farther out in the ocean toward the west-northwest from the place where we are, and somewhat to the southwest of the above mentioned promontory, are six or seven white, rocky islets (farallones) of different sizes. Looking up the shore of the bay toward the north some white cliffs (barrancas) can be distinguished, and toward the northeast the mouth of an estuary which seems to extend inland, is seen. In the presence of these landmarks and the nautical charts of the pilot Cabrero Bueno, we are compelled to believe that this is the port of our father San Francisco, and that we have left behind us the one of Monterey. Full of these doubts and conclusions, we descend the hill and make our camp in the middle of a little valley, about six hundred yards long by one hundred wide, with a considerable quantity of water running in two creeks, which, before emptying into the sea, join together. The ground is covered with canebrakes, plenty of it is also covered with rosebushes. The bottom lands of the creeks are very scarce in trees, among them are a few medium-sized willows. The hills are treeless and timber is only distinguishable on the mountain range surrounding this bay.

At a short distance from our camp is a rancheria of very gentle Indians, who paid us a visit immediately after our arrival, and brought us "tamales" made from the black seeds. According to the fires we see kindled along this beach, it must be well settled with rancherias.

From this beach, the Farallones lay west one-quarter to the southwest, and the promontory, which I believe is Point Reyes, is the one forming and closing the bay on the north side, west one-quarter to the northwest. All the landmarks we find here are given in the description written by the pilot, Cabrero Bueno, and we have come to the conclusion that this is the port of San Francisco, and a further proof of this fact is, that we are in  $37\frac{1}{2}$  deg. latitude, and although the author gives a latitude of  $38\frac{1}{2}$  deg. this does not change my belief.

because we have found that all the latitudes given by him in describing this coast and its harbors, are erroneous. For example, he gives to San Diego a latitude of 34 deg., and in the repeated observations taken there, it was never found to be more than a little above  $33\frac{1}{2}$  deg. Point Conception we found in  $34\frac{1}{2}$  deg., and he places it in  $35\frac{1}{2}$  deg. Therefore it would be nothing strange that this harbor, found in  $37\frac{1}{2}$  deg., should be the one of our father San Francisco, supposing that we found it to have all the landmarks, which the mentioned author gives to said harbor.

Some are not yet convinced that we have left the harbor of Monterey behind us, now that we are in the port of our father San Francisco. To clear away any doubts, the commandant ordered that the sergeant, Ortega, should explore the country with a squad of soldiers and we to remain in camp until his return.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1769.

We celebrated All Saints' Day in this little valley of La Punta de las Almejas del Angel de la Guardia, by both of us saying mass, at which all attended. Afterward the sergeant and his squad left on a reconnoissance, which is not to exceed three days' duration. I took the latitude and found it to be 37 deg. and 9 min. Señor Constanzo made it 37 deg., 24 min.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1769.

Today being All Souls' day, both of us said mass, and after it was over some of the soldiers asked for permission to go out hunting, because a good many deer have been seen. A few of the soldiers went far beyond the camp, followed the game to the hills and consequently did not return until a very late hour in the night. They said they had seen toward the north either an immense arm of the sea or an estuary, which extended inland as far as the eye could reach, trending toward the southwest. They further told about some beautiful plains studded with groves, and stated that the smoke, coming up in all parts, left no doubt but that this locality was thickly settled with Indian rancherias.

This report was a further confirmation of our opinion that we were in the harbor of San Francisco, and that what the soldiers told us about the arm of the sea, was certainly the estuary, whose outlet between cliffs, we had seen when coming down the hill, and which is also mentioned by the pilot, Cabrero Bueno.

Treating of this estuary the pilot says:

"By the middle cliff, an estuary of salt water empties into the sea without any breakers. Entering this estuary farther inland some friendly Indians will be found, also water and firewood can easily be procured there."

From these notices we also conjectured that the scouts could not have crossed over to the opposite shore, which we see to the north, and consequently that they will be unable to reconnoiter the promontory, which we judge to be Point Reyes, because it will be impossible for them to accomplish the detour in the three days showed, a detour which it would be precise to make so as to be able to go round the estuary, whose extension is so magnified by the hunters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### UPLIFTING THE RACE.

[New York Tribune:] Enthusiast for Humanity. It was my privilege this afternoon to do so much for the uplifting of our unfortunate brothers and sisters.

Friend. How so?

Enthusiast for Humanity. Oh, I just went to my room and thought beautiful thoughts about the slums below Fourteenth street.

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## HYGIENE OF THE EYE.

A STUDY OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE following paper was read at the recent meeting of the Southern California Homeopathic Medical Society, by Dr. Francis B. Kellogg.

On account of the importance of the information contained therein, from a public standpoint, the society voted unanimously to offer it to The Times for publication.

It has been said that the recent war was one waged between the common school, on the one hand, and the Inquisition on the other. America prides herself upon being the land where the common school is indigenous to the soil. Any one who has had occasion to conduct ocular examinations in the clinics of a large city has been struck by the fact that practically all of the illiterates are foreigners. An American, unable to read, would be an unheard-of anomaly. In a somewhat extensive experience I have yet to meet one.

The American school is the cornerstone of the republic, and the successful results of the American schools are, to an important extent, dependent upon the condition and care of the American eye. Until a comparatively recent date absolutely no consideration was given, in the case of school children, to this delicate and sensitive organ, through whose aid the educational goal is reached. Even textbooks upon the eye have had practically nothing to say upon the subject of school hygiene. The efforts of a few men, notably Dr. S. D. Risley of Philadelphia, have been rewarded by a marked change in this respect. In the nearly completed "System of Diseases of the Eye," by Drs. Norris and Oliver, of Philadelphia, the subject is fully and carefully handled in a monograph by Dr. Risley himself. Most of the facts and figures in this paper are borrowed from that monograph.

Since the investigations in this field deal largely with the development of myopia, or near sight, during school life, let us give a brief consideration to this ocular defect.

Unlike hypermetropia and astigmatism, which are purely mechanical defects, myopia is a pathological condition. There is an actual thinning of the ocular coats, resulting in an elongation of the globe. The retina recedes, and the rays of light, which formerly came to a focus thereon, now focus before reaching it, and, crossing, strike it in a circle of diffusion.

The resulting mechanical defect is amenable to correction by concave glasses. The thinning of the ocular coats and the elongation of the ball, however, involve structural changes which are demoralizing and destructive in exact proportion to their extent. In their more serious aspects these structural changes comprise staphyloma posticum or atrophy, and bulging of the choroid and retina surrounding the optic nerve, inflammation of the choroid with loss of vision in the overlying retina; detachment of the retina with absolute blindness; disease of the vitreous and cataract.

In verification of the above statement, of 1878 myopes observed by Horner, 34 per cent. developed dangerous complications; in 9 per cent. disease of the vitreous; in 11 per cent. inflammations of the choroid; in 4 per cent. detachment of the retina, and in 23 per cent. cataract."

What causes the eyeball to elongate, or, in other words, to become myopic under certain favoring anatomical and physical conditions, or frequent occurrence, elongation of the eyeball is caused by assiduous exercise of the function of vision at the near point. According to the consensus of opinion, the ocular history in a case of acquired myopia is as follows: First, imperfect vision, due to congenital hypermetropia or astigmatism. Second, chronic spasm of the accommodative mechanism from an involuntary effort of the eye to overcome these defects and see clearly at the near point. Third, hyperemia and congestion of the eye tunics as a consequence of the continued strain, resulting in, fourth, structural weakening of the eye coats, causing them to gradually yield to the internal pres-

sure, (probably increased,) in the direction of the long axis of the orbit.

Let me now present one or two pertinent myopic facts. First, myopia is almost an unknown condition among people who seldom have to use their accommodation. It is as rare as illiteracy among Americans. A near-sighted Indian or other aborigine was unknown until they were brought under educational influences, and their indulgence in these has been so sparing that the condition is extremely rare today. On the other hand, we find the reverse to hold true among people who use their eyes constantly at the near point. For example, in a recent examination of graduates of Amherst College, 47 per cent. were found to be myopic. These are the extremes, between which the proportion of myopes will be found to vary directly with the number of years of study.

Cohn, of Breslau, found the proportion of myopes in the school examined by him to be as follows: Five village schools, 1.4 per cent.; twenty elementary schools, 6.7 per cent.; two higher schools, 7.7 per cent.; two intermediate schools, 10.3 per cent.; two realschulen, high schools, 19.7 per cent.; two gymnasiums, colleges, 26.2 per cent.; university students, 59.5 per cent.

To give a corresponding tabulation from examinations of American school children: Primary schools, Philadelphia, average age, 8½, myopes, 4 per cent.; primary schools, Philadelphia, average age, 11½, myopes 9 per cent.; grammar schools, Philadelphia, average age 14, myopes 11 per cent.; normal schools, Philadelphia, average age, 17.5, myopes, 19 per cent.; college students in New York, myopes 35 per cent.; Amherst graduates, above, myopes, 47 per cent.

Thus we see that wherever we have schools and colleges, there we find myopia. Moreover, that the proportion of myopes is in direct ratio to the grade of the school.

We have already seen that myopia is a serious disease of the eye, in many cases involving total loss of vision, in all resulting in serious impairment of the same.

In view of these facts, the responsibility resting upon school authorities and teachers becomes a serious one. The eyes of all school children should be given as careful an examination as circumstances will permit. Since acquired myopia generally has its inception in an impaired state of the vision from hypermetropia or astigmatism it is evident that the first step in combatting it is to remove, so far as possible, the condition precedent. Ocular examinations, as at present conducted in the public schools, will discover the more pronounced cases. This examination consists in identifying letters, one centimeter in height, at a distance of twenty feet, and reading diamond type at twelve inches.

It would be impossible for a child with a high degree of hypermetropia or astigmatism, to pass this test. Still, the teacher should know that a child can overcome a considerable degree of the former defect by an effort of the accommodation, and such a child will be able to pass the test while still suffering from eye strain. Such a child, if watched, would be observed to hold his book closer than natural, to be sensitive to light striking the eye, to have headaches, and, if interrogated, will say that after reading for a time, the letters blur and run together.

I believe that the day is not far distant when an ocular examination will be required for all school children at the hands of trained specialists. The superficial examinations at present conducted in many schools by the teachers is, however, a long step in the right direction, as compared with the entire neglect of former years. At least the most pronounced cases are weeded out and sent to the oculist for correction.

Much can be done to prevent the development of myopia in children by measures subsequently to be mentioned, but by far the most important and effective measure is the detection and correction, by glasses, of congenital hypermetropia and astigmatism.

It is a daily comment in the office of the oculist that so many more chil-

dren than formerly, wear glasses. This is construed either that the eyes of the race are degenerating or that the oculists are putting on glasses where they are not needed. The real truth of the matter is that in nearly every case a pair of eyes has been rescued from the dread effects of future myopia and, frequently, the owner from the devastating nervous effects of eye strain.

Instead of marking the degeneracy of the American eye, it has been demonstrated that the increased use of glasses in Philadelphia during the twenty years from 1874 to 1894, reduced the proportion of myopic cases from 28 per cent. to 16 per cent.—a falling off of 12 per cent. These figures were obtained from the records of 195,000 eyes, examined for glasses during the period mentioned.

Dr. Risley, whom we have to thank for this important and onerous statistical work, says, in applying the natural deduction to the subject in hand: "If, at the beginning of school life, these congenital anomalies of refraction could be carefully corrected by suitable glasses, we should hear much less about the harmful influence of the schools upon the eyesight of our children."

With the correction of the errors of refraction in school children, then, the most effective step will have been taken toward preventing the development of myopia in the schools. But there are other steps which are second only in importance to this initial one. First and foremost among these is careful attention to illumination. There must be plenty of light and it must be properly directed. The light should come in from the left side. If from behind, the work of the pupil is darkened by his own shadow. If from the right, by that of his right hand in the use of pen or pencil. To oblige children to study with windows in front of them is unpardonable. The pupil, already contracted in the accommodative effort, is still further diminished in size by the light from the window. The accommodative muscle, delicately coordinated with the pupillary curtain, responds to the added stimulus. By a spasm of contraction, the focus leaves the retina and advances, thus producing a condition of spasmodic myopia.

In addition to the proper adjustment of the light conditions, it is of great importance that the position of the child at the desk should be an easy and natural one. A cramped, stooping or slouching position, by impairing the respiration and circulation indirectly affects the eyes. Chairs and desks should be adjustable to the varying heights of the different pupils, so that it is possible to sit erect with the work at the proper distance from the eyes.

With the vertical style of penmanship, it is easier to avoid the lopsided position in writing which is quite characteristic of the inclined style. That position has been graphically depicted by Dickens on the occasion of Mr. Sam Weller's immortal valentine: "It being considered necessary," he says, "for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and, while glancing sideways at the letters, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond."

The strained and unnatural position pictured here, even if overdrawn, is easily recognized and certainly favored by the slanting style of penmanship.

The matter of text-books is an important one. They should be printed in plain type upon a good quality of paper.

Other considerations of general hygiene have an important though indirect bearing upon the eye. Plenty of pure air is almost as important as plenty of well-placed light. Children with "weak" or red eyes, should be required to furnish a certificate from a reputable oculist that their condition is not contagious.

Children who suffer with their eyes should be given a modified curriculum, embracing shorter study hours, more frequent intervals of rest, and out-of-door exercise.

I cannot close without making a few suggestions with reference to the nursery department, the kindergarten. Here great care should be exercised in developing the form and color sense, to avoid patterns and figures which necessitate the exercise of the ocular accommodation. It is sometimes required of a child to trace patterns which have been pricked out with the point of a pin. All such work should be carefully excluded. The danger of eye strain is much augmented by the tender formative condition of the eyes at this age.

It has often occurred to me that the kindergartens of California should be

conducted, in part at least, out of doors. An impracticable idea in the land of Froebel, in California it would be fraught with incalculable advantages in the direction of healthy bodily development. The needle and thread, and the pin-pricked patterns could well be exchanged for the California air and sunshine, while the harmonies of form and color could be inculcated by some method which would not tax the impressionable accommodative mechanism.

It has been impossible within the limits of this paper, to touch upon many points which are germane to this subject, or to go deeply into those which have been presented. It is hoped, however, that the little which has been said will at least impress the members of the medical profession with the importance of the subject, and lead them to use their influence, whenever opportunity offers, to secure its proper and adequate treatment at the hands of the school authorities.

FRANCIS B. KELLOGG.

## WHEN THE BUGLE CALLS.

Soldiers Who Fight Against Attacks of Cowardice.

[London Daily Mail:] After reading of the brilliant exploits of our gallant troops at Omdurman, one may be pardoned for doubting the existence of cowards in the British army.

Unfortunately, however, every now and then, amid the din and crash of battle a recruit is seized with a fit of cowardice, which he boldly fights against. The attack is oftentimes quite inexplicable, and nearly always momentary.

The majority of men are brave by instinct, especially when in the thick of a fight. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, but generally the feeling that the soldier is not a separate unit, but a cog in a vast fighting machine, tends to make even the most timorous stand shoulder to shoulder with his comrades.

Then the fear of being thought afraid steals the nerves of many a failing soldier; and there is no doubt that the dread of the contempt and indignation of his fellows is a most powerful stimulant.

Very rarely indeed, does a British soldier allow fear to overcome his sense of duty; but some old veterans will occasionally admit that he has known perhaps one such instance, and in reply to the question, "How is it we never read of such cases?" he will answer: "One dead man is a small loss to a regiment. Besides, one man running off may cause another to follow him, and a panic may thus set in. Before any one has time to think about it or issue an order, depend upon it, one of his comrades, for the honor of the regiment, puts a bullet through him."

Sir Charles Napier had an effective method of dealing with cowards. On one occasion a flying soldier was stopped by his fellows, who were about to shoot him, when the general intervened.

"Give the man another chance," he ordered. "Place him in the front rank, and if he turns again, let him be shot."

The man eagerly embraced this chance of life, overcame his fears, and fought bravely for the rest of the day. Bravery is sometimes largely due to mere lack of sensibility.

"There goes the bravest man in the army," said the old Kaiser Wilhelm on the battlefield of Sadowa, as a pale young officer cheered his men on to the charge. "He is terribly afraid of being shot, and he knows it, but he loves his duty and country more than his personal safety, and that is what makes him lead his men on so gallantly."

## Spanish Plays in Paris.

[Paris Correspondence to the London Post:] Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has brought a Spanish company to Paris, and an interesting series of performances will be begun at the Renaissance Theater on October 3. The leading members of the company are Señora María Guerrero and Señor Fernando Diaz de Mendoza. Señora Guerrero is the first actress in Spain, and is the wife of Señor de Mendoza. Señor de Mendoza, the son of Count Bañozte and De Lalaing, Marquis de Fontanar and Grande of Spain, was a good amateur actor, and frequently played at private theatricals with great success. The rehearsals of "Capilla de Launza," which he played at the Duchess de la Torre's with Señorita de la Torre, led to his marriage with the daughter of Marshal Serrano. She died, however, after a twelvemonth. Great scandal was caused by Señor de Mendoza's entering the Spanish Theater at Madrid, which is an imitation of the Theater Francais of Paris. Not long afterward he married Mlle Guerrero, and they undertook a tour in America with great success.

## How Musical Tastes Differ.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Wallace. If there is anything on earth that bores me, it is a concert with classical selections.

Drinkhorn. I like a little sprinkling of classical pieces. They give a fellow a chance to go out and get a drink without missing anything.

Theodore Mommsen, the historian, is in Rome collecting material for further work.

**"OLD COL'S" VICTORY.**

A NEWSPAPER REPORTER WHO DIED FOR A  
"SCOOP."

From the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

THE struggles of newspaper correspondents in Cuba furnish some of the most heroic chapters of the war with Spain. Frank Collins, who died at Tampa two weeks ago, gave up his life for a "scoop." He was full of the American grit that never lets a man fall down on a story. Collins worked for a Boston newspaper before the war. "Old Col," as he was affectionately called, was a hack reporter. He worked hard, but he was never known to turn up news. He could write beautiful "stuff," but he didn't know news from ham sandwiches. He could write the cauliflower for an account of a street parade, and do it well. If a house had fallen on the grand marshal, however, he wouldn't have known a thing about it.

"I'm going to the front boys," Collins announced in the local room the day after war was declared. "I don't intend that fifty years from now my folks'll have to say, 'Grandpa wrote police news on a Boston newspaper during the war.'"

"Old Col's" decision was greeted with roars of laughter. "Goin' to drive an ice wagon?" asked one. "No," joshed another; "he's going to push a banana cart."

"Old Col" was young for all his nickname smacked of the decrepit, and he was sensitive. What was horse play for the rest cut him like whip lashes.

"I'm coming out of the fight a colonel or a corpse, boys," said Lieutenant Hunt of a Cincinnati regiment as he went in at San Juan. He was killed just as the battle ended. Collins set his teeth and determined to come out of Cuba a success or a dead man. He died at Tampa as he was coming back from the war covered with glory.

When Collins sailed his paper had no idea it could depend upon him for big news. That was to be secured by a New York connection "Old Col" was to write. If his stuff turned out first-rate, well and good. If not, he was to be "soaked." He got on the ground just in time for the Rough Riders' fight and the big engagements that followed. When other correspondents were afraid to leave the lines and travel across country with dispatches Collins trudged every bit of the way on foot. He dodged Spanish sharpshooters, swam streams, starved and fainted from exhaustion to reach the cable station. There he found that his paper had had a quarrel with their New York ally, and that he had no cabling facilities. He had no idea how new his stuff was. To telegraph \$150 worth or more of stuff might mean that his paper would refuse to stand for it, and he would bear the whole expense. He had been turned down so many times he doubted his own judgment. But he was such a good fellow, had struggled so, and borne such hardships, that the correspondents of another big news agency took his matter and put it on the wire for him. Back went Collins into the thick of things, feeling that now he must be of considerable use to his paper. He did not know it, but his stuff was a great "scoop." The other Boston reporters had been afraid to leave the trenches, and Collins's account was the only one that appeared that day in a Boston paper. Collins worked like mad, never sparing himself, and fairly laughing at danger. He had no tent, nothing to eat, no place to sleep, no helpmate, and not even the knowledge that his matter was being printed. He somehow failed to get connection at any time with his paper. He wrote stories, pathetic, humorous, grand, columns and columns of them, and forwarded them pluckily by mail. The more important matter went by cable.

One night he came sick, rain-soaked, half starved into a tent in which a Cincinnati and a New York newspaper man were trying to find shelter.

"For God's sake, boys," he said, "can't you take me in?" They were sleeping on a square of canvas, folded and chequered as much as possible. When great, strong men got sick in Cuba, thousands of miles away from home, they were apt to do weak things they would leave for women and children in this country. Collins cried like a baby. He had a half-dozen pictures of her hidden away in the breast of his old duck jacket.

"She's a rich girl," he said, "and her people are away up, you know. But if I make a success of this boys, I shan't be ashamed to ask her folks for her."

Collins took passage for Tampa on the Aransas with a lot of other correspondents when the fighting was over. When the time came for the health officer to come aboard, Collins was too weak to stand up. "Brace up, Col," they all entreated him. "We'll all be kept here if the doctor finds you sick."

Collins was dressed with the help of the others, brightened up, and made to appear as dapper as possible. The health officer came on and the boys all

flocked around Collins in a bunch and held him steady so that he wouldn't wave around in a weak way. He passed muster. As soon as the officer left the boat he lay down again and declared that he was not equal to another trial. "Yes you are; you'll do it for us, old boy," they persuaded him.

At Tampa they were told to walk past the doctor in single file. Everybody knew that this would be impossible for Collins. When his turn came the newspaper people all began a joshing performance, laughing and crowding one another, and trooped past the officer like a bunch of colts. Collins was in the midst and slipped through again. Then he learned what his paper had been doing with his stuff, for the first time. They were printing it with his name at the top of the page in letters an inch long. Collins was a success. "Hurrah, boys," he shouted feebly, while tears of joy ran down his wasted cheeks. Collins was taken to a hospital at Tampa. He died there a few days afterward. In his pockets of his old brown blouse, and stitched tightly in the front, they found pictures of the Boston girl.

**SHADOWING A SHARPSHOOTER.**

"Happy Jack," a Rough Rider Who Was Afraid of Nothing.

[Leslie's Weekly:] One spot there was in the Rough Riders' camp where you could always find a curious group, visitors and troopers; this was about Josie's cage, Josie being a mountain lion, one of the regimental pets. To watch Josie snarl and show her white fangs, to admire the daring of her tamer, the one Rough Rider whose touch she would permit, as he rolled her, spitting and clawing, on her back, and cuffed her playfully, and otherwise displayed his mastery; to see her welcome poor little frowsy Cuba, the regimental yellow dog, and pat him with her paws, and show that she loved him—these were sights that never grew tame for the followers of Col. Roosevelt.

It was in this group one morning that I met "Happy Jack," and for an hour or so thereafter I enjoyed the picturesqueness of his talk. "Happy Jack" is a product of Arizona; in time of peace he delves the ground for precious metal and breaks the monotony of things by playing faro, tackling bad men and painting the evidence of his presence over the visage of frontier towns. He does all things, good or bad, with delight, and it is not on record that he ever was afraid. He is a sharp-featured, clean-shaven young man of about thirty. He speaks English like anybody else, dialect writers to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Tell him how you got the Spanish sharpshooters, Happy," said one of the group.

"Yes," said I, "tell me about the Spanish sharpshooter."

Without further urging "Happy Jack" took the center of the stage and proceeded thus: "It was on the great day when pretty much everything happened down there—the 1st of July—and I had just gone back from the firing line a few hundred yards to carry a wounded comrade out of danger. But it looked as if I'd done the wrong thing, for just as I came up to where some doctors and orderlies were, zip came a bullet under my hat and went into a gentleman behind me. I was just thinking what a lot of life there was in that spent ball when zip came another bullet on the other side of my head and landed in a tree.

"That's no spent ball," said I; "there's a lad getting a range on me."

"It's a Spanish sharpshooter somewhere about," said an orderly; "he's killed eight or nine men in the last half hour. See 'em there." He pointed to a lot of dead bodies.

"Well," said I, "if that's the case I guess I'd better go hunting for that Spanish sharpshooter." So I goes down on the ground and gets under cover, and I waits and I watches to make out where the fellow is. You see, he had smokeless powder and it was a job to fix him.

"I guess it took fifteen minutes before I found him; he was high up in a cocoanut palm, close to the trunk; just made a dark spot there like a crow's nest. So I throws up my sight to 600 yards, gets good and steady, and then I says, 'Almighty God, put justice and Christianity in this shot,' and then I pulls the trigger. I said that because I was shooting with a Krag-Jorgensen, and I ain't so well used to them. If I had a Winchester I wouldn't have needed to pray; a Winchester is 'Happy Jack's' graft every time. Well, sir, it worked all right. Justice and Christianity prevailed, and my friend, the Spanish sharpshooter, came tumbling out of that cocoanut tree so fast he never knew what hit him. He fell forty feet and was dead before he struck the ground."

The Rev. H. M. Jones, the chaplain of the Texas, has received a leave of absence for two months, which he will spend in visiting his mother in England.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.****THE "GREAT WHITE PLAGUE" SUCCUMBS TO IMPROVED TUBERCULIN-WHITMAN.**

The "Improved Tuberculin" as prepared and used at the Koch Medical Institute, is an ozonized, purified tuberculin compound whereby the germicidal properties of tuberculin have been reinforced by the addition of two of the most powerful antiseptic (germ destroying) agents known. Pus germs are present in all cases where there is softening of lung or bronchial tissue, and it is to meet and overcome this condition, as well as to destroy and eliminate the tubercular germs from the human body, that Improved Tuberculin in its present perfected state was produced.

No other preparation of tuberculin or of the numerous serums can compare with this specific in the treatment of tuberculosis, and especially is this true when combined with the great tissue-building remedy, Ozomor.

This latter remedy is just as essential, if a cure is to be expected, as the tuberculin itself, as it supplies a deficiency which nothing else can do. The management of

the Koch Medical Institute refers with pardonable pride to the large percentage of cures which they have been able to record during the past two and one-half years. Many of these cases received the treatment over two years ago, and they are still testifying to the complete cures which were wrought in them.

Another source of gratification is the almost universal indorsement now coming to them from physicians of all schools, many of whom had refused at first to believe in the power of any remedy to cure consumption. Still more satisfactory is the fact that they have been able to place this treatment within the reach of all, even the very poor, at the minimum rate of \$10.00 per month.

Herewith are appended extracts from the testimonials of a few who have been cured. It is desired that all who are interested will carefully investigate the claims made by these people, and thereby satisfy themselves as to their absolute correctness.

Several physicians diagnosed my disease consumption. At the request of my family physician, Dr. W. H. Smith of this city, I began taking your combined treatment Improved Tuberculin and Ozomor. I took no other medicine when I began and in less than four months was a well man. Anyone suffering from this dread disease is at liberty to call on or address me for further particulars concerning my cure. Sincerely yours, H. HARRINGTON.

116 West Francis Street, Los Angeles, Cal. I herewith certify to the correctness of the above statement, and most heartily and sincerely recommend the treatment of Dr. C. H. Whitman. I know that it is effectual and absolutely harmless, having seen many cases of consumption cured by its use.

W. H. SMITH, M.D.

Office corner Third and Main streets. I have been a sufferer from tuberculosis. Boston physicians gave me no hope. You cured me in four months. My health was never better than now.

J. FRANK DANFORTH.

213 West First street, Los Angeles, Cal.

June 1, 1898.

It was not believed that I could reach Los Angeles alive. My home physician in Canada gave me no hope. I was almost helpless when I began your treatment. You cured me in three months. W. F. STUTT,

216 East Eighth street, Riverside, Cal.

Extract from a letter received from above patient January 4, 1898: "I thank God that through the treatment given me by you I feel almost as well as I ever did. I am able to eat as much as ever, and I weigh within a few pounds of my old weight. I go out and chop wood every morning, and my wife says I never looked better in my life.

W. FRANK STUTT,

Riverside, Cal.

I continue to enjoy good health and am able to do my usual day of work, all of which to me is occasion of profound thankfulness to God and Whitman's Improved Tuberculin treatment.

M. H. BLUNK,

1004 West Eleventh street, Los Angeles, California.

Patients can be treated at their own homes and receive the same benefit therewith as at the Institute. Terms \$10 per month.

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**Roller Top Desk \$16<sup>1</sup><sub>2</sub>**

And High Roll Too.

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Prices others range as high as \$50. Splendid just now, in a flat top one for \$5 and others of the sort as high as \$22.50.

Revolving office chairs are \$4.50—better ones up to \$8.

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and others as high up as \$12.50, in ash, oak or mahogany.

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and as high as \$7.50, with open fronts, those with glass fronts begin at \$8.50, \$12.50, \$15.00 and up.

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## THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

SAILING PAST ICEBERGS AMONG CLOUDS AND ANDEAN SNOWS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

C APE FROWARD, (Strait of Magellan, Lat. 55 min. 55 deg. South,) Sept. 30.—At the tail end of our hemisphere. At the lowest continental point of the world. Three thousand miles nearer the South Pole than the foot of the Siamese peninsula at the end of Asia. More than a thousand miles below the Cape of Good Hope, at the bottom of Africa, with a distance almost equal to the thickness of the earth between myself and the northern parts of the United States, I write for my American readers. I am on the steamer Itauri in the Strait of Magellan. Just opposite me, the black, rocky walls of Cape Froward, the southernmost point of South America, rise almost straight upward to a height of 1200 feet, and behind them, glistening in the moonlight, are the glacial snows of Mount Victoria, 2000 feet higher. I am at the bottom of the great Andean chain. so only in the eastern parts of the

misrepresented by passers-by from Darwin down to within recent years, and it is only lately that opportunities have been offered for careful investigation. Even now the savages I see here are less known than the tribes of Central Africa, and only the coasts of a few of the islands have been explored. The sheep farmer, the gold digger and the government vessels are, however, making headway, and within a few years this great archipelago will be a terra incognita no longer.

## THE CLOUD LAND OF SOUTHERN PATAGONIA.

The generally-accepted belief regarding Southern Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, is that they are something like the coasts of Greenland or those of the Arctic seas. The geographies represent them as wastes of ice and snow, desolate, forbidding and terrible to the traveler. For the past four days I have been winding in and out of its channels along the west coast of lower Patagonia. My sail has been through a series of scenic panoramas that cannot be surpassed in the world. We entered the archipelago by what is known as the Smyth's channel route, about four hundred miles above here, and coasted slowly along one channel and another until we came into the strait proper at Desolation Island. Darwin compared the glaciers Sarmiento in Tierra del Fuego to 100 frozen Niagara. The waters along the lower

snow, and now so loaded with ice that it lies in terraces up their sides, you might have a faint idea of some of nature's wonders in the Magellans.

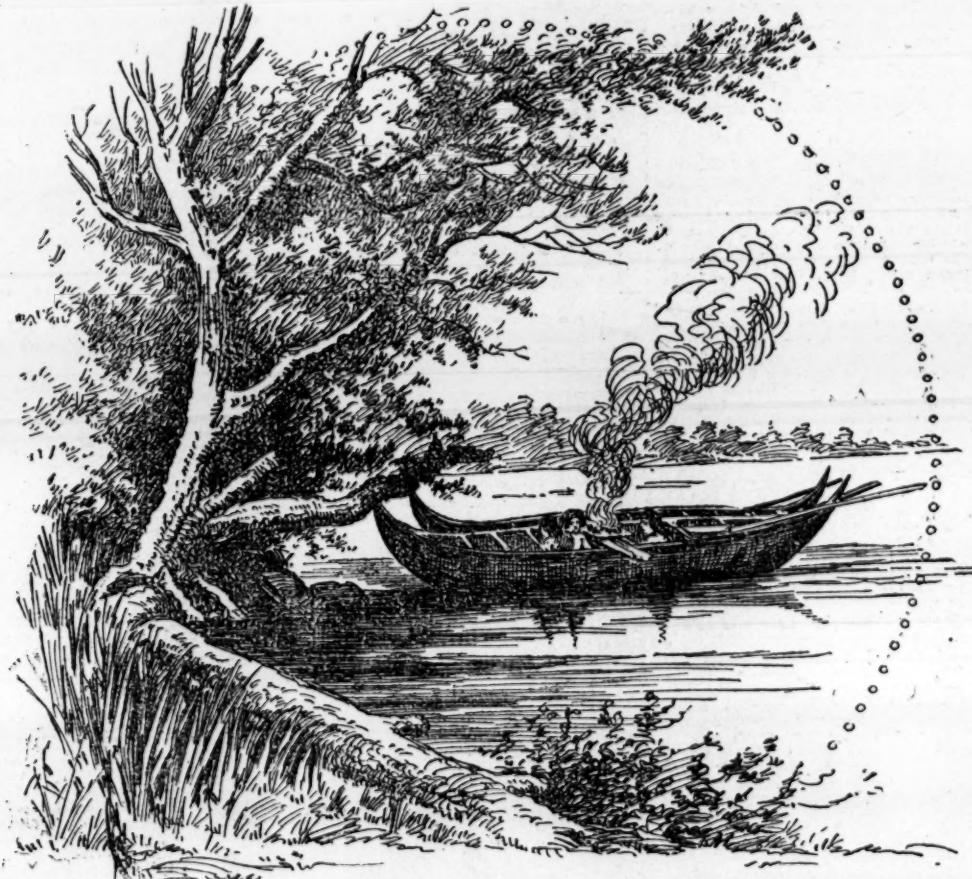
## ON A SOUTH PACIFIC STEAMER.

But I despair of giving a vivid picture of our ride through this archipelago. It lasted three days, and it was such a series of wonders that only a biography of the gods worked by their own hands could paint them on the retina of your imagination. All I shall attempt is to take you with me through some few places by a transcript of my notes made upon the ground. We start in the Bay of Coronel. Our steamer, the Itauri of the Kosmos Line, bound for Hamburg via the strait, lies in the harbor. She is a German ship of 6200 tons, lighted and heated by steam. Capt. Behrmann, her commander, is German, and so are all the passengers, officers and crew. We speak German at the table, and are, in fact, a small slice of Germany in one of the quietest harbors of the coast of Chile. I go to my cabin. It is No. 12, and is as good a room as that of an Atlantic liner. The cooking is German. The meats are fresh. As I go down to dinner I hear the squawk of a chicken. Our meats are carried alive on board, so that later on we shall listen to the baa-ing of sheep, the grunting of pigs and the cackling of geese, mixed with the crunching of the ice fields as the steamer makes its way through them. Before I pay the \$70 which is my fare to Punta Arenas on the Strait of Magellan, I ask if the ship will go via Smyth's channel. The reply is yes. The Kosmos is the only line that takes this route, the other ships going through the strait, preferring to stand the storms which sweep up along the west coast from Cape Horn to the narrow, dangerous, slow, but more quiet, land-locked waters of the Patagonian coast. We shall have to travel very slowly and must anchor at night, but before we start let us take a look at our trip. What is the cargo? We have 3000 tons of saltpeter for Germany, 2000 barrels of Chilean honey for different parts of Europe, hundreds of rolls of Chilean sole leather for Russia and wheat and wine for Punta Arenas and Montevideo. We are now taking on 900 tons of coal. Brawny Chilean peasants are putting it into the ship. They stand in lighters or flat boats and use shovels to throw the coal up to the platforms under the doors of the hold. Here other peasants shovel it in. They swear as they work, and we hear them still swearing and heaving as we go to bed.

## IN THE LAND-LOCKED SEAS OF THE SOUTH.

We awake far out in the Pacific. The steamer is rolling, the white caps are dancing over the waves and away off to the eastward we can make out the faint blue outline of South Chile. A day later in the storm and rain we steam past the long, narrow island of Chiloe, which the government is trying to colonize, and on the evening of the third day we enter the wide Gulf of Penos and come to anchor at the entrance to the channel. The water is like a mill pond. The steamer moves slowly. We seem to be in a great river rather than in the ocean. We are sailing among the clouds through the water-filled ravines of some of the greatest of the world's mountains. On our right are grass-clad islands. On our left are rugged, ragged peaks rising in all shapes out of the sea. There is one clothed in green which reminds you of the pyramid of Ghizeh, and there is another which is a fair likeness of the smashed nose sphinx. In front the green hills are climbing over one another like a troop of giants playing leap frog, and farther on they rise upward in fort-like walls of green a thousand feet high, losing themselves in that misty white cloud which rests above them. The channel narrows and widens. Now we are in lakes surrounded by snow-capped mountains, now in cañons. Now we sail by a break in the mountain walls, a deep fiord with moss green walls, snow-dusted a thousand feet high, and filled with black water a thousand feet deep. As we look the sun breaks its way into the gorge and turns the water to silver. It paints diamonds in the snow of its moss-green sides. Over there is a glacier, a great, green mass shining out upon the ragged sides of a snowy mountain. See the sun has struck it and it is now a bed of emeralds in a setting of frosted silver.

The weather and the sky changes every moment, and before us is an ever-varying panorama of sky and sea and land. We sail out of the sunlight into snow storms and steam right out of the snow into the sun. Now



THEY LIVE IN CANOES.

Those hills are the end of the mighty ridge which ties the continents together. Loaded with copper, silver and gold, they crawl from here on their sinuous way toward the North Pole. They span the equator, they drop their heads at the Isthmus of Panama, and end only at the Arctic Ocean, beyond the gold mines of Alaska and the Klondike. The hills to the southward are a part of Tierra del Fuego, above Cape Horn, and that great white frozen pyramidal cone which rises among them is Mount Sarmiento, which pierces the southern sky more than 1000 feet above the altitude of Mount Washington. Behind and in front of my ship, here as black as ink under the shadows of the hills, there turned to silver by the full moon's rays, flows the Strait of Magellan, that salt water river, in which, moved by the tides, the great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, rush together and clasp their hands to bear up the commerce of the world.

## THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

The Strait of Magellan makes the passage between the oceans shorter by almost one thousand miles. Cape Horn is less than a couple of hundred miles south of it, but its waters are always tossed about by terrible storms. Tonight the Magellans are almost as quiet as a mill pond, and the Itauri is steaming as smoothly through them

channel on both sides of which the lands of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego are low. In the west there is little else than mountains, which are now snow-dusted and in many cases loaded with vast glaciers slowly sliding down them to the sea. Below the Strait of Magellan there is a vast archipelago of islands, the smaller of which are mountain peaks rising above the waves, and the largest, the island of Tierra del Fuego. The last is bigger than many of our American States, and it has mountains and valleys, vast forests and extensive plains which have lately been transformed into some of the biggest sheep farms of the world. North of the strait lies the end of Southern Patagonia on the east, and on the west a continuation of the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego. These islands, as well as the strait and almost all of Tierra del Fuego, belong to Chile. She has an area of land here, which she calls the territory of the Magellan, of 75,000 square miles, half again as large as the State of New York, and almost twice the area of Ohio. Some of the Chilean naval vessels are now here engaged in surveying the channels and harbors, but the greater part of this region is almost as unknown as it was when Hernando Magellan, a Spanish navigator, discovered the strait in 1520. The land and the people have been

end of Western Patagonia present combinations which make you think of a hundred Lake Comos, Lake Geneva and Lake Lucernes tied together in one ever-widening, ever-changing river. Here are the beauties of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, added to by snow-capped mountains kissed by the sun, and mighty glaciers sliding down into masses of dark green vegetation. Here are giant rocks, cathedral shaped, covered with moss, rising straight upward from the water for 1000 feet; mountains, their heads lost in the clouds, dropping almost precipitously into the sea; narrow gorges, in which the steamer must tack this way and that, as it winds through islands of green and islands of rock. Here are fields of floating ice, through which the boat crashes; narrow fiords, in which the black water is 3000 feet deep, and, in short, such a variety of scenic wonders of clouds, mountain and sea that I doubt whether their like can be found in the world. If you could take the most picturesque parts of the Andes, the Himalayas and the Alps, could sink them up to their necks in dark blue water, and pull cloud masses down with them into the sea and wrap their rugged sides far up from the water's edge with a wonderful mantle of green, which is now brilliant in the sunlight, now frosted

the sky is almost blue overhead, with fleecy white clouds scattered here and there through it. Cloud masses here nestle in the velvety laps of the hills, there they wrap themselves about the snowy peaks as though to warm them, and there they stoop down and press warm, tantalizing kisses upon their icy lips. Upon the snow-dusted hills and dark water are dashes of silver where the sun has poked its way through the clouds. The varying light makes the channel on one side of the ship black, on the other side it is of a beautiful yellowish green, and behind where the sun strikes it the ship has left a path of molten silver. The hills change even as the water under the sun. Now they are dark. The sun washes them with its rays and the ferns and moss and trees brighten. The ragged volcanic background of the rocks show out and through the green and black falling hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet almost straight down are silvery cascades, some as big as your wrist, others no larger around than your little finger. These are to be seen all along these inland channels. They come from the glaciers and the mountain snows.

**A RAINBOW SET IN SILVER.**  
One of the strangest atmospheric effects I have ever seen happened on our third day in the channel. The mountain-walled river had widened and we were again coming to narrows, when over our pathway in front of us a great rainbow sprang from the snowy summit of a low mountain in the south to that of another mountain almost opposite on the north of the channel, making a great rainbow span over the dark water. It was a splendid many-colored arch of the gods founded on pedestals of frosted silver. As we approached the rainbow faded, the sky was blue overhead, but a great wall of fleecy white clouds had dropped down upon, or rather risen up, from the water. When I first saw it I thought it was a field of icebergs. It was as white as snow and it extended upward to what seemed a height of several hundred feet, stretching across the channel from mount-

them, and great ferns, with leaves as long as your arm, extend out in every bare and rocky spot. The ground is saturated with moisture. The mold and rotting wood of centuries covers it, and you sink in and stumble about more than you would in an Irish bog. It is only on the higher parts of the mountains that vegetation ceases, and only there that the climate is such as to produce glaciers and perpetual snow. The icebergs which we saw in the channel came from these glaciers. They are among the great glaciers of the world, many of them surpassing, it is said, the largest glaciers of the Alps. In Tierra del Fuego they line the channels in places with walls of ice a thousand feet high, and ships must sail carefully not to be struck by the icebergs which in chunks of a thousand tons and upward break off of them, with a noise like thunder, and fall into the sea. Icebergs often fill Smyth's channel, so that it is impossible to get through. This was the case last year, when one of the steamers was forced to go back, and where the ship upon which I now am had its bows crushed in by the icebergs. This glacial ice is not like that in our rivers and lakes. It is as hard as a rock and of a crystalline green. During our second day in the archipelago we stopped the steamer, lassoed an

have worked, and several of whom were carried years ago to England. These Indians are known as the Alacalufes. There are, all told, only about five hundred of them. They have no chiefs or tribal relations. Each family takes care of itself, living in its own canoe. They are strictly canoe Indians, who live almost entirely upon the sea, and who are found only in these straits, and off the coasts of Southern Patagonia. They sleep sometimes on land in little wigwams three feet high, made by bending over the branches of trees and tying them together. They make a fire in front and crawl into them for the night. Their houses are well constructed. They are fifteen or more feet long and about three or four feet wide, and perhaps two feet deep. They are made of bark sewn together with sinew. They are cross-ribbed, and so made that they can be easily paddled. In the center of each boat is a fire built on some earth, and about this sit such of the family as are not paddling the boat. Queer-looking people they are. They wear no clothes whatever, in a state of nature, and are apparently comfortable amid the snows of winter, with only a coat of seal or fish oil upon their skins. Since they have seen white men, however, they are glad to get such clothing as they

naked man would not give up the skin until he had the knife in his hand, and in the trade he displayed a wonderful shrewdness and ability to bargain. Of course, neither party could understand the other, and neither would trust the other. The naked savage, however, got the best of it. The only things that can be used in trading with these people are bright cloth, beads, tobacco and knives. They do not know the use of money, and would rather have a jack-knife or a hatchet than a genuine gold brick. They were evidently afraid to come on board, and I am told they are by no means friendly to strangers, and will kill them if they can attack them with safety. They use bows and arrows to defend themselves, although they do not hunt. The food for the family is usually gotten by the women, of whom each man has one or more, as he can get them. The food consists of fish, mussels and of snow, and now and then a fox, seal or otter. The women fish with lines, but without hooks. A little chunk of meat is tied to the end of the line, and when the fish has swallowed it is jerked into the canoe. The Alacalufes are also fond of whale meat, and a dead whale, I am told, is cut in pieces and buried, to be eaten in its various stages of decomposition as long as it lasts. They understand what tobacco is, and those we met were as anxious to get tobacco as food. They had but a few foreign words, one of which was "Frau Lehman," the term by which they designate all foreigners, and the two others, "galleta," the Spanish word for sweet cakes, and "tabac," the German for tobacco.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.  
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#### COUPLE'S NOVEL ENGAGEMENT.

##### How a Man and Wife are Enabled to Endure Each Other.

[Hartford Republican:] The following agreement was entered into between an Ohio county husband and wife, who were having much domestic infelicity. The agreement in full is as follows:

To whom it may concern: Whereas, divers troubles and quarrels have sprung up between — and —, his wife, and having reached such a pitch that — is afraid to pursue his lawful business on account of the threats made by his wife, —, that she will leave.

The following seven rules as agreed upon shall be strictly lived up to.

1. No canned fruit is to be opened unless for company until that which has been opened is used up.

2. That when things are talked over between said parties, then both shall live up to such arrangements until abrogated by them.

3. That all troubles between said parties shall be kept to themselves, and not told to anyone, and no secret plotting shall be allowed.

4. That — must make her own bed and put on her own dinner.

5. That all threats and hints about leaving must be stopped, and also it is stipulated that in case either party leaves the other before January, 1899, the party that so leaves shall be liable to pay the party remaining the amount of damages that can be proven against the party so leaving.

6. That said — agrees to stop swearing, and said — agrees to live up to her bargains and principles.

7. It is hereby agreed and understood by both parties that this agreement has not been procured by any fraud or fear, and has been got up and signed in good faith by both parties, and either party backing out of this agreement, or any part thereof, shall limit himself or herself or their heirs and assigns to pay all the damage that shall arise on account of breaking the same. Signed this 26th day of August, 1898.

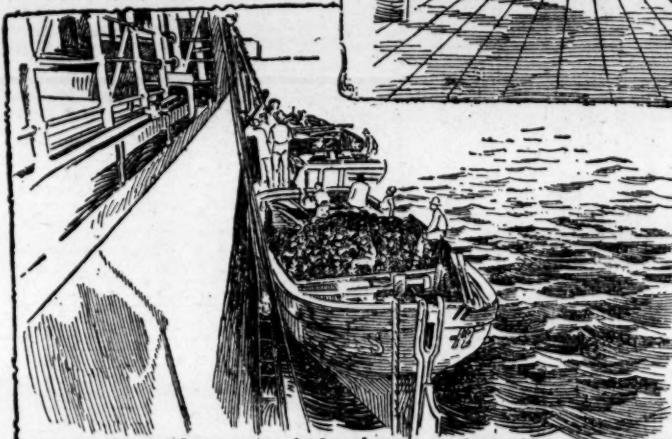
#### The Model Formula.

[Baltimore American:] While editors the world over are still worrying their brains to conceive a formula that will not offend the author to whom manuscript is returned, the editor of the *Celestial Empire* seems to have struck the exact thing. A poet who had submitted the outpouring of his soul to this progressive editor, is uncertain whether to be offended that his effusion is returned, or delighted at the exalted value which the editor placed on it, the following being the letter he received from his prostrate servant:

"Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon! Look upon thy slave, who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

"We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors, we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it, His Majesty, the Emperor, would order us to take it as a criterion, and never again to print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript, and beg of thee ten thousand pardons. See, my hand is at thy feet, and I am the slave of thy servant."

"HEAD WRITER."



LOADING COAL AT CORONEL.

tain to mountain. Above this wall the sky was clear and the only other clouds to be seen were those hovering over the mountain peaks. We sailed out of the light right into this cloud wall, out of the dry air into a mist so thick that we could almost wash our hands in it. A half hour later we were again under a clear sky. At times the masts of the steamer were in the clouds and the deck clear and dry. Again the clouds would form a roof over the channel and again the lower walls of the hills would be hidden and we would look over the clouds at the green and snow above.

**AMONG THE ICEBERGS AND GLACIERS.**

It seems strange to think of green moss, green trees and a mass of dense green vegetation in midwinter, amid the snows and glaciers. That is what we have here. The glaciers slide down into the green, and the snow falls and melts upon it all winter long. In many places the green is clear, in others it is snow-dusted, and in others loaded with snow masses. On the highest peaks only it is all snow and ice. Even in the jungles of India I have not seen so dense a growth of trees and plants as along the west coast of Patagonia. We had a chance to go on shore every afternoon when we anchored for the night. Pushing our way into the country was, however, impossible. The trees are evergreens, generally small, but so dense that you could walk on their tops on snow shoes. A bed of moss as deep as your waist covers the ground about

iceberg and towed it up to the ship. It was a little berg, not bigger than a Washington City lot, but it was of a beautiful opalescent green, with a top of frosted silver. It had many angles and projections, and it was with crowbars that the steward and a boat load of sailors attacked it and broke off enough ice to last for the rest of the voyage. One of the great log chains was used for hoisting heavy cargo was first coupled about the corner of one of these ice masses. Then a lever in the engine-room was pulled and a section of an iceberg was raised by steam by means of a derrick to the deck of the vessel. Some of these blocks weighed many tons, and altogether we must have taken a hundred tons of ice.

**THE NAKED SAVAGES OF THE MALLEANS.**

During our voyage through these strange islands we saw but few animals and birds. Now and then we passed a small school of seals, which popped their heads out of the water and took a peep at the steamer as it went by. We saw half a dozen whales in the different days of the trip, and now and then an albatross and gull. We had, however, a number of visits from the wild savages of the Magellans, the naked Indians of Patagonian channels, who are perhaps the least known of the wild men of the world. As far as I can learn, no ethnologist has ever lived with them or made a study of them. They are different from the Oaas and Yaghans of Tierra del Fuego, among whom missionaries



## AT THE THEATERS.

**T**RAGEDY will reign at the Burbank this week, and unless Nance O'Neil has been greatly overrated by critics East and West, it will be tragedy of the kind that wrenches the soul.

Everybody agrees that whatever else Nance O'Neil may or may not be, she is the incarnation of strength. Tall far beyond the usual stature of woman, she possesses beauty of the massive and imposing order adored by sculptors ancient and modern, a superb physique, and a deep and vibrant voice. Added to this an amount of temperament that ranks very close to genius, and a passionate earnestness that sweeps aside all customs and traditions of stage lore in order that she may live for the time being the part she plays, and the promise of interest held out by the coming of Nance O'Neil is great.

In "The Jewess," Miss O'Neil has been accused of overacting and melodramatic effects, as well as of playing the whole piece in such a high key that the climax is deprived of its value. In talking to a San Francisco critic, Miss O'Neil defends her conception of the character of Leah by saying that the forsaken Jewess was the daughter of a passionate race, natural, human, crude, and that she lived in a day when the great human passions of love, hatred and revenge were expressed with a freedom and fire unknown in our colder modern times. To quote Miss O'Neil's own words:

"Think who Leah was, and where she lived, and what there was to rouse her. One may, indeed, tear a passion to tatters. To do so is false art. But one may also be lukewarm, fatuous, insincere. To my mind, the latter is the falser art. Passion should be portrayed passionately, or it becomes hypocrisy."

Hubert Henry Davies, writing in the San Francisco News Letter, says of "The Jewess":

"The part of Leah has undoubtedly some big opportunities for a lurid actress. Ristori was the original heroine of Mosenthal's 'Deborah.' The most famous exponent of the role last generation was, I suppose, Miss Kate Bateman, who played the English version called 'Leah.' Said the London Saturday Review of October 10, 1863: 'Leah' is not the 'tendency drama' that 'Deborah' was when it issued fresh from the hands of Mosenthal, whose dialogue almost looks like a consommé of the Old Testament. On the contrary, the Judical tone is softened, and a few practical expedients bring the work to a more melodramatic level than originally belonged to it. 'The Jewess' is McKee, Rankin's own version of 'Deborah,' how much better or worse than 'Leah,' I cannot say, as I never saw 'Leah,' but it is a dreadful old play."

Still more dreadful, according to the same authority, is "Oliver Twist," of which he remarks that:

"Miss O'Neil's excellent conception of Nancy Sykes is quite the best characterization she has yet given. The character is a good vehicle for an actress of her temperament; it is that of a true woman, and Miss O'Neil understood it, and her rough, forcible gesture was quite the thing, though she played in this, as in everything else, with tremendous over-exertion, not the exertion of Nancy Sykes to rise to her passion, but the exertion of the actress to rise to the passion of Nancy Sykes. But the murder scene is so revolting that it makes 'Oliver Twist' quite unfit for presentation. It exceeds altogether the proper limits of tragedy, as the later Elizabethan plays did, and declines into mere bloody horror. It was not a legitimate dramatic effect which made the people groan and rush out of the theater and sent a woman into hysterics the night I was there; it was merely a sensation of physical disgust at the sight of Nancy with her head battered in, streaming with property gore. There was no audible commotion among the audience until the moonlight was turned on and showed the bloody figure."

The chords struck in the other plays in Miss O'Neil's repertoire are not so harsh. Her power of self-repression in the agony of sublime sacrifice is shown in "Camille," and though her touch is said to be heavy in the earlier part of the play, the last two acts have been called well-nigh matchless in her hands. "True to Life," a play taken directly from the German by McKee Rankin for Miss O'Neil, is the first play in which she attracted attention in New York. It is the story of a daughter's devotion to her convict father, in which the emotionality is quite as deep but less strenuous than in the heavier plays. The other two, "Ingor-mar" and "East Lynne," are familiar to everyone, and the only thing about them of special interest is the possible power and novelty of Miss O'Neil's interpretation of the leading roles.

One of those traditional thuds has been heard in San Francisco theatrical circles during the past week. The Alhambra, after battling with a steady run of misfortunes, closed last Wednesday night. The house was opened two months ago by capitalists of that city, who fancied that a part of the pacto-

lian stream which the Orpheum enjoys might easily be diverted into other channels, hewn out by the aforesaid capitalists. The Alhambra was elaborately fitted up, at a cost of several thousand dollars. But it was a losing game from the start. Patronage was poor. The attractions could not be made to draw. After sinking a sum of money estimated variously at from \$30,000 to \$40,000, the "angels" quit in disgust.

A company of Cuban singers was the last straw that fractured the camel's anatomy. The Chronicle quotes Manager Jackson on the matter as follows:

"There's been a pile of money lost here," said Manager Jackson. "You see we had come to a point when pruning and trimming would do no good, and we just had to take the bull by the horns and barbecue him. Losing money? Yes, at a terrible rate. Public wasn't supporting; show was bum, and there's the plot for a comedy of errors.

"But don't blame me for the Cubans. I was misled. It was told me that they were all right and birds. First time I rehearsed I saw we were up against it. I sawed out the dialogue, amputated everything in sight and then they were off still. Oh, they're the real

are usually objected to. Occasionally they get a hearty reception. That's when its understood that the genuine is not being presented, and the counterfeit is a job well done. All this is apropos of the clever impersonations of stage celebrities, which Pearl Andrews has been giving at the Orpheum during the week. If we cannot, for geographical reasons, ever get a glimpse of Maggie Cline, Vesta Tilley, Ada Rehan, Frank Bush and a host of other notables—then welcome somebody who has the knack of imitating their salient points, and of giving a fairly accurate presentation of their parts, as others and more favored communities see them.

That is one way of looking at the sort of work done by artists like Miss Andrews. The other point of view is like that of the ancient ecclesiastic who, after hearing for the first time a sermon from a woman preacher, said in reply to a query for his opinion of the performance, that he was tremendously surprised, not that the woman had preached so well, but that she had preached at all.

One marvels, perhaps, in the same way after watching the mimicry of Miss Andrews. Her range of subjects is so wide, and the characteristics of the models so very dissimilar, that remarkable versatility, to say the least, is evidently required in successfully impersonating people who stand at such antipodes of position as, say—Ada Rehan and Anna Held.

Only two years have been spent by Miss Andrews as an impersonator, a short time in which to rise from an unknown dancing and chorus girl in the Eden Musee in New York, to the niche she now occupies in vaudeville.

actress is, as a rule, only too glad to get home and rest. And actresses really make good wives and devoted mothers. It is the real type of the actress which Mr. Stewart presents in "Mistakes Will Happen," and not the butterfly who only flits in a chorus for a brief season and then disappears, no one knows where. Dorothy Mayland is the type of true womanhood found in every walk of life.

It's a big jump from Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation and Watts's "find" in the steam engine to a new wrinkle picked up by a team of farce-comedy artists. But still the comparison can be made, and not be so very far fetched either.

It was an apple and a teakettle in the famous cases cited. In the other a rickety chair on the Orpheum stage last Wednesday night furnished the hint for a new piece of "business" in Herbert Cawthorne's act with Susie Forrester. The latter weighs about 300 pounds. Cawthorne is a slim fellow, and as a "finish" to their performance—a lively knockabout affair—Cawthorne literally jumps into the buxom Susie's lap. Wednesday night, the chair used by Miss Forrester during this performance collapsed when the agile Cawthorne bounded into the arms of his companion, and spilled comedian was for a time the most conspicuous feature of the landscape. The people howled themselves hoarse over the sprawling pair on the stage, and finally grew ecstatic over the accident. It was as good as a play to them. In fact, they supposed it was part of the play. Hereafter Cawthorne will provide a chair made rickety to order, and the unintentional sprawl will become a regular finish in "A Damage Suit."

It has come to be a rare week at the Orpheum when announcement is not made of the engagement of some well-known actor or actress from the "legitimate," who has ventured into vaudeville, for honors new and more of the "elegant gilt" than the legitimate will offer its servants. Miss Beatrice Moreland, formerly leading lady with Sol Smith Russell, Rose Coghlan, and latterly of Charles Frohman's forces, is the latest instance in point. She is said to be in many respects like Lillian Burkhart—that is, beautiful, petite, talented and charming to an unusual degree. She has appeared in the big vaudeville houses of New York and Boston with success, and comes here direct from the latter city. She will present a one-act play, "A Game of Golf."

Nothing but words of warmest commendation have been heard of "Jake" Rosenthal's conduct of the Orpheum since the day he assumed its management. The New York Clipper in its latest issue speaks thus of the local vaudeville house and its presiding genius:

"The Orpheum, Los Angeles, Cal., is enjoying the biggest business in its history. Manager Jake Rosenthal, who was imported from Chicago four months ago to handle the house, has apparently succeeded in lifting it to financial success and popular favor. Continuous performances or a larger house are talked of to accommodate the patronage."

De Wolf Hopper is still setting 'em up all around on account of his late experience with the spurious Hayden Coffin, whom he guilelessly presented at the Lambs' Club as the real article. The Lambs are still industriously rubbing it in, and Hopper is besieged with "distinguished" callers. The other evening while in his dressing-room, between the acts of "The Charlatan," Hopper's dresser brought to him a card reading "Theodore Roosevelt." "Show him in!" he cried. Then, becoming cynical, he added: "Be sure that it really is the gubernatorial candidate." Almost immediately there was a powerful knock on the door, and Mr. Roosevelt entered—in the semblance of Buck McIntosh. Other cards sent in within the week to the star bear the familiar names of William McKinley, Edwin Forrest, Disraeli, George Washington, Charles Dickens and George Francis Train. It will be a long time before Hopper has settled convictions as to who it is that wants to see him.

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

Nance O'Neil, supported by the McKee Rankin Company, will give a widely-varied repertoire of plays at the Burbank Theater during the coming week. Her engagement opens tomorrow night with the presentation of "The Jewess," a play adapted from Mosenthal's "Leah, the Forsaken." Tuesday night she will appear in "Camille." At the Wednesday matinee "East Lynne" will be given, with Miss O'Neil in the role of Lady Isabel. "True to Life" is to be put on Wednesday night. Thursday night will see the performance of "Ingor-mar." Friday night has been reserved for the second performance of "The Jewess," and "Camille" will be repeated at the Saturday matinee. "Oliver Twist," with Miss O'Neil in her famous role of Nancy Sykes, will be given Saturday night, and the engagement will close Sunday night with the second performance of "True to Life."

This remarkable programme has been arranged with a view to giving Los Angeles a fair opportunity to judge for itself of the power and versatility of the young California actress. All the plays are emotional; most of them powerful, and it is by her power and emotionality that Nance O'Neil has won her present place on the ladder of fame, rather than by the subtle and finished



"THE CURSE OF LEAH," NANCE O'NEIL AT THE BURBANK.

thing! Regular reconcentration; might go at El Caney, but not here. Today we had a meeting of the stockholders. I put it to them plain. 'You've got to clean out the whole thing,' said I. 'Then we start fresh and we'll have standing room only.' They agreed, and so in about two weeks we will open the doors and give the public what they want. No tragedy, melodrama or heavy business, but vaudeville with a big V."

Mr. and Mrs. George Boniface, Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Rising and Robert Downing and his support tell other tales. They all have contracts with the Alhambra calling for engagements which will not expire from one to two weeks yet, and they resent bitterly being put out sooner. Mrs. Boniface spoke plainly last night on the subject.

"Jackson has treated us badly," said she. "He has been playing a double game. He has known for days that he was going to let us out, and yet pretended differently."

It is hinted that Robert Downing and his four or five supporting people will unite with Rising and others and put on at a local theater a play by Joaquin Miller, which is promised to be proof against any frost from the Alhambra to the Klondike.

Counterfeiting is common. They

art that comes only after long years of training and self-repression.

When Mr. Royle, playing the part of the impudent Count in "Miss Wallet of Wall Street," remarked that he would like to catch the American disease—money—the auditors smiled. It was a hit. A performer will come along some day, and looking out on the Orpheum's packed houses, will casually remark that vaudeville is becoming a disease in America—and that Los Angeles has been infected. There will be truth in that. For, rain or shine, the ten performances a week at the temple of vaudeville attract audiences that test the seating capacity of the house.

There is little doubt that next week's bill will duplicate the success of its predecessors. Miss Beatrice Moreland, an actress better known in the East than on this Coast, is the star of the bill. She is heralded as one of the best importations which vaudeville managers have succeeded in making from the "legitimate." She is supported by a competent company in a comedietta called "A Game of Golf."

An animal act will be added to the programme, which is probably good news for the youngsters. Howard's ponies will provide the diversion in this instance. The usual feats, and some that are said to be entirely new, will be performed by the little horses, under the direction of Mr. Howard.

"The Monarchs of Darktown Aristocracy" are nothing more nor less than the well-known team of colored people, Will Johnson and Dora Dean. They were at the Orpheum a couple of seasons ago, and were well received at that time. Clever cakewalkers, dancers and singers, they are quite certain of

dramas, although she once digressed so far as to play Mother Hambelbaum, the fence, in "The Great Diamond Robbery," a melodrama, which the West was fortunately spared seeing.

Augustus Thomas is writing another play for Stuart Robson. The scenes will be laid in Washington, and Mr. Robson will impersonate a dashing young man, whose friends nominate and elect him to Congress, much against his will.

Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley wrote sixteen plays before she succeeded in having one produced, and the additional information that her new piece which Roland Reed is trying to bring out in Chicago is the twenty-seventh work from her pen. Mrs. Ryley, it will be perceived, is about as industrious as they make them.

Mme. Patti is about to emulate the example of her comic opera rival, the golden diva, by taking a third husband. The prima donna's first venture was Marquis de Caux, the second Signor Nicolini, the third will be Jocelyn Persse. Thus she has gone from a Frenchman to an Italian, and now to an Irishman, thereby competing in cosmopolitanism of taste with Lilian Russell, who had an Englishman, an American and a New Jerseyman. Lilian, however, is on the highway to her fourth, and she is fourteen years younger than Adelina. Miss Russell may be at her sixth or seventh before Mme. Patti can recover from her Irishman, that being a long-lived race, thriving on whisky and including many centenarians.

Robert Taber has won the only distinction that two London failures could afford, although in each instance he



PEARL ANDREWS AT THE ORPHEUM.

renewed popularity next week. Their act is said to be new. Miss Pearl Andrews will, barring illness, give an entirely new set of character impersonations during the coming week, among these being her most popular effort—an imitation of Maggie Cline, with the song so closely associated with Cline—"Throw Him Down, Mc-Closkey!"

Cawthorne and Forrester will introduce new songs in their act; other holdovers are Pearl Mulvey and Lizzie Inman, dancers; Fritz Sells and Emmie Young, comedy acrobats; and Lew Hawkins, monologist.

#### PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Denman Thompson is writing a third play with Uncle Josh Whitcomb as the central figure.

Minnie Dupree, who once played the slatternly "Elizabeth in 'In Mizzouri'" with absolute perfection, is now in the vaudeville houses with a one-act piece called "Dr. Deborah's Wooing."

Mme. Judic, the clever and merry French comedienne, who was such a favorite when she visited New York years ago, is coming to America again this autumn, to appear this time in vaudeville.

An entirely new and original play by Anthony Hope and Edward Rose is to be the feature of the opening of the London Court Theater. The report that a dramatization of "Simon Dale" would be presented was incorrect.

A philanthropic theatrical manager at Copenhagen has introduced a novel feature. He is to give free performances for working men once a month. The tickets are distributed to laboring men through their guilds or unions.

In Mme. Janauschek's adoption of a vaudeville career the last blow has fallen. It has generally been considered that Mme. Janauschek was the most "legitimate" of all "legitimate" players, for her name is identified with the heaviest roles of the most serious

was associated with the best names of the English stage. In "Peter the Great," with Irving, he made an impression where every one else failed. Now in Forbes-Robertson's production of "Macbeth," which has not brought distinction to Robertson or to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the honors go to Taber.

Miss Viola Allen's debut as a star in Hall Caine's new play, "The Christian," is the greatest legitimate hit scored in many years. Not only has Miss Allen's acting as Glory Quayle proved a revelation in dramatic art, but also a revelation as to her ability. She has been looked upon for some years as the most talented of the younger actresses in America, and as one who would some day make her mark. She has done so in this piece, which has given her the opportunity to display the unusual range of her art, the part not only requiring skillful interpretation in light comedy, but also in very strong heroic situations.

Apparently the attempt of the impudent Augustin Daly to steal a march on Mr. Mansfield is not a success, for his production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has fallen flat, even in Philadelphia, where the critics and the public are able to swallow with gusto anything in the shape of dramatic "scrapple" that may wander their way. It is said that Miss Ada Rehan makes Roxane more of a comedy role than the heroine of a romantic melodrama. It is pleasant to note, however, that with only thirteen days to study the part, Charles Ricaman succeeded in making a good impression in the very unsuitable role of Cyrano. In professional circles, where abide many actors, authors and managers who have encountered Mr. Daly in his great character of morality's champion—especially in regard to the rights of translation and production of foreign plays—I fear the spectacle of Mr. Daly pirouetting upon the back of a purloined white elephant will excite unholly glee!

## "THE TURTLE." THAT DARING FRENCH PLAY AND OTHERS OF ITS KIND.

From the *New York Journal*.

ONE of the most-talked-about plays of the season is the startling French comedy, which has been made notorious by the disrobing act of Sadie Martinot. It has been denounced almost universally by the critics; the press has clamored for a censor to suppress it, and the people have gone in droves to see it. Here is what Arthur McEwen says about it, and, incidentally, what he says about the quality of public taste upon which it battens with others of its kind:

"The Turtle" is a gross disappointment to the moralist who, having read about it, goes prepared to be shocked.

He is shocked, certainly, but not within a hundred volts of what he might be, were not a thousand opportunities for scandalizing him thoughtfully sacrificed by the management.

It would make a Frenchman weep to see New York's "Turtle." The French have no morals of our kind, which we use mainly to annoy ourselves where the drama is concerned, like the proper grown-up nasty little boys and girls that we are.

The Frenchman not only is without morals, but is glad of it. So he makes turtles with his pen, lets them range freely over his stage, and laughs at them till he aches. But he takes the precaution to lock his young women up. Unmarried girls don't go to see "The Turtle" in France—not if they would be thought as respectable as the young ladies who see "The Turtle" in New York undoubtedly are.

Without morals for himself, the Frenchman keeps a large supply of them on hand for female consumption, the wretch! In which the immoral Frenchman, strange to say, is very like our moral selves.

Not being a dramatic critic, and therefore having no responsibility for the souls of the people who have the theater-going habit, I'm free to say that when I saw "The Turtle" the other night, my heart went out to the manager and the actors. They presented an indecent thing with a decency which proved their entire consciousness of its indecency—a degree of intelligence and sensitiveness denied the smiling, sniggering, roaring and applauding audience.

And half the audience was made up of women, most of them young and unmarried, and many mere girls. Where do these unashamed Eves come from? Where are they grown? Is modesty the unpolished forbidden fruit on the star tree of their Eden? They were well dressed, too, and knew enough to take their hats off, and no doubt went to the restaurant after the theater and cackled coyly of "The Turtle" to their arch and rallying escorts.

Mr. Comstock has not interfered with "The Turtle," but if he has beheld it he must have gone into executive session and communed with himself. Before he acts in this or like cases, Mr. Comstock should take into consideration some things which he and his kind are prone to overlook. The fault is not all with the theaters by a good deal.

Manager Brady, for example. He is a man. He has associated all his life with prizefighters who, whatever their faults, are masculine. There is no masculinity in the taste which demands and pays for indecency on the stage.

Manager Brady, being a man and a sport, does not, I venture to think, like to stage Turtles. Why does he do it, then? For strictly business reasons—the same as induce other business men to mix coffee with chicory and whisky with syrup. The public likes adulteration.

Miss Martinot can't enjoy undressing on the stage or doing the other things that bring success to the piece and her salary to her. The actors, surely, are not proud of playing at being Frenchmen. I distinctly saw Mr. Kennedy blush.

In brief, "The Turtle" is on the New York stage because it pays to put there.

That is not a justification, but an explanation.

Should the public be allowed to get what it wants always?

Certainly not. Let the public have its way and "The Turtle" would presently become, by comparison with other immediately forthcoming plays, a chaste entertainment.

The public needs Mr. Comstock's attention. It is wicked in itself, and the cause of wickedness in managers.

This also is an explanation and not a justification for Mr. Brady.

But where shall the line be drawn, and who shall draw it?

In searching for the answer, let Mr. Comstock be scientific. Let him avoid the a priori assumptions of the innate moralist and interrogate facts for wisdom that shall yield practicable rules of action.

Let him study this public that likes "The Turtle" and pays the stage to debase itself till people of delicacy would as soon spend an evening in the company of roistering outcasts as to attend any one or half a dozen theaters in the town. The Tenderloin has overflowed into the playhouses and

echo with the jests and shouts of the Mohawks and suggest the social life and midnight amusements of Will Honeyman in Mr. Addison's "Spectator."

But it is an error to suppose that it is the Tenderloin that asks for and makes profitable the Tenderloin drama. The Tenderloin being in possession of the substance naturally doesn't hanker much for the shadow. Men of free lives are often men of clean tastes in directions to which self-indulgence and fun do not invite. They don't care to see the chorus cavorting, being personally acquainted with the houris who fascinate the very young and very old gentlemen in the auditorium. Vice has no glamour for the rounder, and he will show disgust for things on the stage that men of better lives guffaw at—and apparently decent women, too. The Tenderloin knows all about the Tenderloin, and would rather see something besides itself on the boards.

But the country merchant out for a time, the poor clerk, the plump youth, the curious girl, the fagged middle-aged woman—to all these the Tenderloin is the devil's fairyland. Men and women without the means or the bad courage to be of wicked behavior, the believing soul from Nantucket and New Jersey who credits what he reads of metropolitan gayety and wants a glimpse of it—these buy tickets for "The Turtle" and contribute largely toward insuring the reign of tights and undressed, depressing dirt.

How shall managers be saved from the public, and the public from itself and the managers?

Those who have been fed on Turtle in all its theatrical forms may go their way, male and female, as God made them. But the young are here and the theaters open for their corruption—paid to keep open by their elders and themselves. The young are worth saving from pollution, especially the half of them who are to be the mothers of their successors.

With the exception of Mr. Comstock and Dr. Parkhurst and Col. Roosevelt, few have anything more substantial than moral sentiments to go upon. These sentiments, though good for conversational and literary purposes, seldom serve to keep us out of mischief when the time comes. Nevertheless they inspire us with a great and genuine solicitude for the well-being of the ladies. Like the Frenchman who has no morals himself, we are anxious that the girls reserved for wives shall be guarded from evil knowledge—that they shall be kept from finding the world out as long as possible.

Man is marvelously virtuous by proxy. He is more modest for woman than she is for herself—much more.

And he is to be honored for that, not sneered at—by the cynic. The flower of purity grows amid the weeds of masculine conduct. That is the moral distinction between man and the gorilla.

The stage is befouled by the public and the young are befouled by the stage. Custom ends by sanctioning all things. Note the décolleté gown. Girls brought up on the theater, as we have it, may be rendered secure by induration, but a delicate complexion is to be preferred to a toughened hide. The young man doesn't matter so much. He can take his chances and be fumigated and repaired, and be nearly as good as new for all practical business, political, social and domestic purposes. But it is not to be wished that even he should marry the kind of girl who is habituated to the Turtle drama.

Prohibition being a failure in pink tights and peignoir, what's the matter with high license, or its equivalent?

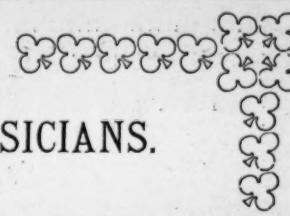
I propose a theater for the production of the bawdy drama, and nothing else, and its rigid exclusion from all the other New York playhouses.

The freedom of the stage is as sacred as the freedom of the press, but the police power is a living and necessary fact.

If Mr. Comstock will stop advertising objectionable literature by his protests and turn in with his reforming broom, not to sweep the stage clean, but to get the dirt all into one heap, he will have a mighty power behind him—the power of that part of the public who know what is right, even if they don't find it agreeable to do right. That is to say, the average man who is a man will back Mr. Comstock's play, Mr. Brady, who gives "The Turtle," and Mr. Frohman, who makes "The Conquerors," and Mr. Jack, who makes a specialty of the world as it was before the fall, and all the managers who are regularly or occasionally in the ancient business of the pander for business reasons, would doubtless willingly join the movement for their own and the theater's emancipation from degradation. If not, they should be forced.

As for the Turtle-loving public, slow years and want of opportunity will be needed for its education to a mental plane on which vileness will appear.

For reasons not made public Virginia Harned (Mrs. E. H. Sothern) will soon retire from her husband's company to take a good long rest and then to go a-starring in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which Mr. Sothern will soon abandon to play D'Artagnan in the new version of "The Three Musketeers," made by Henry Hamilton.



## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

[All contributions to this column must hereafter reach the Times office not later than Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.]

THE inevitable has come to pass. That which was foretold four years ago has transpired. The big managers in New York, with one or two notable exceptions, have placed Los Angeles on the black list. They refuse to book their musical attractions here, because they have been bitten, financially, once too often here. It isn't because it is a "jay town." They, one and all, like the town; the artists they have brought have only praise for the place—but the people! and they raise their eyebrows, shrug their shoulders, extend their hands, palm up, and say: "What will you? Why should we travel hundreds of miles, to find empty chairs, no receipts worth mentioning, and our trouble for our pains? There are thousands of towns with not a quarter of the population Los Angeles has, much nearer the center of things, where we meet with pronounced artistic and financial success. We are not in this business for our health! We are not philanthropists, trying to educate the public taste! We offer attractions that we know are first-class because we have the endorsement of the best critics on two continents; we play to full houses everywhere but in Los Angeles. When we present the same attractions, in the same way there, we play to a handful of people. It isn't worth the trouble, the time, the nervous and physical wear and tear of making the journey to play to a 'small, but appreciative,' audience, and the better the article offered there, the smaller the support is. Nay, nay. Until your people either educate themselves up to the kind of thing we have to give them—until their pride is aroused, and for the sake of the reputation of their town, if not for their own enjoyment, they give us the patronage to which we are entitled, and get elsewhere, we will stay away. We can stand it if they can. They are the only ones that suffer, for our time is filled with engagements in places where the people have enough sense to support a first-class attraction, even if they don't take a personal of individual enjoyment in the performance, for the sake of saving their town from becoming a laughing stock to the world as a place where only a three-ringed circus, or a freak of some kind can draw, as, in short, a hot-bed of mediocrity and inane indifference, if not of down-right ignorance." That is what the managers say, and who, with truth, can dare contradict them? Think of the artists, and the word is used reverently, and in its best sense, the singers and players of world-wide celebrity who have come here and been met by a scattered hundred or so of people to represent population of a hundred thousand, not in one instance, but over and over again. Take the Kneisel Quartette, that superb organization who play to packed houses season after season in all the eastern cities. Last year they went across the pond, and both in England and on the continent, where there are many similar organization that more nearly rank with them in an artistic way than anything in America, they met with instant recognition, unqualified success everywhere. They returned to America, and ventured across the continent. Played at Simpson Tabernacle, and they played to a ridiculously, humiliatingly small audience. For one or two, or half dozen seasons, Los Angeles thrived on its reputation of having more intellect and culture to the square inch than any other place in the West. Artists came, met with failure and left, and their managers said: "Your cultivated people are very exclusive—they didn't come out even for my attraction." Later, the managers remarked: "I'm not so sure about the cultivation in your population," and finally, last season, one, who has twenty-five years of managerial experience behind him, with all kinds of attractions, and in every part of the globe, left saying: "This is my last trip. I don't think—I know—that there are more d—fools in Los Angeles than in any other place of its size I have ever encountered on the footstool."

What is as bad, or worse than having eastern managers taboo Los Angeles, is the fact that the local managers are losing heart and patience with the apathy of the public for things musical. If they, too, become discouraged what is to be the end? Take the symphony concerts, for instance. It is pathetic as well as ludicrous to hear the excuses—for they cannot be dignified with the term "reasons"—that are given by some of the well-known and popularly supposed public-spirited merchants when approached with the subscription list. One man says: "Give me a rain and cooler weather, (he is a dealer in street habiliments, never mind whether for men or women,) and I will give you two subscriptions." Another asks if there are to be piano solos at all the concerts, for his daughters take piano lessons and "don't

care for orchestra music;" a third professes a boundless enthusiasm for harp playing, and compromises when told that there may be harp solos at some of the concerts, by saying he won't subscribe, but "will attend those concerts where the harp is played." And so on, ad infinitum. The fact that in every city in these United States where a symphony orchestra has obtained the slightest foothold, the advance sale of seats has met with unprecedented and enthusiastic response from the public this season; notwithstanding the established and recognized advantages in limitless directions that a symphony orchestra creates and maintains in a place, most of the good citizens of Los Angeles ignore them all and seem to derive the full enjoyment they crave from music from the peripatetic amateur concert, the ubiquitous exponent of the coon song, and the fierce and unblushing pupils recital, which, like the other poor, is "always with us." Yet, in spite of all these obstacles, notwithstanding the depressing handicap of existing conditions, the management is pushing valiantly ahead, encouraged by the subscriptions that do come in, and having faith that their conscientious efforts will do for the public, that which in the abstract it seems so little desirous of doing for itself; and unless some unforeseen event interferes, the attempt will be made, and the first concert of the season of 1898-1899 will be given by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra at the Los Angeles theater on or about November 15. It isn't that this effort is not meeting with success; it is rather that it is not meeting with the success it deserves, for all concerned, musicians and public.

Then there is J. T. Fitzgerald. Who has tried harder at this end toward providing the best in the way of the world's virtuosi for the delectation of the alleged lovers of good music? Yet even he is beginning to be faint-hearted as to the outlook for even this coming season. Think of the wonderful opportunities, oh you students of piano, violin and voice, and oh you teachers of the same, that the East is to be surprised with this year in the shape of Rosenthal, Sauer, Carreno, Aus der Ohe, Siloti, Ysaye, Helmont, Gerardy and a number of others, all great. Some of these are coming west as far as San Francisco, but how many of them, think you, will be induced to cover the intervening 500 miles? Rosenthal's manager, on being approached by Mr. Fitzgerald, replied: "Guarantee me \$1000 a concert and I will come. I have heard of your town, or words to that effect. And Mr. Fitzgerald says "I simply don't dare make a guarantee like that for a mere man; a musician, a great artist to be sure, but what is that here? If he were a freak of some kind it might be possible, but as it is I frankly admit I don't dare do it." The "notable exceptions" in the way of managers referred to above, who have not as yet put Los Angeles "on the black list," are Victor Thrane and R. E. Johnstone. The latter is touring Emil Sauer, the very great piano virtuoso. Mr. Johnstone's dates for this part of the world are as yet uncertain; even the north is not settled upon, but shortly after the new year, probably, Sauer will reach the Coast. Thrane has under his management the wonderful boy violinist, Jerome Helmont. He, too, will give one or two concerts here in January, and on the manner in which Los Angeles greets these two artists greatly depends the future attitude of Messrs. Johnstone and Thrane. Shall they be allowed to join the majority, or shall a tardy response from the public encourage them to return, and by their faith in us compel the other managers to change their opinion of the musical culture and artistic capacity of the metropolis of "God's country?"

Miss Anna Virginia Metcalf will give her song recital at the Los Angeles Theater on the evening of Wednesday, November 2, instead of on the date heretofore announced. The concert will be given under the patronage of some of the best-known music lovers in the city, and she has selected one of her best programmes for her réentrée here after an extended foreign tour. Miss Metcalf is a talented singer, and is well equipped for her profession. Her voice, which is naturally strong and sympathetic, has been trained under the best masters, both in this country and in Europe, including Vanniini, Henschel, Shakespeare, and Randegger, the famous teacher of oratorio. Miss Metcalf has a large repertoire of French, German and Italian dramatic arias and oratorios, and has won wide popularity by her rendition of English, Irish and Scotch ballads and national folksongs. Miss Metcalf's voice is a pure soprano, rich and sympathetic in quality, of wide range and power, and her artistic training is manifest in everything she sings.

All who enjoyed the artistic musical treat of Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel last season, will look forward with

pleasure to the Ballad Recitals which will be given the latter part of November in Simpson Tabernacle, by Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich and Miss Julia Heinrich. That this trio of singers rank with the Henschels, and by some critics are said to surpass those delightful artists, is certainly a guarantee of superb work in their line. They are Boston artists, and the most captious critics in eastern cities accord them highest praise. They are now in San Francisco, where also most flattering press notices follow each performance. The definite dates, with their programmes, will be announced in this column in due time.

Katherine Krieg (Mrs. Carl Martens) will be the beneficiary of a concert to be given at the Fitzgerald Recital Hall, Tuesday evening, November 1. Besides a number of solos by Mrs. Martens, whose clever work will be remembered in the light operas given during the summer at the Los Angeles Theater, the following talent will assist in presenting a varied programme: Misses Lilian Scanlon, Alice Eaton, Grace M. Sargent; Messrs. Edward Quinlan, Carl Thrower and C. S. de Lano; the Angeleto Quartette, young Louis Angelotti and Carlyle Petersilea will, besides contributing some piano solos, assist as accompanist to the singers.

In a personal letter to Gen. H. G. Otis from Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, under date of October 1, 1898, that conscientious and rising young artist says: "I am very sorry I will not be in Los Angeles this year to give a concert for our boys, but we will try and make up for it when I return to California next summer. It is my intention, as you know, to give a benefit every year toward aiding in the support of the Newsboys' Home. You will be glad to know that I am meeting with great success in London. I am engaged to sing 'The Creation' at Queen's Hall on the 9th of October. Will have a great many engagements in England. I cannot tell you how I long for dear California; if it were not for my profession I would never live in any other country. California is certainly the heaven of the earth."

A violinist, who promises to be a distinct and very valuable acquisition to musical circles here, is S. W. Jennison, a pupil of Franz Kneisel, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Jennison has recently come to this Coast with the intention of locating here, if conditions, as he meets them, warrant him in so doing. With this end in view, Mr. Jennison will give an introductory recital at the Fitzgerald Music Hall sometime during the latter part of November.

### MUSICAL MELANGE.

The New York Evening Post tells an amusing story of an experience of Snelzelle when he began his career as an opera singer, which will remind many of other baritones who have tried to sing "The Creation." He had started on his career as a bank clerk, but after he had, in a fit of forgetfulness, left a thousand sovereigns on the counter of the Bank of England—fortunately they were not stolen—he concluded that he had missed his vocation, and tried his luck as a singer. He got along very well in Glasgow as Mephistopheles in "Faust," and was then engaged to sing in Haydn's "Creation." Unfortunately, the passage with "sinuous trace the worm" was several notes too low for his compass. It happened, however, that the violinist in the company had an abnormally low bass voice. A low D was nothing to him. "You leave it to me," said the obliging violinist. "Open your mouth and I'll give the note." This was done. Mr. Snelzelle turned his back to the audience at the critical moment, and a tremendous low D rang throughout the hall, whereupon there was tumultuous applause, and the singer had an encore.

The decision in the case of "La Bohème" will be heard with interest if it settles the question of unauthorized performances of operas in this country, says the Sun. Nobody disputes the necessity of the enlargement of the repertoire customary here, and the need of new works, which, in spite of the indifference of the public might ultimately be found, who could afford to continue to give them. But the need of the new works does not excuse their performance in unauthorized and mutilated editions, without the orchestral scores and the means to perform the work so as really to show in quality. That is unluckily the fashion in which many new works are first made known here, and the unfortunate composers who are thus introduced to a strange public have not even the satisfactory reward of royalties as a balm to their feelings. Many operas are sung in this country on which no royalties are paid, merely because such payments cannot be enforced, and some operas are not sung here because the royalties are high and collected by men who see to it that they are paid. This is a double injustice to the composer, who not only gets nothing for his work, but is also presented to a new public under circumstances which make it impossible that he will derive any credit. If "La Bohème," to take the case in point, is to be sung here, it should be given as Giacomo Puccini wrote it and as Mme. Melba expects to give it. That would be

better for the composer, the public and everybody else except those who want to sing the opera without permission. No one would pretend that the performances of Puccini's operas last year at Wallack's accomplished much for anybody.

[New York Sun:] Before the last season of opera at the Metropolitan one name was in the mouth of nearly every prima donna who returned to this country for the season. Emma Eames, Nellie Melba, Fella Litvinne, Lillian Nordica—all of these had been studying the Wagner roles under the direction of Herr Kneise of Bayreuth. The latest singer who has gone to study under Herr Kneise is Marcella Sembrich, who is just now in the little Bavarian town studying the Bayreuth traditions of "Die Meistersinger," in which she will this year sing "Evechen" for the first time in German. If Adelina Patti were younger she might be expected as the final recruit of the Bayreuth school. Mme. Sembrich, hitherto the great mistress of florid, singing, has gone to the fountainhead of Wagnerism to study the role of roles, to which she has never before devoted herself. But this does not mean that she has fallen a victim to an ambition toward roles to which she is not adapted. She will not attempt the Brunnhildes or Isolides. Her own art is too peerless for her to attempt triumphs in other spheres. Her explanation of her sojourn in Bayreuth is that New Yorkers are so exacting and know Wagner so well that they are satisfied only with the best, and that no effort should be neglected which could contribute to the excellence of a performance. Another reason, well known for some time, for her visit is that Mme. Cosima Wagner is attempting to persuade Mme. Sembrich to share with Emma Eames the role of Eva at Bayreuth at the next festival.

"The Queen's Musketeers," which is again a great Parisian success, was first brought out at the Opera Comique, when Halevy was distinctly down on his luck. Indeed, he was counting upon the success of his new work as a means of getting his affairs into order again, says T. P. O'Connor in the London Sun. He had taken the very greatest care with it, eliminating every phase and every bar that smacked of the commonplace. Especially—and here lies the whole point of the story—he had been at infinite pains to avoid repeating himself, and to strike out every motif that might lead his critics to accuse him of plagiarism from his former operas. The rehearsals went capitally; the artists were delighted with their parts. Everything foretold success. One day, as Halevy left the theater after rehearsal, and took a stroll along the boulevard, he heard somebody whistling a tune near him. He listened in amazement, for it was a tune that he recognized only too well. Heavens! it was just the air of the song which he had written for Capitaine Roland in his new piece. Unconsciously he had been composing from memory. He went up to the whistler, a worthy workman, who was still continuing his tune, and asked him what on earth he was whistling.

"My friend, you are surprised," said the man, "and no wonder. Do you know that there is not another man in the streets of Paris who could whistle that tune?"

"Why?"

"Because it is a song that nobody knows yet."

"Indeed?"

"Certainly, because it is in the new piece that they are rehearsing in the Opera Comique."

"A-a-a-ah!" said Halevy, with a deep sigh of relief. "But how on earth is it that you know it?"

"Well, because I was putting up a partition yesterday in the opera-house—I am a joiner by trade, you know—while the song was being sung."

"The deuce!" said Halevy, "I did not think it could be learned so easily. Look here, my friend, there is a louis for you, and do not whistle it any more."

"Why?"

"Because I am the author of it."

"Oh," said the musical carpenter. And as the composer went away the workman muttered to himself:

"He is a queer fish. Why didn't he give me the f.20 to keep on whistling it?"

The consensus of critical opinion seems to indicate that "The Charlatan" is the best thing Sousa has done in the operatic line. He has struck an easy, graceful style, repressed almost throughout, and the magnificent march, which brings down the second curtain, fits in so nicely that its strains set your foot a-tapping before you fairly realize what is coming. Other really delightful musical numbers are "Orange Blossoms," "Seventh Son of a Seventh Son," and "Meditation," the words of the latter also being exceedingly clever. Indeed, Mr. Klein has written a very acceptable libretto, the chief merit being its clearness, and it is not lacking in witty lines. The scenes in "The Charlatan" are laid in Russia, and the time is supposed to be the beginning of the nineteenth century. A peripetetic professor of the black art figures as the most important personage on the stage. He is, of course, "The Charlatan." And he possesses a winsome daughter, who proves an important character, too. She is palmed off by her father as a genuine princess, and while masquerading as such fascinates a young noble.

man, who is bent upon winning her as his wife. After the usual vicissitudes attending young lovers, the nuptials are solemnized. Soon afterward the bride and her father are placed in a most disagreeable position, their imposition having been exposed. They and a number of aiders are dealt with rigorously by an inflexible potentate, who is acting for the Czar. There are many funny situations, which afford those in the cast abundant opportunity to sing and act. Much vitality is infused in the play, and there are no lapses of prolixity to make the audience tired. The character of the strolling necromancer is taken by De Wolf Hopper, and to say that he makes the most of the part is giving him but scant praise. The next most important character is the daughter of the charlatan, personated by Nella Bergen, who has free scope for the display of her lyric art and histrionic ability. Her singing was so effective as to win repeated encores. The other characters were well sustained. Now for a few words touching Mr. Sousa's work. The score shows all the fascinating dash and spirit which characterize most of the "March King's" compositions. The strength of the opera seems well distributed, it being hard to determine which of the acts is the best. The songs in the first and second acts made pronounced hits and were encored. Some of these will soon become popular. The ensemble numbers in the second and third acts are certainly equal to anything in this line yet accomplished by the composer. Some of the choruses are exceptionally fine. And it should be mentioned that the orchestration is very effective. "The Charlatan" is beyond question the best thing Sousa has yet done, and is destined for a long run.

## NOTES.

"Cinderella," an opera written by Massenet five years ago, is to be sung in Paris.

Reginald de Koven's new opera, "The Three Dragoons," will be produced in New York in January.

Tom Karl, at one time one of the chief figures of the Bostonians, is now a hotelkeeper at Martha's Vineyard.

Renaud, a French baritone, has been engaged by Cosima Wagner to sing Amfortas in "Parsifal" at Bayreuth next summer.

Van Dyck, Vienna's great tenor, signed his contract with Mr. Grau for forty-three performances in America. He will be accompanied by his friend Karl Armbruster, who will repeat in his Wagner lectures, which attracted much attention in London.

It has long been known that for advertising purposes the pulpit is even superior to the press. In Montrose, Eng., a few weeks ago, three ministers out of fifteen, protested against "the public desecration of the Lord's day by a musical band playing on the links," though the programmes always included several hymn tunes. The result of the protest was that instead of fifty listeners the band had an audience of 3000 at its next concert.

Mr. Chadwick's "Lily Nymph," which was given at Worcester last week, is commended very highly. The New York Times says: "The 'Lily Nymph' abounds in comprehensible melody, and it is written with considerable regard for the limitations in human voice. Although its choruses are seemingly complete, they are not difficult, for each part is eminently easy of execution. It is altogether a lovely work."

Sada, the so-called "hypnotic violiniste," is to begin an American tour at New York December 11. Sada's performances have been highly spoken of by the European critics. One writer says of her playing: "By what charm this strange child exerts such a peculiar power the critics cannot describe. As soon as the notes of her violin steal through the house, strange lethargy seizes the audience, and they drop into a waking slumber."

[New York Evening Post:] Of all orchestral pieces known, the most popular today is the "Tannhauser" overture, which the popular Mendelssohn once conducted in Leipzig as a "warning example." In London, some years ago, when a vote was taken for a "request programme," this overture led all others by several hundred votes; and a few weeks ago, when a vote was taken at a promenade concert, the same overture again headed the procession, followed by Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony," a selection from Verdi's "Trovatore," and Grieg's first "Peer Gynt" suite. Evidently the musical atmosphere of London is becoming much more bracing than it used to be.

[New York Post:] "The notion that great singers grow only in warm climates is flatly contradicted by the fact that cold Sweden produced Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson, besides Sigrid Arnoldson and Marie Petersen, and that the two most eminent American prima donnas of our time Mme. Nordica (Lillian Norton) and Emma Eames were born and brought up in the coldest of our Eastern States—Maine. Cold climates, too, have produced most of the good music we have. Italy is the only warm country that has done anything great for music, and Italy is surpassed not only by Germany, but France, and also by Russia, at least in orchestral music and in folk-song. In folk-song not only Russia, but Norway and Sweden are far ahead of Italy. The spirit of Norwegian folk-song has been happily transplanted to our concert halls in the charmingly exotic compositions of Grieg, while Swedish song was made familiar to all the world by Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson."

## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Collected for The Times.

## A Bright Dog.

D R. N. E. JONES, in "The Squirrel Hunters of Ohio," tells a story of Archos, a good little cocker spaniel, who followed him and worked with him for eight summers in field and forest. To the industry and sagacity of this little creature is due no small part of the success of a work entitled "Illustrations of the Nests and Eggs of Birds in Ohio."

Many of the small, rare birds build on or near the ground, in thick cover, and these nests Archos was especially valuable in finding. He knew the object of pursuit quite as well as his master, and would stand firmly beside him, pointing until his master could attend to the case.

He evidently knew the meaning of almost all the words used in ordinary conversation, and could transact business for which an order had been given him with admirable accuracy.

Out one day quail shooting with a friend, Dr. Jones sat down in a shady corner to rest. The little dog was there, panting with heat, and evidently enjoying the interval as much as his master. Suddenly the friend's voice came from the other side of a large field:

"Send Archos over here. I have a dead bird and my dog can't find it." Archos paid no attention, but lay still, taking his well-earned rest.

"Archos," said his master, in a conversational tone. Archos ceased panting and fixed his great dark eyes on the speaker.

"Ed has lost a dead bird. He can't find it. You go out there and get it."

Off the little fellow started through the tall ragweed which covered the field, and quite unknown to the other man over there, went to work. He scented the dead bird, brought it back and laid it at his master's feet, wagging his tail and smiling, as much as to say:

"I'd like to tell you how nicely that was done, but I can't talk—or I dare not!"—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

## Couldn't "Rattle" This Witness.

A HORSE from a livery stable died soon after being returned, and the person who hired it was sued for damages. The question turned largely upon the reputation of the defendant as a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lanky stable boy.

"How does the defendant usually ride?"

"A-straddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer. "I mean does he usually, walk, or trot, or gallop?"

"Well," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse he walks; when he rides a trotin' horse he trots; and when he rides a gallopin' horse he gallops; when —"

The lawyer was now angry.

"I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes—fast or slow?"

"Well," said the witness, "when his company rides fast, he rides fast; and when his company rides slow, he rides slow."

"Now, I want to know," said the lawyer, very much exasperated, "how does the defendant ride when he's alone?"

"Well," said the witness, very slowly, and more meditatively than ever, "when he's alone I'm not there, so I don't know."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

## Were not Fresh.

WAITERS in Parisian restaurants always have an answer ready. Zola, the novelist, had noticed this fact, and according to the London Figaro, made use of it in perpetrating a joke.

"Bring me a sphinx a la Marengo," he said to a waiter.

"I am sorry to say they are out," was the answer.

"What, no more sphinx!" exclaimed Zola, in a tone of indignant surprise.

The waiter stepped close to the chair, and whispered:

"The truth is, we have some, monsieur, but I don't care to serve them to you, as they are not quite fresh."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## Dr. Wenyon's Notable Patient.

WHEN Dr. Wenyon, the famous medical missionary, went to China many years ago, he had to combat a great deal of prejudice against the practice of his profession. However, many patients came to him and he made many cures, but some of the Chinese literati jealously instigated an opposition hospital to Wenyon's, equipped with all the facilities for the practice of medicine, according to Chinese etiquette.

A staff of Celestial doctors administered the drugs. The place was called "the hall of ten thousand virtues," but somehow they did not assist the cures. In fact, it came to be

## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Collected for The Times.

a case of going to Wenyon's for a cure and to the "ten thousand virtues" for a coffin.

One day there came to the missionary a stately gentleman, a learned man belonging to the upper classes, having a painful disorder needing surgical treatment. He hired a private room, was operated on, and in a fortnight he was well. He had not told who he was, but before he went away he said to the doctor:

"You might like to know who I am, and I want to tell you, because I am so grateful for being cured of this terrible disease. I am the head physician of the hall of ten thousand virtues."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

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## Philanthropic Sue.

EUGENE SUE, the French author, used to visit almost daily one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Mme. de D—, and hold forth in her richly fashioned boudoir on the conditions of the poor. "Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Mme. de D—, at the close of one of these harangues. "To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "but though my gifts are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed; I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

That afternoon as he left the Café de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, poorly clad, came up to him and begged earnestly for charity. "Go away," was the stern reply. "But I am starving; give me a single copper to buy bread with." "I will give you in charge of the police if you continue to annoy me." "You will," said the beggar, "and Monsieur Sue, you are the man who writes about the miseries of the poor; you are the workingman's champion, are you?" "Who are you?" exclaimed Sue. "Mme. de D—, was the reply, and the distinguished lady stepped into her carriage, which was waiting, and left the author to his reflections.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

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## A Kindly King.

KING FREDERICK VI of Denmark, while traveling through Jutland, one day entered a village school and found the children lively and intelligent and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar and Christian V."

Just then a little girl, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the King.

"Yes—Frederick VI."

"What great act did he perform?"

The girl hung her head and stammered, "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the King; "I don't know, either."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

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## A Quick-witted Prince.

RECENT article in a French magazine upon famous diplomats and their wives, relates a neat little anecdote of how Prince Clemens Metternich, when Austrian Chancellor of State, once slipped out of a difficulty that threatened to be quite a formidable one.

His wife, the erratic Princess Melanie, had grievously offended the French Ambassador, the Count de Falhault, by the abruptness and discourtesy with which, in one of her moods of whimsical ill temper, she had chosen to treat him.

Her tongue was notably sharp, and some of her remarks stung so deeply that the aggrieved official went formally to her husband to complain of her, asserting that he could not, in his

No truer words were ever said. It actually removes the outer cuticle and with it all discolorations and coaxes to the surface a fresh, new skin as soft and transparent as an infant's.

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is a positive CURE for tan, freckles, liver mole, moth patches, etc., and has stood the test for years.

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sell it, or will get it. If you can't obtain it, send 50c for full sized jar, 10c for sample jar, or stamp for literature to Anita Cream Adv. Bureau,

37 Phillips Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Without a Rival.

As a preventive of baldness, dandruff, falling hair, etc., Cub's Celebrated Hair Tonic has no equal. This is purely a vegetable compound, free from all poisonous matter. Use no other. Sold by all druggists. Hoppestand & Co., 110 West Third St., Gen. Agents.

quality of Ambassador, submit to such insulting treatment.

Prince Metternich was not at all disconcerted. With a genially apologetic shrug, but in a tone of voice expressive of the most gallant devotion to his consort, he exclaimed:

"What would you have, my dear Count? I met the Princess; I loved her; I have married her, but it is not I who brought her up!"

There was no further trouble; but if the Prince's answer was both quick-witted and diplomatic, it was certainly somewhat hard upon his mother-in-law.

## The Men With Brains.

"A MAN with brains can afford to do odd things and wear poor clothes," says the Kansas City Journal. "Gen. Archie Williams was on a train going up Pike's Peak one day last summer. At the half-way house he got off and purchased a big basket of violets at an expense of \$10. Returning to the train he presented each lady with a beautiful bouquet, though all of the ladies were strangers. By and by the husband of one of the ladies came back from the smoking car, and she said to him: 'I think this is the nicest railroad I ever rode on. That brakeman over there gave every one of us a lovely bouquet.'"

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## Draeli's Puff.

A LADY who was his constant friend and benefactor, begged Lord Beaconsfield to read Mallock's first book and say something civil about it. The Prime Minister replied with a groan: "Ask me anything, dear lady, except this. I am an old man. Do not make me read your young friend's romances."

"Oh, but he would be a great accession to the Tory party, and a civil word from you would secure him forever."

"Oh, well, then, give me a pen and a sheet of paper." And, sitting down in the lady's drawing-room, he wrote: "Dear Mrs. —: I am sorry that I cannot dine with you, but I am going down to Hughenden for a week. Would that my solitude could be peopled by the bright creations of Mr. Mallock's fancy." "Will that do for your young friend?"

## Mason Nouvelle...

## Imported Millinery.

CORRECT NEW YORK STYLES

MISS CLARKE,

222 West Third St., Bradbury Building.

LOS ANGELES.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

## EVENING GOWNS.

## ELABORATE AND DAINTY FANCIES FOR THE WINTER.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Perhaps if any woman will look back through the vista of fashion for the past five years she will be interested to observe what a successful warfare she has waged in defense of the plain skirt. This garment has gone through many phases in many seasons. It has been gored and ungored to the last extremity, severely plain as a habit, set in the largest folds and in the closest of gathers. It has been garnished with braids, ribbons and jets; a deadly onslaught of ruffles attacked it at one time, and fearful rumors of over-dresses darkened the air, but in spite of everything it has at no period lost its character of a plain skirt. The modistes have railed against its severity, but in all these changing seasons they have been unable to effect anything like a genuine revolution. The carriage skirt, it is true, has a train, the walking skirt sweeps the street, and is cut so tight from hip to knee that we seem to have returned to the barbarism of old-fashioned tie back,

still the plain skirt remains practically intact, and for small mercies we should be duly thankful.

A couple of weeks since the gas-lit show rooms of the costume importers' shops were filled with customers, who, by special invitation, had dropped in to look over the French novelties in evening dresses, and there again the painfully-close tight skirt reigned all supreme. Saving this single defect the Parisian novelties commanded sincere praise, without inspiring awe over any striking novelties. Tuckings, pleating, gauferings and gaugings showed their familiar wrinkles frequently; there were panels of lace and passamanerie, more exquisite applique work, ribbon work and strange but true, there was plenty of bright sequin decoration. Jet appears to score very high in French estimation just now, and a charming light-weight silk called *messaline* shared the honors with more substantial fabrics, while a nice effect in dinner dresses was achieved by the use of pale-tinted, satin-faced cloth.

The observer carried away with her impressions of several toilettes that might be easily called keynotes of fashion. There was a pale green, faced cloth, cut so close in the skirt it was a marvel how any wearer could move in

form a very important part of the evening stock in beauty. There is apparently an inclination, promising to develop later the proportions of a craze, for wearing flowers both real and artificial. Some of the foremost leaders of society have adopted the fancy of never appearing in public unless adorned by some favorite and never varied blossom. Smart women will be recognized later at opera or theater by the particular rose, violet or orchid worn. Just as marked as this eccentricity is that of the women who have adopted the lofty Medici collar. Its use with evening dresses is certainly a graceful addition and some of them are lined with materials of surprising richness.

And now to say something on wraps. Evening wraps this season, to be adequately described, require an unusually enthusiastic vocabulary. They are at once gorgeous and fantastic. We have been going steadily backward to the early Victorian period of late and the elegant evening cape is scarcely more than a slavish copy of the quaint, but often sadly, unbecoming, pelernies and paletots of Queen Vic's young days. Modern art has done something, however, toward the improvement of these models, while modern luxury has enriched them with a profusion of tasteful ornament.

A fair specimen of the sort of thing a great lady may wear this winter to the opera is a cape cloak of ivory white satin, falling to the heels and most artistically gauged and trimmed with two enormous flounces of accordian-pleated chiffon, one pink and one blue, and interspersed, at intervals of half a foot, with clusters of sable tails. Endless frills of pink, blue and



PINK CHIFFON WITH WHITE LACE.

and broad-tall coats that have revers, collar linings, vests and exterior apoliques of the costliest hand-made lace.

Big fans will not be carried for a season yet, so that the wisest purchase to be made is a dear little Recamier fan. It really is not but two inches and a half long, and it can most economically be made of a bright brocaded or chined silk, with pearl sticks. The gay flowering of the silk shows on both sides, and a genuinely helpful breeze can be raised by one of them. Modish women carry their fans still slung about the neck by a long chain of false pearls or coral beads, and the luxurious fan consist of ten thin sticks of choice blonde shell, beautifully inlaid and strung together by a lute ribbon. This is also of the Recamier size.

No insignificant amount of consideration this autumn has been devoted to the etceutera of dress. All the best tailor skirts, for instance, are hung on very narrow elastic silk ribbons that stretch to encircle the waist. A jute material has been brought out for the greater protection of the dress hems, where they touch the ground. Glove spring fastenings close the placket holes in two places, and by rendering waterproof that part of the basque lining that fits under the arm clumsy dress shields are in many instances done away with. Belt buckles have gone the way of all good fashions, and a woman this fall would as soon think of girding herself with a rope as with a narrow, gros-grain ribbon band or a cestus of jewels. About her slender circumference passes a ribbon, five to eight inches wide, and its either end pleated in to fasten to the two halves of a metal clasp that are long and narrow. The wide ribbon draws in close fine folds about the waist, and the clasp is of Derby silver or Burmese gold, richly wrought, but rarely set with jewels.

Daily the ribbons themselves increase in ornament. They have ruffled and velvet edges, and the last mentioned decoration is the smartest. They show silk dots or circles of open work and insets of lace, and it is noticeable that sash ribbons have gone down on the bargain counter. Where ribbon bows tie an evening cape, float from a ball-dress shoulder, or otherwise cast long ends to the breeze, those ends are most elaborately decorated.



RICH EVENING TOILETS.

it, and decorated with true blue love knots done in black lute string ribbon. It had a pointed berthe of heavy cream lace, studded with jets and emeralds, falling about the shoulders, and in the hair was set a bow of wired black velvet ribbon as big as the arms of a miniature Dutch windmill.

The second keynote, for a youngish woman, was plainly struck in a black grenadine that was a fluff of flounces from shoulders to hem, broken only by a belt of flaming rose-colored velvet and a giant bow of the same color of chiffon, caught through a narrow buckle of coral and fastened on the left breast, up near the shoulder. Every flounce of grenadine bore an edging of jet and up in the hair was perched a monster pompon of rosy chiffon.

Another gown, that was calculated to create havoc in the feminine heart, seemed to be the first of a species of which are likely to see many copies later on. It was a tender blue moire, cut with a glorious train, belted with coral pink passamanerie, flounced delicately with a gauze of the same tone and then entirely veiled, from shoulder to foot, in white silk point esprit. The veiling was gathered in rather full just under the trimming about the shoulders of the bodice, and, at back and front, floated down unconfined to the floor.

Fantastic bows, mysterious ruffles, and collars made of such airy fripperies as tulle, chiffons and rose petals

white chiffon lined the garment, while a great square collar of turquoise-blue chiffon reared up about her ears. Hanging ends of thick blue chenille tied this wrap under the chin and then about the waist went a belt of sable two inches wide. This lightly gathered in the fulness of the cape in the middle and under a jeweled clasp the sable ends were drawn.

So much for what is costly. Less extravagant women wear of an evening attractive Monte Carlo capes made of satin or cloth and fastened under the chin with a bouquet of velvet roses. When the cape is doffed at opera or ball a boa is often assumed, and women, who know how to make taste and economy go hand in hand, wear short boas made of pink or blue tulle and downy with big black or white chenille dots. Expensive tulle boas show the tulle accordian pleated, and the raw edges finished with the fine white furl of ostrich feathers, stripped from the spine, and applied to the tulle by some means known only to Parisian manufacturers.

Last year's ermine and white fox capes can be made as smart as possible by sloping off their fronts, and whipping on the inside edges wide, full flounces of chiffon or rich, real lace. There, by the way, is another of the keynotes of the season. That is trimming furs with masses of lace. Dark and light-fur coats and capes are calling for the highest and most reckless bidders, since modest purses stand no shadow of a chance with the seal, sable



A FROCK OF VIOLET CHIFFON IN TWO SHADES.



DINNER GOWN OF PURPLE VELVET AND WHITE SATIN.

rately trimmed. There are series of tiny chiffon ruffles set on, or lace appliqued, or silk dots freely sprinkled, and the consequence is pretty and fluffy to a degree.

A duet in silk muslin and chined silk is artfully manifested in one of the three grouped gowns. This has its front and body made wholly of light peach-pink muslin, all gracefully tucked in double gaugings that describes elongated lines on skirt and waist. The handsome train is white moire-megline, chined in bouquets of small scarlet roses, a velvet knot of which is fastened in the hair. Cadogan sleeves of muslin fall low on the arm and over either shoulder run small straps, covered with scarlet leaves cut from velvet.

A not less interesting gown shows in the skirt, three falling panniers of jetted lace over a pale yellow silk petticoat. Some day the French dressmakers say those panniers will be looped up and grandly bunched out on the hips, after the eighteenth century mode, but for the present they hang flat and graceful. The distinguishing feature of the bodice is the vast collar rising behind the head and made of ruffles of jetted lace on a wire frame.

More simple, but none the less attractive, is the third costume of finely pleated lilac chiffon over a petticoat of apple-green silk. A deeper shade of lilac, almost violet-purple silk, extends in apron shape over the front of the skirt and is charmingly embroidered in fine steel beads, describing delicate wreaths about medallions of white lace, through which the green silk under petticoat shows. A similar scheme of color and decoration is carried out on the body of this admirable dinner dress.

A dinner toilet of purple velvet or white satin is suitable for a matured matron, and is made sufficiently brilliant by a liberal use of spangled net and butterfly embroidery on the gleaming satin ground.

A violet chiffon in two happily contrasting shades, and a pink shimmered chiffon, elaborately trimmed with lace and flowers, are both rich and tasteful costumes for a youthful belle.

MARY DEAN.

### WISE MARKETING.

#### PRECAUTIONS OBSERVED IN SHOPPING FOR THE PANTRY.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Personal attention alone on the part of the mistress will secure comfortable living, be the income large or small, and, as regards a satisfactory table, this is nowhere more needful than in ordering supplies. Unless "money is no object" the housewife who lacks confidence in her own judgment when visiting butcher and grocer, should begin the new season with determination to know something more than is covered by the mistaken assertion that the "best is cheapest." With this determination in mind, suppose we begin with the butcher, he who is with many of us (next to the coal dealer,) the cause of the biggest bills and the greatest waste.

Before "going to market" tomorrow morning let us resolve never again to buy that general favorite, ribs of beef, without asking the butcher to remove the bones and roll it while we wait, with the request that the bones are sent home. If one is ordering further, and thus present while other women are doing the same, it is worth while to watch the stamp of person who takes, what to a novice seems too trifling an interest in the cutting and selecting of joints. Such a person will invariably be the "best style" among the strangers, and if the looker-on chances to know her in her home, she will prove to be the friend noted for her good table.

The better class of customers the butcher has the more he will be found to pay strict attention to seemingly small details, such as sending home the bones, for it is from these that a good cook makes her gravies and stock. The rolled ribs, this same cook knows, may be carved to all but the last bits, and these are minced or used for rissoles. Had the bones been left in, a "standing roast" would have been the result, with almost as much waste as the actual eatable portion.

The writer was recently reminded, while shopping in one of our large cities, of the dainty marketing, "light housekeepers" are supposed only to be able to accomplish in Paris. Rather hesitatingly, a very "swell" meat market was entered and half a pound of Hamburger steak (chopped beef) asked for. It was brought by a white-aproned man, done up in a snug parcel, neat enough for the most daintily-gloved shopper, and the price asked (8 cents) the same as when carelessly chopped and grudgingly sold. Upon opening, the fresh, appetizing red meat was found to be neatly arranged in a wooden dish, with a garnish of firm beef suet (to grease the broiler,) making with its cream tint a pleasant contrast. By the way, this very beef, made an ample meat course for two people, and proved the best of meat. It was moulded into a square the thickness of a thick steak, salted slightly, broiled in an ordinary broiler (the wires not too far apart,) a little butter rubbed over while hot, placed in the center of a hot dish and surrounded by thick slices of tomatoes broiled on the same broiler. The steak was kept under a hot cover on the dish in which it was served during the minute or two that the tomatoes were cooking. The

beef was allowed a little less time than usual, to obviate the slight extra cooking under the hot cover. A little onion may be added, if liked.

A loin of mutton is another "economical luxury," provided it is carved across the meaty part like a saddle. The remainder makes an excellent ragout with vegetables, if care is taken to cook the latter in a little stock first, the meat, having been roasted before, would be overdone if cooked at the same time, and should only be heated through. This joint is usually carved in chops, and in this way the bones are wasted.

Another cheap, but savory dish is made by cooking an under cut of steak in a Dutch oven, basting often, a bit of butter helping out the gravy for this purpose. At the last add a tomato or two, which have been peeled, and the hard bits removed; mix this up with the gravy, salt to taste, and allow to become very hot. If a Dutch oven is not at hand, rake down the fire and shut in the heat with a large cover.

#### AUTUMN AND EARLY WINTER HINTS.

French or string beans are low in price most of the year, and furnish the foundation for a particularly good side dish, as well as an excellent salad. In this country they are seldom used in any way except cut in square bits and served in the vegetable course. If cut lengthwise in at least three slices, boiled in plenty of salted water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda at the last to insure their greenness they are quite "another story." As an entree the writer was first introduced to them at English countryhouse, and so savory were they that the secret of their preparation was begged from the hostess. This proved to be very simple: the beans boiled and cut carefully as above, thrown into the hot colander, the water well shaken out, then into a baking dish, rubbed through and through with fresh sweet butter, put in a brisk oven for a moment, from which they were sent straight to the table. If boiled properly, tender and green, they literally melt in the mouth.

For salad they should be well drained and just before serving, dressed plentifully with a French dressing. They should also be on the ice or in a very cool place long enough to become firm and cold. It is important to remember to put salt in the water in which they are boiled. EMILY FORD.

#### A NOVEL BELT BUCKLE.

Mrs. G. P. Gehring of this city owns a belt buckle that any patriotic woman would be glad to gain in exchange for her whole store of trinkets. It is nothing less than a relic of the sunken Maine, dug up from the depths of Havana Harbor. Two gun carriages and three guns were recovered from the wreck and taken to the navy yard at Washington, D. C. Once there, the immense mass of metal was worth many times its weight in gold, for it



has all been worked up into relics to be distributed all over the country and treasured by future generations in memory of the lost battleship which has been so amply avenged.

This buckle is made of the massive, burnished bronze, and is military, as it should be, in shape and design. It was a gift to Mrs. Gehring from R. W. Cornwell, a designer in the navy yard.

#### LAST OF OUR FIGHTING LINE.

Perry and Porter and Bainbridge, hail,  
Men of an elder day,  
Heroes who feared neither gun nor gale,  
Bold in the fiery fray!  
Jones, the first of our sons of the sea,  
Farragut, bred to the brine—  
Cheers for them all, but a three times three  
For the last of our fighting line!

What did the valiant Commodore do?  
Swift at the pool of warm death,  
He sailed the Orient sea-drift through  
For the Isle Corregidor;  
Ran the forts with a laugh of scorn  
At the dreaded Spanish mine,  
And lay in the bay at the burst of morn—  
The last of our fighting line!

Olympia, Boston and Baltimore—  
A gallant squadron they!  
And they shelled the ships and they shelled  
The shore.

And they silenced Cavite;  
And while the shot went hurtling by  
With a deadly whirr and whine,  
He watched from the bridge with a kindling  
eye—  
The last of our fighting line!

Shattered and sunk and beached and burned,  
Woe for the ships of Spain!  
Never a pro to be homeward turned  
Over the restless main!  
A glorious victory! What of the cost?  
Lo, not a single sign!  
For not a man of the fleet was lost  
By the last of our fighting line!

Perry and Porter and Bainbridge, hail,  
Men of an elder day,  
Heroes who feared neither gun nor gale,  
Bold in the fiery fray!  
Jones, the first of our sons of the sea;  
Farragut, bred to the brine—  
Cheers for them all, but a three times three  
For the last of our fighting line!

—Clinton Scollard, in the *Independent*.



## OUR MORNING SERMON.

### THE PRISONER'S CASE.

#### SOME "PRISON SUNDAY" QUESTIONS.

By Warren F. Spalding,  
Secretary Massachusetts Prison Association, Boston, Mass.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." —[Romans, xv, 1.]

WHEN a thoughtful man reads that there are 100,000 men and women in prisons in the United States, if that is all he knows about the crime question, he is very likely to be appalled by the fact, and being appalled, is very likely to do nothing.

The great majority read the same statement, and are not even appalled by it. The "average man" is indifferent, or only interested through curiosity. He sees a youth arrested, and asks no questions as to the future of the citizen whose life is to be affected, for weal or woe, by the decisions of the succeeding week.

He sees the policeman's hand laid upon the offender. No, the hand is not the policeman's; it is the hand of the State. Does the "average man" ask what is to happen next? Perhaps, he goes to the court to see, and learns that the arrested man has been sent to prison. Does he ask what prison, and why he was sent to one, rather than to another? Does he know that there are differences in prisons, and how the fate of the culprit may be (will be) affected by the choice which the judge makes? He learns that the sentence is one year. Does he ask that length of time, instead of six months or two years? And if he asks, does he get an intelligent answer? He follows him to the prison, perhaps, if his curiosity has been sufficiently aroused, sees him safely housed where he cannot get away, and turns away satisfied. The State has "administered justice" to a wrong-doer.

There are men and women who think more deeply, more earnestly. The prison reformer sees the State lay its strong hand, the policeman's hand, on this youth, and a torrent of questions overwhelms him. How came the young man to be where he is? Is his crime the outcome of criminal purposes, or is it an accident? Is he wicked, or only weak? Did he stumble, or did he lie down, or was he pushed down? Others are busy finding out what the arrested man did. The witnesses testify on this point. The court scrutinizes every detail of evidence. Judicial hairs are carefully split in the endeavor to ascertain precisely what his offense was. The prison reformer is more concerned with knowing what he is, than in finding out what he did, for he knows that sometimes a good man will do a very evil deed, and that sometimes a very bad man's deed is far less evil than he is.

He finds other people interested in the question: "What does he deserve?" Will he get his deserts? He doesn't know how anybody can tell what he deserves, for the measure of his responsibility depends upon ancestry, environment, education, the stress of his temptation and his real purpose in his crime. One man may "deserve" ten times as much punishment as another, for the same offense, for one may have had all the opportunities which can be given to a man in this splendid country, good blood, a good home, a good mother, a good education, etc. The other came into the world with a handicap of bad blood; was left homeless and friendless, to grow, unmothered, on the streets, in bad surroundings, without education, without restraint, until finally he did the natural thing—committed a crime.

But a decision must be made in regard to the future of the youth upon whom the State has laid its hand. It has arrested (stopped) him. It must start him again, for human beings must keep moving. The State must select a new path for him; must turn him about and point out the direction of his future movements. Our reformer is interested in the decision. The State is strong: it can do what it pleases with him. Presumably it is wise, it will do the best thing.

Perhaps it will put him on probation, in the custody of a probation officer, giving him another chance, under surveillance, without the stigma of prison life upon him, and see what use he will make of it, for the question what is best for him and for this community is more important just now than the question what he deserves.

It may be that the State—the other two and a half millions of Massachusetts people, for instance, who are to settle the future of this one—will decide to send him to a prison. Our prison reformer asks: Which one? Everything depends upon the answer. He may be sent to one in which he will be thrown in with the vilest and most degraded men in the world, men old in years, old in crime, delighting in depravity; with men whose very presence is contamination, one-half of whom have served previous sentences, and a large percentage—scores of them; into an institution where the only uplifting influence is a brief chapel service on Sunday, offset and counteracted by the evil influences of habitual offenders.

The youth may have been warned, when a child, against evil companions, may have fallen because he was too weak to say no to them, and now he is to be thrown into this very danger,

compelled to associate with evil companions for months—perhaps for years. Indeed, it is most probable that he will be for only about one in twenty-eight of those sent to Massachusetts prisons get any other chance than this.

Our prison reformer asks how long the imprisonment is to be. He, too, hears that it is to be one year. He, too, asks, Why? If he is sent away for punishment, how does the State know how much suffering will attend this year of imprisonment? Do all men suffer alike from this cause? But he is to be sent away because he is unfit to be at large, it is said. There can be no criticism of that, if he is sent to some place which will make him better fit to be among free people. But if this is the reason for imprisonment, surely the prison ought to be adapted to improve him. Before we lock him out of the world we should find what kind of a place we are locking him into.

Once more he asks: Why a year? We know why a college fixes a certain term of study; why a medical school insists upon a definite period of attendance. It has been ascertained that at the end of that time the average student will be fit to take his place in life. But has it been ascertained from long experience in a large number of cases that a year in such a prison will make this unfit man fit to be at liberty? No. Nobody pretends to know. The chances are against such a result. But is he to be discharged at the end of the year, if he is as unfit to be at large as he was when he was excluded from the community? Yes, even if he is known to be worse. Why? Nobody can answer, except that that has been the way for centuries, and we are a very conservative people.

The prison reformer thinks that a bad man should be sent to a place in which he is likely to become better; that the State should manage every prison with a distinct purpose to make every unfit man fit for society, and that he should not be released until he becomes fit.

The other observer saw the youth go into the prison; saw the door close upon him, and went away, thinking that that was the end. The prison reformer comes around at the end of the year to see the result. He stands again at the prison door and sees it open for the emerging youth. A year ago he was locked out of the world. Now he is locked out of the prison. No matter how much he needs a meal or a shelter, the State will only furnish it on condition that he commits a new crime. Then he can have his food and shelter again. He will be very hungry at noon, for in the excitement of the morning he could not eat his breakfast. But where will he get a dinner, for he has no money, no friends.

Our reformer follows him as he goes from shop to shop, seeking work. "No jailbirds wanted." It isn't a printed sign, but it might as well be. He finds no work. He has no dinner. Will not the State furnish him one; give him until tomorrow? No. The State has done with him—for the present, at least. Doesn't some church have a committee to meet him and extend a welcome? No. The saloon is open to him. Some prison chum will offer him a drink; a meal, perhaps, a night's lodging, possibly. He may go to a prisoners' aid society, only to find that churches and Christian people haven't made their usual contributions, and relief funds are exhausted. And so, with no welcome, no hopeful word, no assistance, in his discouragement good resolutions fail, and he relapses.

Our prison reformer wonders if there isn't some better way. He thinks that crime may be more largely prevented; that it may be punished more wisely, more scientifically. He believes that when the State has taken the responsibility for a man's life for a year, it should in the first place use it in such a way as to make him better; that it should, secondly, continue its care over the prisoner until he is fully restored to society.

Much progress has already been made, but because there are so many things which may be done and should be done, the prison reformer asks that at least once a year the churches consider the crime question by observing the fourth or fifth Sunday in October as "prison Sunday." He asks that all good men and women everywhere and at all times, give it reasonable consideration and intelligent support. The subject has fair claim upon every public-spirited citizen—not only for the sake of the prisoner himself, but as a safeguard to society; not only in the interest of public morals, but as wise policy for the taxpayer.

As Eugene Smith has said: "The public demand it as a governmental measure best adapted to secure the common safety and promote the general prosperity. Thus we arrive at the philosophical principle upon which prison reform, which originated in an impulse of Christian charity, has become a political problem, and one of the most important of the public interests with which statesmen and legislators have to deal."

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## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## LISKUM.

AN ACCIDENT THAT GAVE THE LITTLE GYPSY A HOME  
(BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.)

I.

It would not have happened if Harriet had not hurt her foot at the beginning of the summer. She rode down a stiff hill on her bicycle, and fell off and sprained her ankle; and if she had not she would never have known Liskum.

It was a settled thing that Harriet and her brother Eugene, who was two years younger and generally considered to be a "limb," should spend part of every summer with their Uncle Thad, a well-off bachelor with a large country place at Durham. He liked Harriet and Eugene, and meant to leave them his property.

"He doesn't pay much attention to us, you know," Harriet reported to her mother after their first visit, "for he's always buying horses and selling them, and having the barns fixed up and driving around in sulkih. And we don't see very much of Mrs. Dyer, the housekeeper, for she's always busy. But Uncle Thad likes having us there. And there's Mrs. Pomeroy. Mrs. Pomeroy lives in the next house to Uncle Thad's, and she's splendid."

Eugene was really sorry for Harriet when she sprained her ankle, and he

children of her own, was very motherly.

"Liskum—is that your name?" said Harriet. "Liskum what?"

"Just Liskum," said the girl.

"And you are a gypsy?" said Harriet, with increasing wonderment.

"I guess I am," said Liskum. She dropped herself lightly on the grass at Mrs. Pomeroy's feet and lifted a gaze of liveliest interest.

"Aren't you sure?" said Harriet. "What a nice-looking girl for a gypsy!" was her thought, and she knew Mrs. Pomeroy was thinking the same thing. The girl, who might have been 10 years old, was a graceful child, with a pretty sunburned face, thick, dark hair and blue eyes, which could change swiftly from sober scrutiny to smiling brightness.

"Well, I wasn't a gypsy always," she answered.

"What were you?" asked Harriet.

"Why, just a girl," said Liskum, and they all laughed together.

"She had a grandmother once," said Eugene, "and she lived with her."

"You do not mean," said Mrs. Pomeroy, anxiously, "that you were stolen by the gypsies?"

Liskum shook her head. "No, but we were poor, and my grandmother died, and then I was all alone, and there wasn't anybody that wanted me, and the gypsies were there, and when they went away they took me, and after that I was a gypsy," said the girl. "It's been a good while—four years or five."

awed and startled, and when Humbert had pranced off, she rose.

Mrs. Pomeroy patted her brown cheek. "Come again, my child," she said.

"Do come again!" said Harriet, and Liskum promised. And Eugene went back part way to the camp with her, gallantly.

Harriet remembered the gypsy girl. She sat under the maple, the next afternoon, and wondered if Liskum would come again, and when Eugene came past her she asked him whether he thought she would.

"Oh," said Eugene, "they went off this morning, the whole lot of them. That's how gypsies always do—go off suddenly."

"Oh, dear! And she won't come again," Harriet mourned, in a misery of genuine disappointment. She was so greatly taken aback by the news that she failed to notice how fast and with what a furtive manner Eugene was hurrying toward the stable.

Of a sudden he reappeared. "Eugene!" Harriet gasped, for Eugene was mounted on Humbert.

"Eugene!" Harriet cried, "Did Uncle Thad say you might?"

"No, he said I couldn't—but I want to, and it won't do a bit of hurt, and Uncle Thad isn't here, nor Jim, and he won't ever know it, and I'm going to," said Eugene, in one rapid breath.

"Promise you won't tell."

"Eugene, don't," Harriet implored.

"Promise you won't tell," Eugene insisted, bending toward her anxious face.

"Uncle Thad would just skin me. Aren't you a mean thing? Promise! Won't you promise?"

"I—yes—I—" Harriet faltered, and there was a raising of the dust and a scurrying of fleet hoofs down the drive.

II. Harriet sat aghast. When, ten min-

utes after, Mrs. Pomeroy came over with her book, to finish their story, Harriet was still staring with dismayed eyes down the drive.

"Chapter eight," said Mrs. Pomeroy, settling herself and beginning.

Harriet did not hear that chapter. She was full of apprehension. What if Humbert should run away, or throw a shoe? What if Eugene should fall off him and hurt himself? And right in the midst of her disquieted thoughts something happened which was worse, surely, than anything else imaginable.

Uncle Thad drove into the yard and into the stable.

Harriet's heart stood still. She listened—she waited. Presently Uncle Thad came out of the stable. "Where's Humbert?" he called to Harriet.

"Where is Jim? Jim didn't drive off with Humbert, did he?"

"No," said Harriet; she began to grow pale.

"Where's Humbert, then?" said Uncle Thad, with rising voice, and he turned back into the stable.

Mrs. Pomeroy peacefully unconscious of the dire truth and of the gathering storm, began to read again.

Uncle Thad reappeared. And with him came somebody else—a little figure whose arm he grasped, a small, slim, poorly dressed girl, Liskum.

Harriet gazed, dumbly. "Look here," said Uncle Thad, forcibly, "what's the

meaning of this? Isn't this that gypsy girl that was around here yesterday?"

"Why, yes, it's Liskum," said Harriet.

"Liskum," Uncle Thad repeated, not gently. Uncle Thad was rather quick-tempered always, and now he looked warm. "Those gypsies decamped this morning, the whole lot of them, and what's this one doing here?"

Nobody spoke. "Nobody knows how much she's been prowling around here," said Uncle Thad, "nor what she's found out and told the rest of them, and now her tribe is gone and my horse is gone. Rather queer, isn't it?"

Liskum looked up at him. Her under lip was between her teeth; she was the picture of despairing fright. And Harriet almost wrung her hands. Her heart pounded. Oh, dear, if she could speak out—if she could tell her uncle that Eugene was riding Humbert. But no, she had promised Eugene she would not; and she knew Eugene, she knew what powers of twitting and taunting he possessed, and how he could exercise them when she did anything he thought was "mean." Besides, a promise was a promise; she kept her promises always, and she must keep this. She looked at her Uncle Thad, at Liskum—and her unhappy heart kept on pounding.

"Thaddeus," said Mrs. Pomeroy, "don't be hasty. It cannot be. I do not believe this girl knows—"

"Somebody knows," said Uncle Thad, warmly. "If those vagabonds have stolen my horse I'll chase them up."

Harriet could see Liskum tremble. Harriet, with her load of suppressed anguish, was trembling herself.

What should she do? Oh, what should she do? It seemed to her that if something didn't happen pretty soon she should scream.

And something happened. There was a rattle of bridle hoofs and Eugene came speeding up the drive on Humbert.

"Well—well!" said his Uncle Thad, in an awful voice. Eugene stared at him. His scared face grew very red.

"Have you got back?" he gasped. He slid to the ground and stood backed up against Humbert, in utter abjection and abashment. "I—I took a little ride," he stammered.

"So I see," said his uncle, sternly.

"So I see. Go and put Humbert in his stall. I'll attend to you later, young man."

It was a terrible moment. But even in the midst of it, Eugene flashed a look at Harriet, a look of true gratitude and appreciation, a look that said, "You didn't tell on me; good for you!" and he silently led Humbert into the stable.

Uncle Thad took Liskum's brown little hand in his. "Liskum," he said—

"that's your name, isn't it?—Liskum, I am sorry I laid the blame on you, without cause or reason. I was hot and hasty. I owe you an apology, Liskum, and I make it right here and now."

"I never stole any horse," the girl faltered. "I wouldn't."

"Of course you wouldn't," said Harriet, and her eyes shone. And Mrs. Pomeroy put her arm around Liskum and drew her near to her.

"My dear," she said, gently, "what were you doing here alone? If the gypsies have gone, why are you here, Liskum?"

Liskum's hands clasped themselves nervously; she turned upon Mrs. Pomeroy a look of timorous, deep appeal.

"I—I," she said, under her breath, "I liked you, and I liked her," pointing to Harriet, "and you was so pleasant-

spoken to me, more than anybody has been since I had my grandmother—and I—I thought I'd stay here where I could see you sometimes. I couldn't bear to go off with 'em," said Liskum,

"and I—and I came up here—and I hid."

"You poor, poor child!" said Mrs. Pomeroy, and there were tears in her voice.

And Harriet looked at them, her eyes eager, her lips parted. Several anxious thoughts were in her mind, chiefly

there were two: that Mrs. Pomeroy had no children, and that her husband was as good-hearted as she was, and well-off, too—and that poor Liskum had no home, and that she liked Mrs. Pomeroy, and that she was a gentle girl, and bright and pretty.

"O, Mrs. Pomeroy," Harriet whispered.

"Liskum," said Mrs. Pomeroy, and the tremble in her voice was replaced by a note of firmness and decision—

"Liskum, we will try to make a home for you. If you don't want to live with the gypsies you shall not, my girl. I will take care of you, Liskum."

"Good enough," said Uncle Thad, and he said it loudly and heartily. And Harriet, looking into his face, knew by its softened expression that his injustice to Liskum would serve, whether reasonably or no, as a means of disputation for Eugene. She knew that Eugene would be forgiven for riding Humbert.

## III.

Harriet and Eugene went home, with the profoundest regret, a month later.

Harriet's foot was quite well, and their last week at Durham were much the jolliest—because of Liskum. And when they had got home, what gave them both the deepest pleasure was their frequent news from Durham. Sometimes their Uncle Thad wrote, and sometimes Mrs. Pomeroy; but the day before Christmas there came a thin, oblong package directed to them both in an unfamiliar hand, and a letter directed

Eugene opened the package, and they both fairly squealed with pleasure. It was a photograph of Liskum, in a



"ISN'T THIS THAT GYPSY GIRL THAT WAS AROUND HERE YESTERDAY?"

stayed at home to amuse her during the entire half day. Then he grew fidgety, and that afternoon he was off again.

He came back at supper time. "Say!" he announced, "there's a band of gypsies camped down by the bend. I've been down there."

"O," said Harriet, "I never saw any real gypsies. What are they like?"

"They're jolly. A lot of men and women, and some kids and horses and dogs. I got acquainted with one girl, and she's smart, I tell you."

"I wish I could go and see them. I can't; I can't do anything. O, dear!" said Harriet, dolefully.

Eugene compassionated her; and his compassion bore fruit. The next afternoon, when Harriet had limped out of doors, with Uncle Thad's help, and was sitting under the great maple with Mrs. Pomeroy, who had come over with a good story to read to her—the next afternoon, Eugene, who had disappeared after dinner, came clambering over the back fence. And somebody climbed over after him with quite as much agility.

"Here's Liskum," Eugene called out; "here's the girl I got acquainted with at the gypsy camp. Liskum, this is Mrs. Pomeroy and my sister Harriet."

"O, good!" said Harriet, with unmixed delight.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Pomeroy in motherly welcome. Mrs. Pomeroy, in spite of the fact that she had no

"Poor child," Mrs. Pomeroy murmured. "Poor, homeless child. Do you like living with the gypsies?"

Liskum looked off at the sky. "Pretty good," she said rather feebly.

"Do you have plenty to eat?" Harriet asked.

"Mostly," said Liskum.

"I'll bet it ain't clean, though," said Eugene. "I saw 'em cooking their dinner, and some kids and horses and dogs. I got acquainted with one girl, and she's smart, I tell you."

"Not clean," Mrs. Pomeroy sighed. She bent down to slip a kind hand under the girl's chin, and to lift her face and look into her eyes. "Are they good to you?" she questioned her.

Liskum opened her mouth to speak, and she closed it. Her eyes dropped, and her lips trembled.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Pomeroy again.

Uncle Thad came riding out of the stable on Humbert, the handsome riding horse he had bought lately. And Eugene cast at him a puckery look. Eugene was exceedingly desirous of having a ride on Humbert, but his uncle had forbidden him, for Humbert was young and mettlesome.

Uncle Thad reined up opposite the group and looked down quizzically at Liskum. "Hello!" he said, "what's this?"

"A—a young lady from the gypsy camp," Eugene explained, and Uncle Thad looked and laughed. His laughter was not unkind, but Liskum looked

utes after. Mrs. Pomeroy came over with her book, to finish their story. Harriet was still staring with dismayed eyes down the drive.

"Chapter eight," said Mrs. Pomeroy, settling herself and beginning.

Harriet did not hear that chapter. She was full of apprehension. What if Humbert should run away, or throw a shoe? What if Eugene should fall off him and hurt himself? And right in the midst of her disquieted thoughts something happened which was worse, surely, than anything else imaginable.

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Mrs. Pomeroy peacefully unconscious of the dire truth and of the gathering storm, began to read again.

Uncle Thad reappeared. And with him came somebody else—a little figure whose arm he grasped, a small, slim, poorly dressed girl, Liskum.

Harriet gazed, dumbly. "Look here," said Uncle Thad, forcibly, "what's the

coming hat and jacket and tippet—Liskum, with a plump, bright face; Liskum, looking well cared for and happy.

Harriet tore open the letter: "I do believe," said she. "Yes, it is, it is from Liskum!" And she read it.

"Dear Harriet and Eugene: I go to school all the time, and I have learned to read and write, and I am going to surprise you with a letter from me, myself. Do you like my picture? Mrs. Pomeroy took me to town, and we had it taken. Your Uncle Thad gives me a good many things, and he gave me the tippet; it is silver color, and it is thick and warm, and I like to wear it. But I wish it was summer, so that you both would be out here again. Mrs. Pomeroy has taken me for her girl, and so this is what I am now, and it is what they call me. Your friend, Liskum Pomeroy."

EMMA A. OPPER.

#### MENDING BROKEN LEGS.

Young chickens and other birds frequently break the bones of their legs, and if properly attended to, these ruptures can be easily cured with very little trouble. As soon as the trouble is noticed the fractured leg must be carefully cleaned and washed with warm water, and then wrapped with a bit of antiseptic cotton. Splints are then prepared for the fractured limb, preferably of split elderwood, the pith of which was taken out. These splints are fastened to the cotton with a drop of glue, and held tightly in place by



THE LIME IN SPLINTS.

being wound with linen thread. The bandage and dressing are left undisturbed for from three to four weeks; then the leg is soaked in tepid water until the bandage comes off easily. The fracture will have completely healed up in that time. Canaries and other pet birds can be similarly treated in case of a fracture of a leg, only the elder splints are substituted by pieces of cardboard, and the bandage is left but two weeks on the little winged patients.

#### STAR GAZING.

#### FACTS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE HEAVENS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

How many people stop to think, when they go out into the open air these beautiful fall nights and look up at the stars which shine so brightly, how many stars they could really count if they tried to do so? If one were asked how many stars were in sight, he would undoubtedly answer almost instantly, "Why, there are millions." And at first glance it does seem as if there were countless points of light, twinkling away night after night. But although it seems impossible to count them, it has been done many times, and maps have been made just like the maps of the earth, with each star occupying its proper place, just as the cities and towns do on the maps in the geography.

When the fact has been stated that they have been counted, one naturally asks how many there are in sight. Of course, some persons can see better than others, and the eyes of the trained astronomer can see stars where the untrained eye would see nothing. About forty or fifty years ago two German astronomers started to count the stars which were visible to the naked eye. One of them stayed in Europe and the other went to Africa, so that while the first could see all the stars around the North Pole of the heavens, the other could see all those around the South Pole. The man who stayed in Europe found that he could see 3903 stars, while the man who was counting in Africa found that there were only 3346 in sight. This would mean that the average person in Southern California would be able to see about 3600 stars at one time. Probably most grown people could not see more than 3000, while the sharpest, keenest eyes of the brightest boys and girls could not possibly see more than 5000.

But after looking at the sky with the

naked eye, if one takes an opera-glass and looks at a place where before there were no stars in sight, little points of light show up very unexpectedly. With a small telescope, where only two or three stars were to be seen with the opera-glass, two or three times as many may be seen, and so on; as the size of the telescope increases, the number of new stars that can be seen increases with a surprising speed, so that with the largest telescopes about twenty million separate stars have been counted. Of course, there is an end to the number, and by careful figuring it has been determined that there are not more than fifty million stars in the heavens.

As each new star is discovered its place is carefully noted and it is added to the others which are already on the maps of the heavens. But in the days long ago, long before telescopes were made and the present kind of star maps were planned, the old astronomers, who were principally sheepherds, lying on the hills at night made maps of their own. These were strange-looking objects, for the shepherds imagined that they saw the shapes of men and animals marked out by the stars, so they drew pictures of the sky with men and animals of many different kinds stretched out over it. The idea of these queer forms has been kept alive, so that today people talk of them, calling them constellations, which means "groups of stars." There are many interesting stories about these constellations, which will be taken up in other articles.

HAROLD D. SPEAR.

#### THE BATTLE-SCARRED BOY.

We put him to bed in his little nightgown. The most battered youngster there was in the town:

Yet he said, as he opened his only well eye, "Rah, rah, for the jolly old Fourth of July."

Two thumbs and eight fingers with fist were tied up,

On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup,

And his smile was distorted and his nose all awry,

From celebrating the glorious Fourth of July.

We were glad; he had started abroad with the sun,

And all day had lived in the powder and fun,

While the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky

To salute young America's Fourth of July!

I said we were glad all the pieces were there,

As we plastered and bound them with tenderest care.

But out of the wreck came the words, with a sigh:

"If tomorrow was only the Fourth of July!"

He will grow all together again, never fear.

And be ready to celebrate freedom next year.

Meanwhile all his friends are most thankful there he is.

A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt Fourth of July.

We kissed him good-night on his powder-speckled face.

We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place,

And he murmured, as sleep closed his one open eye,

"I wish every day was the Fourth of July."

—[Good Roads.]

#### CALIFORNIA "CRACKERS."

#### SOME SPECIMENS FOUND IN THE OLD RIVER BED.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

**A**S I WAS coming across the Downey-avenue bridge yesterday a sudden gust of wind whirled my hat from my head and sent it flying down into the river bottom. I descended to recover my headgear and encountered an "outfit" that was apparently rustinating through the country. Two lean and lank mules were cropping the grass hard by, in company with a sorry-looking "Nanny" goat, while tied to the tongue and wheels of the rickety old wagon were nine dogs—all hounds. As I recovered my hat and started to climb the bank, a woman pushed back the flap of a dirty tent made over from old barley sacks, and stepped outside. She was a typical specimen of the Georgia "cracker;" tall, bony and decidedly masculine. Her sleeves were rolled up, revealing arms as brown and muscular as those of a husky ranch hand, and undoubtedly as strong. She held a corn-cob pipe tightly between her teeth, and it was an easy matter to see she was no novice in its use, and, as can be imagined, she presented anything but a "womanly" appearance. Removing her pipe, she ejected a miniature Niagara from her mouth, and drawled out:

"Cribbins to ye, stranger; whar'd you'n drap from?"

I replied that I had just come from across the river.

"You'n didn't see ary thing uv a yaller houn' dawg over thar, did ye? Ole man's dun lost ole Bose."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed to myself. "Still another miserable dog?"

Then I inquired:

"What on earth do you want of ten great worthless curs like these?"

The woman blew a cloud of smoke skyward and broke into a regular "haw! haw! haw!" Turning her head back toward the tent she called out:

"Haw that, ole man? Stranger dun

wants ter know what we'uns wants uv ten dawgs."

"What he'uns wanter ask that ar fool questin fer?" drawled a voice inside. "Bet you he'uns never lived down in ole Georgy."

Suddenly the conversation was cut short by a yell from up the river bottom, followed by loud howls as from an animal in distress. The woman took her pipe from her mouth, brought one hand down upon her knee, and exclaimed:

"Bill's dun got him, ole man. Bill's dun got ole Bose! His blin' a powerful long time after that dawg, but his dun got 'im," and she put her fists together and uttered a shrill whistle, which was answered from Bill.

In a few seconds that functionary appeared, dragging the runaway "dawg." Bill was a tall, lop-sided, overgrown, husky boy; tow-headed, barefooted and hatless. His overalls were held in place by a piece of rope secured around his waist. Tying the dog to one of the wagon wheels, he administered a few parting blows to the animal with his stick, and then disappeared within the tent without having uttered a word. I made another move to go, when the woman asked:

"Don't you'n wanter buy a good dawg, stranger? Sell you'n one for a dollar'n six bits. Powerful good dawgs."

"I wouldn't take one of the mangy curs as a gift," I replied.

"Sho! Mebby you'n 'ud like ter buy a mewl."

"Don't want a mule, either. My surv-

rev is broken."

"Wanter buy ole Nan."

"No; I have a Jersey cow."

"Wanter swap watches with the ole man?"

"I never swap with strangers," I replied.

"Say, maw," exclaimed a shrill voice from the tent, "axe the stranger be he'uns married."

"Be ye married, stranger?"

"Got a wife and eleven children," I answered, as quickly as possible.

"Sho! Ye don't say! You'n look purty young fer such a family."

"Yes? Well, you see I married a widow with ten children, so I only have one of my own, but as she had a good, fat bank account, I thought I could stand it."

The woman gave me a look that nearly staggered me; then she turned and went into the tent, but immediately thrust her head out and remarked:

"I thought we'uns wuz powerful hard up, stranger, but doggoned if I don't feel sorry for a young feller what'll make sich a fool uv hisself ez to marry a widder with ten children. Now if you'n had only waited an' took Sal, here you'n 'ud a got this hull lay-out when me an' the ole man shuffled off. Don't want a dawg or a mewl, hey? Waal, 'long," and as I went up to the bank I heard her exclaim. "Widder'n ten children! Him's the biggest fool I ever dun seed yit."

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

#### WHAT OF THE SOLDIER'S WIFE?

He offered himself for the land he loved, But what shall we say of her?

He gave to his country a soldier's life,

"Twas dearer by far to the soldier's wife,

All honor today to her.

He went to the war while his blood was hot,

But what shall we say of her?

He saw for himself through the battle's flame;

A hero's reward on the scroll of fame;

What honor is due to her?

He offered himself, but his wife did more,

All honor today to her;

For dearer than life was the gift she gave

In giving the life she would die to save;

What honor is due to her?

He gave up his life at his country's call,

But what shall we say of her?

He offered himself as a sacrifice,

But she is the one who pays the price,

All honor we owe to her.

—[New York Sun.]

[Detroit Free Press:] "How do you keep so young, Mrs. Lighthead?"

"Well, I never worry about my age."

Never Mind the head if it aches or feels dizzy. The trouble isn't there. Never mind the mouth if it tastes badly. The trouble is lower down—in the stomach Hostetter's Stomach Biters is what you need to make you well.

#### HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

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# The Development of the Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL, ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

### Orange County Petroleum Prospects.

W. L. WATTS of the State Mining Bureau was in town last week. He has recently been investigating the southeastern portion of Orange county, and in reply to questions said that his attention had been principally confined to the mountains which extend along the coast line between the Santa Ana River and San Diego county. He states that these mountains are for the most part of greater age than the oil-yielding formations in the Puente Hills; that in these rocks he saw no evidence of petroleum, but he gathered from them some geological facts of service in studying these formations in other localities where they are oil-producing. Mr. Watts states that there is no doubt that formations of similar geologic age to those yielding petroleum in the Puente Hills extend beneath the alluvium of the Santa Ana Valley, but only at one point did he find any oil sand or any direct evidence of the existence of petroleum. In this connection, he states that two wells were drilled near Fairview, a few miles south of Santa Ana, one of which is 37 feet, and the other 740 feet deep, and that for several years they have yielded sufficient gas to be of local value for heating and illumination.

### Pampas Plumes.

JAMES H. SHORT shipped a car-load of pampas plumes on October 15, to London, Eng. This is the first shipment of the pampas-plume crop of Santa Barbara.

### Lima Beans.

FOLLOWING is a statement of sales made by the Lima Bean Association of California, as given in the report of the association, published in the Ventura Independent:

1897.	Sacks.
February	2,437
March	8,946
April	6,972
May	43,666
June	29,129
July	4,124
August	900,104
September	7,059
October	30
August, 1898	10,351
Total	203,118

### Welcome Rains.

THE Santa Barbara News says: "A gentleman who came from over the mountains Saturday, said he never saw such a change in the appearance of the country as there has been since the rains. When he made the trip just before the rain the earth was bare of any sign of grass or grain. Now the whole land is carpeted with green. Grass is inches high, and the grain (volunteer) stands high enough to nod in the breeze. If the rains come frequently enough, informant declares the coming year will be the greatest ever known in this county."

### Rolled Corn.

A NEW cereal product is being manufactured at Santa Ana. The Anaheim Plain Dealer says:

"The Banner Mills at Santa Ana, F. Rogers, proprietor, is turning out a new grain product, which gives promise of becoming one of the most popular articles in the feed line on the market. The product is rolled corn. It is something entirely new, and the idea is original with Mr. Rogers.

"The corn is put through a steaming process, much as is barley. The result is a grain crushed in the whole and not broken in pieces or powdered. The advantage is at once apparent. No waste or loss is sustained. The life and substance of the corn is retained, instead of lost in powder, as in crushed corn. Most satisfactory results have attended its use during the short time Mr. Rogers has had it on the market, and a strong demand for it is fast growing."

### Anaheim Canning Factory.

THE Anaheim canning factory has closed its season's work. The Plain Dealer of October 15, says:

"At a meeting of the directors Monday Manager McKinley made a very excellent and favorable report of the season's work. All goods on hand was practically sold. All contracts with growers had been filled and closed except with a few tomato men. The latter were coming in so slowly that it was not considered wise to hold the factory open longer for them inasmuch as it could only be done at an expense greater than the returns realized

could possibly be. The contracts with the tomato-growers, however, will be kept, and all bargained for will be taken and shipped to other canneries still in operation.

"From a financial standpoint the directors announced that the season has been a very satisfactory one. The factory has made money. It has also established a big line of goods in the market and made a reputation. Next season progress will be much easier. At the meeting Monday the matter of disposing of the surplus in the treasury after closing the season's work was taken under advisement. Decision will be arrived at later. The surplus will either be held over as a reserve fund to do business with next season, or a dividend be declared for the benefit of the stockholders. Quite a neat sum is held, and a very nice little dividend could be paid."

### Creamery for El Monte.

E. L. MONTE is to have a creamery. The Pasadena Star says:

"D. Raab & Sons of South Pasadena are building a creamery at the Monte. It is of brick and cement, 20x30, with extensive additions, and is calculated to accommodate their business there, where they will buy milk and produce cream and butter. It is supplied with boiler and engine, separator, churn, cream vats, complete pasteurizing plant, etc. They also have a creamery and dairy at Anaheim, but find it necessary to extend their supply to accommodate their increasing business.

They have been in business in Pasadena almost continuously for twelve years, and that they please the public is shown by the remarkable success they have met in it. Mr. Raab, Jr., by the way—the "Son" of the firm—is a native of South Pasadena, being born on the place where the family still resides, near twenty-five years ago, and is probably the oldest person native of this locality. The continuance of the family, too, in one place, for so long a period, is a remarkable thing in a new country."

### A New Water Company.

THE San Pasqual Land and Water Company is the name of a corporation being formed to furnish water to Pasadena. It is composed of the wealthiest men and the strongest men financially in the community, and they mean business. The Pasadena Star says:

"The scheme is nearly consummated and the incorporation papers have been forwarded to Sacramento. Briefly stated, the San Pasqual company will purchase (practically has purchased) the Chapman ranch of 660 acres, about two and one-half miles east of town, and has contracted to furnish to the two companies furnishing water to Pasadena, the Pasadena Land and Water Company and the Pasadena Lake Vineyard Land and Water Company, 400 miners' inches of water, a supply that will forever put Pasadena beyond all the terrors of a dry season.

"A short history of how the company came to be formed will be of interest. When the agitation for a water system had a few months ago, which resulted in the present municipal ownership project, George H. Coffin remembered the large supply of water on the Chapman ranch and at once secured control of the same. He investigated the source and the supply, became convinced that the latter was abundant, and made two propositions to the Municipal Ownership Committee, his first idea being that the city should profit by the large supply of water lying almost at her very door. These two propositions were:

"That the committee should purchase the entire Chapman ranch of 660 acres for \$300,000.

"That the committee should purchase 500 miners' inches of water for \$250,000.

"Mr. Coffin received no reply from the committee, and therefore a little later, withdrew his offers. He was asked when he withdrew the propositions if the city could later take up the offers, and he replied, 'certainly, if it would not conflict with the private parties with whom I am dealing.' But the private deal is now in process of consummation.

"Then came the formation of the San Pasqual Land and Water Company, and the entire matter will probably be closed up within ten days. A meeting will be called next Tuesday or Wednesday to attend to necessary details. The names of the gentlemen composing the company will be made public when the incorporation is completed. Practically all of the money to purchase the land and to put in the plant has been subscribed, and before next May the plant will be in operation.

"A large reservoir will be built at the station on the ranch. The plant will be in duplicate, and will consist of two 400-horse power Corliss engines, two 200-horse power water-tube boilers, two Dean triplex power pumps, and a storage reservoir at the foothills, bringing water to Pasadena by gravity.

The water on the Chapman ranch is flowing water, and 156½ inches are now in sight. Experts say that 1000 inches can easily be developed. The system will practically be what is known as the Holly system, with a reservoir taking the place of the stand-pipe.

"The two local companies will buy water, 400 inches, between May and November, being for the six dry months. Thus by the public spirit of a number of Pasadena's moneyed men, the Crown City is assured of a magnificent supply of pure water; and the tract of land on which it is situated is so isolated, the water-bearing land so surrounded by the remainder of the 660 acres, that there is no possibility of any one being able to tap the company's supply. After looking at the splendid wells now gushing after a long dry season, and after getting the opinions of experts that so much more is available, these gentlemen determined that this source of water must be reserved for Pasadena, and for contiguous territory. They acted promptly and will doubtless reap their reward, for water is gold in this country. In any event they secured for Pasadena an abundance of sweet, pure water, and the water famine will hereafter be only a memory in favored Pasadena.

"The Mountain Water Company is making preparations to extend its pipe line, so as to avail itself of 100 inches of this water, and thereby supply the large and rapidly-growing section surrounding Lamanda Park."

### Redlands Electric Railway.

ACCORDING to the Citrograph, A there is a good prospect that Redlands will soon have an electric railway in operation. That journal says:

"Messrs. Henry Fisher, J. H. Fisher and O. H. Childs have purchased a controlling interest in the Redlands Street Railway, with intent to change it into an electric street railway. A careful estimate has been made of the cost of such change, which will be about \$35,000. The proposed line will be three miles in length, commencing at the Casa Loma Hotel and ending on Cedar avenue, near Crown street.

"The Redlands Electric Light and Power Company will make a five-year contract for power at not to exceed \$5 per horse power per month. An average of thirty horse power will be required to operate two cars, one of which will be run till 11 o'clock at night. The maximum fare will be 5 cents, with commutation tickets for school children.

"The company proposed to issue bonds of a par value of \$100 each to the amount of \$50,000, bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum. A subscription is asked for these bonds to the amount of \$15,000 at par, payable one-half at the time of commencing work on the electric railway and one-half to be paid in notes bearing 6 per cent. interest, secured by pledge of the bonds subscribed for. When this \$15,000 is subscribed, Henry Fisher, J. H. Fisher and O. H. Childs will take the additional amount of bonds at par necessary to finish and equip said electric street railway, the remainder of the bonds to be held in the treasury.

"The receipts of the road will be applied first, to pay the operating expenses, except power; second, to pay interest on bonds; and third, to pay for power. If there is not enough to pay for power, bonds will be accepted for the deficiency for a period of three years.

"Subscriptions for bonds are now being received by E. G. Judson, and the Messrs. Fisher and Childs agree to have the Redlands Electric Street Railway equipped and ready to operate three months after subscription of \$15,000 in bonds.

"If the people of Redlands want the electric railway, they can have it at once on the liberal terms offered."

### Santa Barbara Oil.

THE Summerland Advance states that Mr. Robinson of the Robinson Oil Company, has leased twenty-one acres of land at Serena, from Joseph Martin, and will at once commence sinking for oil. The Advance says:

"A number of leases have been made in this locality. In fact, about all of the property along the beach from the Cravens tract up to this side of Loon Point has either been bought or leased. If prospecting develops the fact that oil underlies it, it will add largely to this territory, and make the oil business an assured fact for many years to come. This doubt as to its continuance, the uncertainty and the reluctance of our producers to make long-term contracts has been a serious drawback to the prosperity of the town. But with a large area of land toward Carpinteria, and an unlimited territory in the channel, a producer should feel no hesitation in making contracts for any length of time almost."

"Another matter that hinders the growth of the oil industry is the unfinished condition of the coast road. There are now three immense sugar refineries located in the Salinas and Santa Maria valleys, that are almost of necessity compelled to use petroleum for fuel. But the long haul, by way of Saugus, makes oil almost, if not quite,

as high-priced fuel as coal. Happily for our future prospects, there is some indication that the coast road will be completed within a year. When it is completed, these refineries will of necessity look toward Summerland for their supply of fuel oil.

"As matters now stand, producers, even if they have plenty of territory, put in only enough wells to keep the supply up to the demand, but with this upper country opened up to us, it would set an immense number of men and drilling rigs to work, as each refinery will consume 150,000 barrels annually, or 450,000 for the refineries already constructed, not to mention the many that will follow before long."

### A Fine Hotel.

FOLLOWING in regard to improvements at the Arlington Hotel, is from the Santa Barbara Independent:

"The hotel opened this morning after being closed for several months undergoing repairs. The Arlington before was considered a very fine hotel for a place the size of Santa Barbara, but now it would be considered a fine hotel anywhere. Mr. Dunn has had the buildings all newly painted, which makes a vast improvement in their appearance, but one need to go inside to get an idea of the amount of expense he has been at. The entire pipe system has been renewed and changed in many particulars in both the main hotel and the annex. The woodwork is now painted a pure white, and the walls of the different rooms tinted in various harmonious shades. By cutting an arch through the front of the hotel the offices and reading rooms are now what may be called one room, although it still leaves the ladies' and gentlemen's reading rooms separate. The wrought-iron elevator which as been put in in the hall will be found a great convenience. The parlor is beautifully fitted up, and the effect of the light-blue tinting and white woodwork is very pretty. The dining-room deserves special mention, the walls of which are tinted a greenish shade, and a hand-frescoed vine design encircles the entire room. New silverware has been placed on the tables, and the room will be in charge of Head Waiter Walter Rausch of Denver. All of the other rooms have been newly papered, and the hotel is now one of the finest in the State, and worthy of the name, Arlington, which is synonymous of the best. Mr. Dunn deserves much praise for his excellent taste in both the fitting up and the way in which everything is managed for the comfort of his guests."

### San Bernardino County Valuation.

THE San Bernardino Times-Index says:

"The deputies in the Auditor's office completed today the annual report of the Auditor to the State Controller, which shows the valuation of the county. The figures have all to be gone over again, as there may be mistakes in them, but as they now stand the valuation is as follows:

Real estate	\$8,597,275
Improvements	3,435,235
Personal property	894,395
Railroads	2,415,738
Personal property not secured by real estate	425,505
Total	\$15,768,148

### Mines Near Yuma.

YUMA SUN has the following in regard to a group of mines near that place:

"Diamond George Simonds, José de la Ossa, Edward Andrade and George Quigley own a promising group of mines in Pilot Knob district. The group is located seven miles from Yuma, in San Diego county, one and a half miles from El Rio. An abundance of wood and water near at hand renders it particularly valuable, and the work which has been done shows that with development another big mine will be added to the list of San Diego county producers.

"The principal mines of the group—or rather the ones on which the most development work has been done—are the Carmen and the Muy Bien.

"On the Carmen a 100-foot shaft has been sunk, and the first fifty feet display a ledge of high-grade ore, running from \$25 to \$27 per ton value, three and one-half feet in width. The ledge narrows in the last fifty feet, showing a vein eight inches in width, which experts say will develop into rich ore chutes, and that this will prove to be the character of the mine.

"The Muy Bien has two shafts, eighty-four and thirty-two feet, respectively, and the ledge is greater in width, averaging nine feet or more, as the foot wall has not yet been reached. The ore ranges in value from \$7 to \$22, but all assays made have given satisfactory returns.

"The group contains five other claims, on which little work has been done, but which give exceedingly good promise. The character of ore is rather base, and can best be worked by the cyanide process.

"These claims have been examined by

various well-known mining men, among others, Fred J. Martin, superintendent of the Fortuna mines, and many are the favorable expressions these gentlemen have made concerning them."

#### San Diego's Population.

FOR some time past, the usual estimate of San Diego's population has been 20,000. The San Diego Union thinks it is larger than that. The Union says:

"It would appear, however, that those figures are too low by several thousands. A count of names in the new directory shows 3080 persons in the city proper; that is, excluding the territory east of Thirty-second street, and that north of the river. To figure out a city's population from names in a directory, is always rather an unsatisfactory task, for there is no certainty as to just how many people it is fair to reckon for each name. Chicago is in the habit of astonishing the country from time to time by remarkable feats of figuring out population on the basis of directories. Without attempting to imitate that ambitious city's methods, San Diego can show a very respectable gain. It will probably be conceded that three people for each directory name is an exceedingly low estimate. Taking that as the basis, there are in this city proper over 24,000 souls. Taking the very usual basis of three and one-half to one, there is a population of over 28,000."

#### Travelers Coming.

SIGNS indicate that there will be an exceptionally large number of winter visitors in California this season. The San Diego Tribune says:

"Already the signs point to an exceptionally prosperous season throughout Southern California during the next eight months. The west-bound overland trains are crowded with passengers for the coast, and the influx of eastern people is noticeable in the city and county. The demand for houses for the winter has increased, and many inquiries for desirable ranch lands are recorded."

"In about a month the inauguration of a tri-weekly limited train service direct between this city and Chicago will do much to stimulate travel. This will be the fastest service ever established to the East, and is indicative of the belief by the Santa Fé people of a greatly-increased traffic during the winter. The opening of the steamship line between this port and Japan may be a factor that will induce larger travel this way."

"The great transcontinental excursions to California by national organizations for several years have been most valuable to the State as a means of advertising in the East what there is to offer here in the way of attractions as pertains to pleasure, and to industry. California is beginning to reap the fruit of this advertising. The tens of thousands of eastern visitors have told their neighbors at home of the wonderful conditions as to climate and resources existing here, and have thus stimulated thousands to come west and see this land for themselves."

"Every one recognizes that the outcome of the war has given to California a new importance as to trade basis for the Far East. Would-be investors are pricking up their ears and looking this way with a view to being early on the ground to share in the industrial prizes that will undoubtedly fall to the lot of this coast under the era of trade expansion, which seems certain of realization in the near future. These would-be investors appreciate as never before the importance of the citrus-fruit industry of Southern California, and this feature alone is particularly attractive to home-seekers who are tired of the uncertainties of agriculture in the East."

"These and other reasons are causing the tide of travel to set westward at an unusually early date, and the meaning of it all is a healthy stimulation to trade and industry throughout this section."

#### San Diego's New Steamship Line.

THE San Diego Union has the following regarding the new steamship line from that port to the Orient:

"A. H. Butler, president of the California and Oriental Steamship Company, arrived from Alameda, where he has been visiting his family, incidentally attending to matters in San Francisco connected with the new line. He expects to remain here for some time, and will be joined here in about a week by M. Stanley Tweedie of New York, manager of the steamship line, who returned to this country last Saturday from England, where he concluded negotiations for the three vessels which will be used on the line between here and China and Japan."

"Mr. Butler states that everything is propitious for a successful launching of the enterprise, though it will be impossible to clear the first vessel from this port before the latter part of December to the 1st of January. Although unauthorized accounts have appeared in certain newspapers to the effect that the steamship *Catania* of New York will be used on the line, that vessel is not one of the three which have been secured. They are the *Belgian King*, the *Carlisle City* and the *Carmarthenshire*, and they will sail from this port in the order named, though at intervals of nearly a month."

"The *Belgian King*, which is a large

steamship of over 3000 tons register, is now loaded at London for Port Arthur, China, and will reach her destination in Asia on her way to San Diego about December 1. She will arrive here the latter part of that month, and will be given a quick dispatch for the return voyage to Japan and China. Mr. Butler said that he knows now where there is more freight for the first steamer than she can possibly carry, and a still larger amount would be available if the steamer could reach here in time to sail in the early part of December."

"The *Carlisle City*, now in England, has been chartered to take a cargo of merchandise from London to Japan, and will be due there about the 1st of January. The *Carmarthenshire*, also in England, will follow the others with a cargo for Asia, arriving there about February 1. The *Carmarthenshire* is a large vessel, and entirely new, with good accommodations, and attractive in arrangement. This, however, does not reflect upon the two other vessels, both of which are first-class steamers. The *Carlisle City* is the larger of the three."

"The steamers will go from London to Asia through the Suez Canal. Mr. Butler states that the company found it impossible to secure cargoes in England for this Coast, else one of the vessels, at least, would have been sent here direct. But since all three found ready charters for Asiatic ports, and the time of their departure has already been fixed, their arrival here at the times mentioned can be confidently expected."

"Manager Tweedie, it is expected, will bring the chief stevedore of his shipping firm in New York with him to this city, in order to have the benefit of his knowledge of wharfage facilities in the arrangements that are necessary in preparing the Santa Fé wharf for the docking of the steamers. Some considerable space on the railroad end of the wharf is to be covered by a warehouse, and while this is a part of the arrangements to be attended to by the Santa Fé Railroad people, the work will, no doubt, incorporate the ideas of Mr. Tweedie, who is an experienced steamship man, and his chief stevedore, who knows every requirement of the business so far as wharfage is concerned."

#### Ice Plant for Pasadena.

THE Pasadena Star says:

"E. C. Webster reports that everything is arranged for the establishment in Pasadena of an ice manufacturing plant during the coming winter and spring, in readiness for the trade of the coming summer."

"The funds have all been secured by the subscriptions for stock, though the details for the actual beginning of preliminary operations will not be looked after until the arrival from the East of several capitalists who are interested and who will, as usual, spend the winter in Pasadena."

"Promptly upon the arrival of these gentlemen, things will be pushed right ahead and before another summer is here the plant will be turning out enough ice to supply all Pasadena."

#### Redlands' Orange Crop.

THE San Bernardino Transcript says regarding the orange crop of the Redlands section for the coming season:

"A. B. Ruggles, manager of the Redlands Orange Growers' Association, was in town yesterday morning on business. Mr. Ruggles, who is perfectly familiar with the orange business there, stated that although navel oranges would be small this year on account of the scarcity of water, there would probably be the same number of boxes shipped as the trees were well loaded, and there were a number of young orchards that would bear fruit this year for the first time. Seedlings, however, will fall short three or four hundred cars, as there are no new orchards of other varieties than navels that will bear this season. The situation at Redlands is about the same as in other localities of the county, and the country to the west is in much worse condition."

#### Mountain Apples.

A LARGE crop of apples has been raised in the mountain section of San Diego county this year. The San Diego Sun says:

"Ed Fletcher & Co., in connection with some Los Angeles parties, have purchased practically the entire Julian apple crop. To be specific, their exact share is about 10,000 boxes. Simon Levi of this city bought about 1000 boxes, and the balance, about 2000 boxes, will be consigned to various buyers here and elsewhere."

"Thus the total crop foots up about 13,000 boxes of merchantable apples against 20,000 boxes last year. The crop is always overestimated by the growers and people generally, but that does not come from misconception of the gross quantity of fruit, but rather of the percentage of merchantable apples to the entire crop."

"As a matter of fact, this year's crop, if all gathered up and boxed, would probably total up 30,000 boxes, the difference between this amount and the merchantable fruit being represented in culls, fit for cider-making, and all kinds of use on the farm, including feed for the pigs, but not calculated to bring the best price in the market."

"The price this year is good, and, although the winter fruit has not begun to arrive, it is fair to estimate

that the net price for the entire crop will average 60 cents per box to the grower, or \$7800 to the farmers of Julian, which isn't so bad after all, for an off year."

"All the apples raised within a ten-mile radius of Julian town are falsely labeled Julian apples, although Wyola, five miles this side, has a much larger crop this year, and is, in fact, the place selected by Fletcher to do his packing."

"The apples run about 400 boxes to the car, and practically all (thirty cars) will be hauled over the Cuyamaca Railroad to this city. Last spring's drought, followed by an unusually cold snap, was the cause of this year's short crop, but such things are common in all fruit-growing regions, and the orchardists are not discouraged. On the contrary, they are planting out more young trees every year, and if next season should be favorable, the most conservative estimate of the crop is 50,000 boxes."

"But Julian can no longer be known as the exclusive apple district of San Diego county, for the Smith Mountain country is rapidly coming to the front with some of the finest fruit in the world, and bidding fair to rival Julian in quantity, also, in a very few years. This year's crop of 2500 boxes was purchased also by Mr. Fletcher at \$1.15 per 100 pounds net, the buyer furnishing everything, and doing all the work. This saves the grower all expense and uncertainty, and is much more satisfactory in every way. The Julian apples were sold on the same terms."

#### IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

##### Dates in Arizona.

ENCOURAGING progress has been made in Arizona with the cultivation of the date palm. Bulletin No. 29 of the Arizona Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of California is written by J. W. Toumey of the Experiment Station, and is devoted to the date palm. The bulletin contains some interesting photographs of date palms now growing in the territory, including bunches of ripe dates grown on seedling trees only five years from the seed. There are a number of seedling date trees in bearing in the Salt River Valley around Glendale and Tempe; also in the Yuma section, where date palms were planted as long ago as the time of the civil war. From one seedling date palm on the Bartlett, Adams & Co.'s ranch at Glendale, seven years old, the estimated crop for 1897 was 300 pounds."

##### Salt River Valley.

PRESIDENT ANDREW KIMBALL, a Mormon official from Arizona, recently gave a glowing account of the resources and prospects of the Arizona Valley to the Desert News. Following is a part of the interview:

"He says that with the politicians the question of expansion is one that is causing a considerable difference of opinion at the present time; but with him and the people of the Gila River Valley, Graham county, there is no question, as all favor the extension of their boundaries as rapidly as possible, and that extension is going on in a satisfactory manner. He says there are ten settlements of Latter Day Saints in that valley, comprising about three thousand people. The country has a very agreeable climate; part of the summer season is quite warm and the temperature sometimes reaches 110 deg., but that is in the middle of the day, and not often. The soil is very fertile and two crops a year are produced. All of the small grains are harvested in June. Shortly after that the rainy season begins and the ground is in good condition for planting corn, which is at this time of the year ready to be cut and harvested."

"This year has been a very prosperous one among the farming community, and most of the people follow agricultural pursuits. He says they have kept twelve headers going constantly, in addition to about fifty self-binders. Besides that, seven threshing machines with large and busy crews have had all they could do. This, he says, will give an adequate idea of the conditions agriculturally. Graham county, or that section of it in which the Mormon settlements are located, is known as the 'granary of Southern Arizona.' All cereal products are productive and profitable—at least as much so as in the most favorable section of Utah. Already four crops of lucerne have been cut, and there will be another before the season is closed. The corn, which is now developed, is sixteen feet high, with great ears as fine as any produced in the Mississippi Valley. This, as well as the lucern, finds a ready market. There are a number of mining camps in the immediate vicinity, and all are ready purchasers of everything that the farmers raise."

"Then, as to the tuber crop, President Kimball portrays that in most elaborate language. He says that the sweet potato raised in this valley are the largest he has ever seen. As an instance, he cites the fact that last year a certain farmer raised one sweet potato that weighed 36 pounds, and another 19. These, of course, are abnormally large, though not the rule, one potato will furnish several meals for a good-sized family."

"As to peaches, the best of them are

so large that it is impossible to put them away in ordinary quart or two-quart bottles. Larger vessels, he declares, have to be obtained for taking care of them. The apples raised there are among the best he has ever seen, neither Utah nor Idaho vieing with them in any particular. While the country is very warm, no oranges are raised; but nearly all semi-tropical fruits are produced in great abundance."

"Regarding the climate conditions, intending settlers, says President Kimball, need have no apprehension as to the heat or other unfavorable conditions of the elements. There never has been, to his knowledge, or to the knowledge of the people of the valley, a single case of sunstroke. Then the terrific wind and sandstorms which are prevalent in some other sections of southern countries, are at their lowest ebb in the Gila River Valley. The breezes, he says, are simply refreshing, and in most instances, barely strong enough to run the windmills whereby water is pumped from wells to the surface for culinary and other purposes. These wells, he says, are a great blessing to the people, and furnish an abundant water supply, and never run dry."

"The Gila River furnishes water for irrigating purposes. It is a stream that is very muddy; but the mud that the water contains and carries is a blessing to the people, in that it is conveyed and distributed over the land during the irrigation season. This has gone on ever since the land was cultivated, and that which has been producing two crops each season for sixteen years, is as rich today apparently as ever. No other fertilizer has ever been put upon it, and probably will never be necessary."

"The country is also well adapted for cattle-raising, in that it has large luxuriously grass covered ranges. So much so is this the case that many men have become extensively well to do by following this business—in fact, some have become veritable cattle kings. Sheep raising is not so extensively carried on, though it is intended to engage in that business in the future to a greater extent than heretofore."

"There is ample opportunity also for persons desirous of investing capital in manufacturing business and interests. This is something, too, that the people are desirous of encouraging. They would patronize home industries to the exclusion of all others, providing they could get thereby what they wanted. For those who are seeking homes, President Kimball says, there is no finer section of country in the United States today so far as he knows. He says that for ten years he had traveled extensively as a salesman all over the intermountain country, and knows for a verity that the Gila River Valley outclasses them all. Persons contemplating bettering their material conditions will find it a good place to locate. Men with families need not be fearful regarding lack of social or educational advantages, as ample provision is being made for these. Educational interests are particularly being pushed forward at this time. A fine academy, to which an extension was recently made, has now a large attendance of pupils. While those who patronize it are principally Mormons, President Kimball cites the fact as an instance of good feeling, that a considerable number of non-Mormons are also enthusiastic patrons and supporters of the school."

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## FRESH LITERATURE.

Reviews by The Times Reviewer.

### A New England Story.

PHOEBE TILSON. By Mrs. Frank Pope Humphrey. [Chicago: Rand McNally.]

MRS. HUMPHREY has written a romance of New England life, combin'g a good story with some excellent character drawing. Her New England is the New England of forty or fifty years ago, and her types are familiar ones, but their quaint speech, limited horizon and narrow ideals never cease to be interesting. There is both pathos and picturesqueness in those old-fashioned lives, which, though narrow, held as much of joy or suffering as falls to the lot of the cosmopolitan of today.

Mrs. Humphrey has shown herself thoroughly familiar with the village life, in which the people of her story move, and she has put into the mouths of her characters, much of the sweet and simple philosophy that smoothed the rough paths for tired feet, and that is not to be despised, even by the enlightenment of modern faith. Her story is readable, and probably has its parallel in many a little village tragedy of those days.

### A New Kind of History.

CARTOONS OF THE WAR OF 1898. [Chicago: Belford, Middlebrook & Co.]

The idea of a history of the late war in cartoons is a novel, and, as is proved, a successful one. A firm of Chicago publishers has conceived and carried out this idea, resulting in a pungent record of the events of the struggle. The cartoons reproduced are chosen from both foreign and American newspapers, and represent many shades of feeling, as well as amusingly varied conceptions of wit. The newspapers have been of such tremendous weight in shaping the opinion of nations in regard to this war, that it is gratifying to have one of their most potent factors recognized. It is quite true, as the publisher's preface asserts, that the cartoons of the press have had as much weight as its editorials, for the pictorial satire presents the question at a glance, while the written argument takes time for its assimilation and digestion. The book is a unique addition to the already abundant literature of the war.

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### Magazines of the Month.

THE Critic's "Lounger" is even more delightfully chatty and congenial this month than is ordinarily the case. Bits of information that are to be found nowhere else, are always at the "Lounger's" finger tips, and with the October number are some particularly happy portraits scattered among her paragraphs. In the "Authors at Home" series, Oswald Garrison Villard writes admiringly of Carl Schurz in his home life and A. I. du P. Coleman recounts the services which author-diplomats, beginning with Benjamin Franklin, have given to this country. The long and honorable public records of our literary statesmen do away, in Mr. Coleman's judgment, with the tradition that the literary man is unfit for practical public duties.

The pleasantly colloquial biographical sketches of Elbert Hubbard's series have John Jay for their latest subject, and the theme is handled quite as attractively as have been all of Mr. Hubbard's essays of like character. There will be two more numbers of the series, which, when bound together, will make an attractive volume.

There is a sense of luxury about the Studio's pages which makes it good to handle, as well as precious for its wealth of suggestion, not only to the artist, but to the home-maker. The October number has some striking full-page panels, among which the fantastic colored frontispiece, "The Promise of Sleep," is particularly noticeable. Among the artists discussed is Albert Baertson, "the painter of dead cities," of whose work Gabriel Mourey is an appreciative critic. Some further library decorations by Gerald Morra and F. Lynn Jenkins are shown in illustrations, and there is a group of charming lead-pencil sketches, reproduced from the sketch book of R. Morton Nance, and made at St. Ives, Cornwall. Gleeson White writes of the national competition at South Kensington, the designs accompanying his paper being spirited in style and for every conceivable artistic application.

Park Benjamin is a contributor to the Independent of October 13, on the subject of "Naval Experiments Tried and Untried." Tudor Jenks points out consolingly, "The Advantages of Being Stupid," averring that the absence of intellectual superiority is often a distinct advantage in life's struggle. Also of note is a character study of Admiral Dewey by Murat Halstead, and a paper by Leslie J. Perry of the War Rec-

ords Office, on "An Alliance With England."

### Literary Comment.

#### Mr. Kipling's New Poem.

THAT Mr. Kipling does not believe in the Czar's proposition for universal peace is very evident from his poem in *Literature*, which compares the Czar with Adamazad, "the bear that walks like a man." Following is an extract from the poem: "Horrible, hairy, human, with paw-like hands in prayer, Making his supplication rose Adam-Zad the bear! I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swing and swing, And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing."

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire them—I have looked no more on women, I have walked no more with men. Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—From brow to jaw, the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!" And again toward the close of the poem: ". . . this is the time to fear When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near, When he rears up as pleading, in monstrous man-brute guise, When he veils the hate and cunning of the little swinish eyes. When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer, That is the time of peril—the time of the truce of the Bear!"

#### An Appreciation of Jane Austen.

The recent revival of interest in the novels of Jane Austen, and the flood of opinion, favorable and otherwise, which has been sweeping through the periodical press of late, has brought to light the brilliant tribute paid to her work last summer at Oxford by Prof. Marriott, president of the University Movement in England. Among other things he said of the author of "Pride and Prejudice":

"There have been three great women writers, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, and George Eliot, and they are great in the order named." "I have always loved Jane; I cannot recall the time I was not her lover." "No one should lecture upon her, only read her." "The triumph of her art was the triumph of the eighteenth century—the dominant note of the school preceding her." "She grew in popularity slowly." "Her first work is perhaps her best. I would rather have written 'Pride and Prejudice' than all of the Waverley novels." "She had a natural understanding of character, a minute observation, and a gift for story-telling unsurpassed." "She was pure, bright, and unselfish." "As she grew older her humor was more subdued, had a quieter note." "Jane had her father's ability and learning, but with all common sense; though impulsive, her temper was under absolute control." "She originated a new species of novel uncontemporary with absolute fidelity to nature, never exaggerated, never conventional." "Her pictures are clear, vivid, steady and strong, with never a morbid word." "Her touch is exquisite, her execution faultless. She has a genius of life, and she holds her readers from first to last." "There is no set purpose in her writings, no gothic formations or castles, only a series of tales we would not let die, for they have brought cheer to a million of lives." "Cultivate her and love her."

#### Conan Doyle's "Micah Clark."

Speaking of "Micah Clarke," his second long story, Conan Doyle says: "And then under more favorable circumstances I wrote 'Micah Clarke,' for patience had become more tractable and I had married, and in every way I was a brighter man. A year's reading and five months' writing finished it. I sent it to a friend in London who read for one of the leading houses, but he had been bitten by the historical novel, and very naturally he distrusted it. From him it went to house after house, and house after house would have none of it. Blackwood found that the people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; Bentley, that its principal defect was that there was a complete absence of interest; Cassell's, that experience had shown that a historical novel could never be a commercial success. I remember smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some reckless, sporting kind of publisher were suddenly to strike in and offer me forty shillings for the lot. And then suddenly I bethought me to send it to Messrs. Longmans, where it was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Andrew Lang. From that day the way was smoothed to it, and, as things turned out, I was spared that keenest sting of ill success—that those who had believed in your work should suffer peculiarly for their belief."

#### Micah Americans at Dorking.

"Those people," says the London *Globe*, "whose appetite for information concerning the Stevenson household was not satisfied by the 'Vailmatters' should turn to the current ill-

ustrated London News and read an article of Mr. Gelett Burgess. Mr. Burgess is, we are editorially instructed, staying at Dorking with Mrs. R. L. Stevenson and her family, and he has taken advantage of his position as guest to write this kind of thing under the title, 'Some Mad Americans at Dorking':

"But though we know not Dorking, Dorking knows us; we are the mad Americans. While we are not shocking the community by Margaret's appearance on High street, wheeling her own baby's perambulator, Dorking peeps at us through our front door. It is very exciting to Dorking; for though the knocks come often, the door is never opened by the same person. We keep four servants, but usually the housemaid has a toothache, the lady's maid is helping cook in the kitchen, and the nurse disdains menial service. All her spare time is spent in complaining of the butter. We sit in suspense till the third time of knocking; then our curiosity becomes intolerable, and one of the family rushes to the door. By this time the windows opposite are full; neighbors nod and giggle."

#### "Fortunate Dorking!"

"And again:

"We are but camping out at best, and our idiosyncrasies are exaggerated. I know, by the tales the non-resident housemaid carries home. She is willing but she is not intelligent; she has not learned the American manner of joking with a straight face. It was only yesterday that the postman levied a toll of threepence upon a forwarded letter. We were at breakfast, and the eggs were disappointing. 'Ask the postman if he won't take an egg instead of threepence,' said the head of the table. Because he did not grin from ear to ear as he spoke, the housemaid obeyed to the letter. The postman sent reply that 'he didn't care for eggs, and wanted his threepence,' and the story of our insanity went with him up High street to the uttermost parts of the town."

"Mr. Burgess had a reputation for humor in America."

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### Literary Notes.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, the negro poet, has written a realistic story of life in a small town in Ohio, and Dodd, Mead & Co., has published it.

Raffaelli, the painter, will have an article on Daudet in the November Pall Mall Magazine which will be illustrated from his own drawings.

Bernard Shaw, since he has severed his connection with the Saturday Review, has written a volume entitled "A Complete Wagnerite." It is to be published by Grant Richards.

A volume of letters addressed by John Ruskin to Dante G. Rossetti between the years 1852 and 1862 is in press. Some letters by Browning, Coventry Patmore and other celebrities will be included in the book, which William Rossetti has edited.

Two poems by Charles Kingsley, which were published anonymously in some forgotten tracts called "Politics for the People," will appear in Dean Stubbs's forthcoming book on "Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement."

The Century Company will issue in November a beautiful edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with the illustrations and decorations by the three brothers, Louis, George and Frederick Rhead, which were exhibited in New York last winter.

One of Charles Lamb's correspondents was Robert Lloyd, brother of the Charles Lloyd who published a volume of poems with Lamb and Coleridge. The Lippincott Company has come into possession of the letters that passed between Robert Lloyd and Ella and will soon publish them. They are said to be interesting from the side lights they throw on Lamb's character.

R. H. Russell & Co. have got out a souvenir picture book, showing Maude Adams in various phases and poses as she plays Babbie in "The Little Minister." The cover is of brown with Scotch thistles, appropriately, and the drawings are excellent in likeness, with perhaps one exception, and of a beautiful quality of drawing. One full-page reproduction of charcoal—as it looks—is by Allan Gilbert, and is a finished portrait.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, has written an introduction to the edition of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," which has been added to the pretty little Thumb-nail Series of the Century Company. One of the gentlest and most sympathetic bits of acting with which Mr. Jefferson has dignified his career he found in the play made from Dickens's tender little story.

The three prizes in the Century Magazine's competition for the best story, poem and essay, open to students who received the degree of B. A. in 1897, have been won by young women, although more than women entered the competition. Two of the prize-winners are Vassar graduates, and one is from Smith. The report of the competition will appear in the November Century, with the prize story, "A Question of Happiness," by Miss Grace M. Gallaher of Essex, Ct., who graduated at Vassar, B. A., 1897.

A Paris correspondent writes that the literature of the Dreyfus affair is assuming the most extraordinary proportions. The newspaper ventures to which it has given rise will form an interesting chapter in the history of Parisian journalism. Two new daily

papers devoted almost exclusively to the various aspects of the controversy have recently been founded. Apart from periodical publications there has been a great output of books and pamphlets. M. Stock, the publisher, who, it will be remembered, was a witness in the Zola trial, has already a list of over forty works dealing with the affair. And the end is not yet. Several fresh works are in the press, including a life of Lieut.-Col. Picquart by M. Francis de Pressencé of the Temps, and a popular history of the Dreyfus affair by Capt. Paul Marin.

[Chicago Post:] Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian writer, is preparing an edition of his works which is to be called complete, though it will contain only 100 volumes. When the publisher undertook to bring it out it was generally predicted that he would be ruined, for the price of the edition is 250 florins, but the subscription already amounts to 6000 sets. This makes it all the more regrettable that the author did not gather in his fugitive pieces and raise the number of volumes by a hundred or so, for it is evident that the Hungarians cannot have too much Jokai.

[New York Tribune:] Mr. F. Brocklehurst, a well-known Manchester man, voluntarily went to jail as a protest against some local park regulation, and has written a book called "When I Was in Prison." Here is a story he tells about his experience: The rule about literature in British jails is that only books of moral helpfulness shall be given to the prisoners. Mr. Brocklehurst asked for Shakespeare. "Can't let you have Shakespeare," said the governor. "Well, why's that?" was the protest. "An author who wrote 'Don Juan' cannot be a moral writer"—such was the governor's cold verdict. Mr. Brocklehurst had to be content with "Euclid," whose moral instruction is not very evident.

Gen. Charles King, the Capt. King of the book world, and now military commander of the district of Hawaii, is delighted with Honolulu, and sees "copy" in it. He says that when his military duties are over he will write something about the city which will be neither "straight fiction nor political." After reporting him to that effect, the *Gazette* adds: "Gen. King is a warm admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson, and regretted the untimely death of the famous Scotch writer. He regarded Stevenson as a master of English, a man of great power. Mark Twain is Gen. King's ideal humorist. He places him ahead of Dickens, because he is modern and has a directness absent in the case of the English writer. He does not like Scott, although his father idolized him."

Another book which The Century has in hand for immediate issue is "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," the famous author of "Alice in Wonderland." It is written by a near relative of Lewis Carroll, and will contain in all a hundred illustrations, with many extracts from letters and diaries which read like passages from "Alice."

Dr. Mitchell's new novel, "The Adventures of Francois," published by The Century Company, October 8, was issued simultaneously in New York, London, Canada and Australia. Two impressions of the book were sold in New York before publication—the second twice as large as the first. The twenty-five thousand was on press before issue.

A curious controversy, oddly characteristic of society in the South, is reported to have arisen over the question of a successor to Miss Winnie Davis as holder of the title "Daughter of the Confederacy." The matter promises to be as prolific of dispute, according to Harper's Bazar, as the late bitter contest over the honor of naming the battleship Kentucky. Three ladies have been suggested as successors of Miss Davis: Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee; Miss Lucy Lee Hill, daughter of Gen. A. P. Hill, and Miss Caroline Gordon, daughter of Gen. John B. Gordon, who gave the title to Miss Davis. The weight of opinion among the veterans seems to incline toward the sentiment that the title should not be transferred, which seems very decidedly the wisest conclusion.

The British Weekly contains the following bit of interesting information concerning the prices Mr. Kipling obtains for his work: "Perhaps no one receives such large prices for his work as Rudyard Kipling. He has contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India and the Colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4000 for the year. In addition to this, Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publication in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1000. Whether these high figures will be kept up is very doubtful. If the cheap magazines succeed in injuring the older periodicals they cannot be maintained. It remains to be seen whether the public cares much for names, and it must be remembered that the papers with the largest circulation in this country do not depend upon names at all. I remember some years ago Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work, better work by a great deal than he has been doing lately, to a monthly review. The editor informed me that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold."

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## THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

THE QUICK CHARGE OF THE HEROES OF THE WAR  
INTO LITERATURE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1898.

THE higher heroes of the war, on coming home, have found awaiting them a fine literary opportunity. Indeed, most of them had unmistakable intimations of the existence of such an opportunity before they started home. Even by cable they were urged to pen the story of their exploits at a good round price. Most of them have come to terms and in the course of time we may expect contributions to the literature of the war from about all the men who were conspicuous in it, at least on our own side. Meanwhile, a question that is perplexing editors and publishers not a little is whether the desire to read about the war will keep up long enough for them to market all the costly material they are laying in. The truest answer to this question can be nothing more than a lucky guess; but certainly there will always be a large public eager to read anything, however long it may be getting published, that some three or four of the great men of the war may write about it. Anything, for example, from Admiral Sampson, or Admiral Dewey, or Admiral Schley, will never lack readers; and two at least of these three have, I understand, already promised to write something. Again, anything from Gen. Miles, or Gen. Shafter, or Gen. Merritt, would command immediate attention. But of these "sure cards" there are not enough to go around among all the publishers and editors who would like to reap a share of the profit in the present war interest; and, consequently, the business, as a whole, is running into very much of a "gamble."

Of course, the war and the relish for war literature works just now quite against the writers and books that are at best of doubtful interest. But they don't seem to have told perceptibly against "the approved good masters." For example, Kipling's new book of short stories, "The Day's Work," published at the close of last month, is selling so rapidly that the publishers are 2000 copies behind their orders. They had sold 12,000 or 13,000 copies before the book had been out four days. Meanwhile, the sale of Kipling's last preceding book, "Captains Courageous," keeps straight on. The publishers announce that 35,000 copies of it have now been sold in America alone. Another book of which the sales seem to keep straight on is Paul Leicester Ford's "Story of an Untold Love," and still another is Hopkinson Smith's "Caleb West." Of the former of these, the publishers say that 22,000 have been sold, and of the latter 15,000. When one reads of these good sales, he feels that he should like to know just what they mean to the author; but that, of course, is always a sacred confidence between author and publisher. You could not figure it to a nicety unless you knew the exact terms of their "understanding." But one can draw rather close inferences from general personal knowledge of the subject; and so inferring, in the instances mentioned, I should say that a sale of 35,000 copies of "Captains Courageous" meant for Mr. Kipling about \$10,000, in addition to whatever gross sum may have been paid him down for the right to publish the book; and that a sale of 15,000 copies of "Caleb West" meant to Mr. Smith something over \$4000, and a sale of 22,000 of "The Story of an Untold Love" meant to Mr. Ford about the same, the retail price of his book being less than that of Mr. Smith's.

The popularity of "Caleb West" makes of present interest an

account that Mr. Smith gave a friend of mine some time ago his original way of writing a novel. It was at the time that "Col. Carter of Cartersville" was being read by everybody, and had particular relation to that novel, but still it is substantially the method followed by Mr. Smith in writing his subsequent novels. First he dictates a skeleton or outline under chapter headings, and this is written out by typewriter and arranged in a book, with a wide margin down one side of the page. In this margin he notes, as they occur to him, ideas, incidents, bits of conversation and so on, that he thinks may be worked into the respective chapters opposite which they are entered. When of this preliminary work he thinks he has done enough, he takes his notebook and shuts himself up with it in as still and out-of-the-way a room as he can command, and produces a connected narrative, written usually with a lead pencil. This the typewriter copies out, and then Mr. Smith takes the new, fair copy, and proceeds to make it look as bad as possible, revising and revising again. He has been known to rewrite a chapter more than half a dozen times. Even after a thing is in type he won't let it go, but corrects until the printers groan. It is not a little to this gift for taking no end of pains that Mr. Smith owes the pleasant experience of never having had a manuscript rejected, although he took up writing rather as an avocation after he had come full into middle life.

I was forced, in the course of business, the other day, to read a very indignant letter from a writer, who, having had a production returned to him as unavailable, thought he had found the secret of the whole diabolical performance in sectionalism—in the fact that he did not live in the East. In the intensity of his desire and the unavoidable difficulty of its satisfaction, the literary aspirant is apt to contract various delusions regarding the conditions under which he is contending, but this of sectionalism is one of the most frequent. And almost always the section he sets up in his imagination as especially preferred—as the one from which virgin poems and stories and what not are surest to "go"—is the East. There could hardly, however, be an impression farther from the fact. Take the American writers who at this time may be regarded as having finally made their way above the region of competition, and how many of them are from the East? There is Mr. Howells, who has everything he writes practically sold before he writes it, and at \$100 a thousand words; he is an Ohio man, and it was as an Ohio man that he first secured recognition in the Atlantic Monthly. Frank Stockton is of New Jersey, and must properly be accounted an eastern man; but Mark Twain is a Missourian, and sent out his first important writings from California. From California, too, and, so far as eastern editors and publishers at that time knew, as a Californian, Bret Harte presented the stories and poems that gave him his first fame. George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page and Hopkinson Smith are southerners. It would be easy to lengthen the enumeration, and however lengthened, it would still be no less conclusive on the point that only a few of the popular writers of the day are of the East. I have named only men, but the result will be the same if we include the women. And it will be the same if we take the new writers, those who are only just now making their first distinct impression. For one, there is Mrs. Ella Higginson, an eastern woman by birth, I believe, but now for some years a resident of the State of Wash-

ington, and from there sending out her contributions. Then there is William Allen White, the author of the "Boystown" stories, a present resident and a son, and a most fond and loyal son, too, of the State of Kansas. Here again the enumeration might be lengthened without changing the result. So, on the whole, I think that literary aspirants will do well, when their contributions are returned to them, to look for some more intrinsic blemish than that of having written from any given locality.

The recent death of Richard Malcolm Johnston recalls the fact of the unusual lateness of his appearance in literature. He was 61 years old when his first volume of stories was published. I have been told that it came upon him as a kind of surprise, and mainly under the prompting of his wife, that he had any stories to tell. He had fine literary taste and sympathies, had been a teacher of English literature for many years, and undoubtedly knew well the masterpieces of it; but had no particular thought of writing himself. Then the vogue of the story of local dialect and character, and perhaps the special impression made upon him and his wife by some particular story of this sort, led her to remind him that he had in his experience and memory no end of material for such stories; and, finally, he was brought to the point of trying to write one. Once begun, he continued to the end. But he had times of feeling that he had quite exhausted his store, and at such times his wife would assure him that he had not and would name to him people and incidents familiar to them both, and urge that here was his theme. Then he would object, and say that nobody would care for that; but finally settle himself to it, and so produce his story. Thus his stories were always, as whoever read them must have felt, pretty close transcripts from real life.

Late beginnings in literature, like that of Mr. Johnston, are not ordinary, but they occur rather oftener than one who has not followed the matter might suppose. There is the familiar instance of George Du Maurier, who was 58 when he published his first novel, and 60 when he scored his great success with "Trilby." Charles Dudley Warner was 41 before he published his first book, and it was but a collection of rather slight humorous sketches written for the newspaper of which he was associate editor. Some years passed after that before he was a fully recognized author. Frank R. Stockton, while he began writing early, had published only one book before he was 45, and that a slight volume of children's stories. Hopkinson Smith was 47 when his first book appeared, and he had passed 50 before "Col. Carter of Cartersville" came out to give him a general name. Oliver Wendell Holmes was within a year or two of 50 when he began to write "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for the Atlantic Monthly, and he had published before that only some occasional medical papers and two small volumes of occasional poems, bringing him into no standing with the general public as a "literary light." These are instances that occur to me at the moment. Many others could be added by a little thought and search. Still, it remains true that authors generally have their names pretty well made by the time they are forty, if they make them at all. Now and then one has attained his highest eminence before he was thirty.

E. C. MARTIN

## In Chicago.

[Detroit Journal:] "What, married again?" they expostulated. "Surely you do not know yourself."

The Chicago woman glanced uneasily into the mirror.

"My face is familiar," she sighed; "but I don't recall my name."

In heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage, and Chicago naturally rushes to the opposite extreme.

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